Christmas Edition---Part 1.

The Freeman.

Christmas 1895 Number.

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 51.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS
SINGLE COPY, 6 MONTHS, 35 CENTS; 1 YEAR, $1 50.

PROMINENT NEGROES ERR.

IF WHITE MEN CHANGE THEIR POLITICAL VIEWS WHY NOT

The Negro? Politics a Science—Disloyalty of a few Leaders—A Word of Commendation for Bishop Turner—Out of Politics.

BY HON. C. H. J. TAYLOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In an article limited as this necessarily is, full of discussion of the errors of prominent Negroes must not be expected. In every instance except two, the Negroes named answer anyone who dares to criticise their utterances or their acts as public men, by abuse instead of by denial, acknowledgment or agreement. Take the case of the New York Age's lawyer, Mr. Stewart. His retirement from the Democratic party is made an occasion for flaming headlines in most of our Negro journals. His leave-taking calls for only a brief local notice in an obscure corner of one of the New York dailies. In his own town, Brooklyn, his "leave taking" came near causing the election of the Democratic candidate for mayor. The New York daily that noticed Mr. Stewart's departure had the entire letter of withdrawal handed in by a gentleman nearly colored, who ought to be in better business than villifying every member of the race who will not agree with him. Having utterly failed to cause any mourning on account of Mr. Stewart's conduct, an attempt is made to bolster up this matter by announcing the withdrawal of Peter H. Clark and one "Dick" Greener. All of this news together did not excite anybody unless it excited the spoil hunters on the other side who said, "To your tents, O Israel!" here comes Stewart hungry beyond the power of language to describe, and behind him are to be seen two others if anything hungrier.

In the case of "Dick" Greener he makes out a complete alibi. He throws up his hands and indignantly denies that he ever so much as read a Democratic ticket much less voted one. Good Prof. Clark, a gentleman and a scholar as the statement goes, hopes to be forgiven for being recorded in any other party except the one now controlling Congress. This is my pay for giving him the chairmanship of the Negro National Democratic Convention in 1888, and in this way getting him his first recognition in Harper's Weekly. However, in the case of each of these gentlemen they exercised their inalienable rights as citizens. White men go from one party to another, why should not men who like just a little of being white? The only fear I hear expressed is that these "withdrawers" may return again to us. Instead of prominent Negroes congratulating these gentlemen they should condole with them.

Politics is a science—an exact science—if you please. The usual treatment given to prodigals returning, especially if they return without a following, is to put them in the dungeon of the party where they cannot do any harm by straying away any more forever. Let us watch and see the outcome in the case of these brethren. Just here it will give me pleasant information to be told of an individual case of a Negro from Harvard or Yale who has made a success of life. It comes in bad taste from the cultured and polished "Dick" Greener to generally abuse all Negroes who vote the Democratic ticket and to impugn their motives as well as brand them dishonest. It does violence to him as a cross-road lawyer, certainly does it disgrace him as a Harvard's first. I have never met this gentleman who rushes into print like a blinded horse into battle. If I never meet him my appetite will not be offended. What we need is manly men, and not a crowd of more profession than possession—gentlemen to attempt to rise and come to the front by expectorating slime and filth on men who are what they are in spite of not having been blessed with the nurturing aid of the New York Syndicate—the Greeners, the Stewarts and the Fortunes.

It was expected that all over this country that the colored press would have made a big stir over the nomination and election of James C. Matthews to the position of Recorder for Albany the capital city of New York. This was expected especially since he was elected entirely by a white constituency. We are told that out of nearly two thousand majority received by him not ten of these votes represented the ballots of colored men. Why did not Mr. Fortune take a day and prepare a great editorial on this distinction, the greatest of its kind when all the facts are considered, ever given the Negro? Was jealousy the reason? Was it on account of personal pique? Certainly he is too big a man for such small action. Only two Negro papers did full justice to the matter, the grand old reliable paper of Indiana, The Freeman, and the Colored American tion Society" referred to and whose activity and career make the editors afraid to meet him in the open field. Cowardly and criminal are many of these "under the belt" attacks. However, right will win. This condition is only for a season of a few years. The people cannot be easily fooled so as to stay deceived. They will finally find out real worth from the counterfeit. The first time that a Negro is conceded to have brains enough and to be sufficiently balanced as a thinker to be a judge the discovery must be made by the Democratic Governor, Benjamin F. Butler, and this is followed up by the noble conduct of the Albany Democrats. If Mr. Stewart had remained in the Democratic party and been as loyal with his voice and pen and as liberal with his time and means in proportion to his ability, as Mr. Matthews, who loves me not, there is no doubt as to the happy recognition that would have found him. Running with the fox and holding with the hounds never did pay. We make no charges but the facts remain. In every way the Democratic party is better to-day than it

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of this city. Say what you will about Mr. Knox I would not give one George L. Knox for a regiment of the little narrow, prejudiced fellows who think they are journalist.

What toadies, trimmers, time servers and slubber-degullions many of our prominent Negroes show themselves to be. We have men who might be a power for great good if they would only use their means for wielding influence in the right direction. Instead of doing this they first start out to form a "Mutual Admiration Socity" with the distinct understanding that the public shall be hoodwinked into paying them to boom one another in spite of merit. This is of and concerning our Negro journals. Outside of about ten of our papers the others are either campaign sheets to bleed candidates, or blackmailing rags to attack the personal character of any man of the race not a member of the "Mutual Admira- was when Mr. Stewart professes he joined it. If the gentleman could do nothing, fighting within the party, how does he expect to do anything fighting from the outside. We must be plain: The President, Mr. Cleveland, than whom no nobler man draws the breath of life, tried to please the colored people. He named two of our number to visit white governments. One of us was named as a full power diplomat, a thing never done before in the history of this country. Why did not our prominet Negroes to a man grasp the opportunity to have this man confirmed? Was it jealousy? Did they not take the position, "if I can't you shant?" Disappointment on the part of a few Negroes masquerading as Democrats for office because they were not named first make them sulk. With a few honorable exceptions they were

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

REFLECTIONS ON MY TRIP

ABROAD—POLITENESS A NATURAL CHARACTERISTIC OF THE

Englishmen—An Interview With King Leopold—His Interests in the Congo—Peasant Life Compared with that of the Negro.

BY PROF. W. H. COUNCIL, NORMAL, ALABAMA.

I will not attempt to give an account of an ocean voyage in a modern ship—a floating palace I will not write of the beauties of the hills and vales of England, France, Italy and other countries, touched up for centuries by the skillful hand of industry, science and art. I will not take you readers around among the docks of Liverpool—the finest on earth; nor yet to the old town of Chester to the very tower on the old wall on which Charles I stood and saw his proud army melt away before the forces of Oliver Cromwell.

We cannot tell of Stratford-on-Avon, nor of great Oxford with her twenty-six colleges sacred to the memory of the Wesleys, Ridly, Latimer, Addison. We must not here tell of Bristol with her wonderful George Muller. We must pass by London, great, grand, stupendous London, with museums, galleries, etc, Greenwich, Cambridge and Windsor must all be passed by now. Dazzling, glittering, rollicking, sinful Paris, with her Eiffel towers shooting up among the stars, the Seine with granite banks and marble bridges, the site of the dismal old bastile, the magnificent splendor of Napoleon's tomb, Notre Dame, the Grand Opera, Museums and Galleries must be unnoticed.

Down through Sunny France, right over the ground where Hannibal led his hundred thousand men from Spain to wreak his plighted vengence on gory Rome—on by blessed Tours where Charles Martel beat back the Saracens, saved Europe to Christianity, and therefore, we are christians. On through the awful tunnel of Mt. Cenis, among the snow-covered Alps as we watched the Storm King raging far up their lofty summits—Geona, the birth place of Columbus—Pisa, Galileo's home, the Leaning tower and the very chandeleer by which he worked out the laws of the pedulum—Florence—Milan—Rome, rich in old things—the Coliceum, Temple of Neptune, St. Peters, the Votican, "old Father Tiber," the acqueducts, baths of Caracalla, the forum wherein Roman oratory inflamed Roman hearts, the Circus Maximus, Nero's palace and his gardens wherein Christian covered with pitch on fire lighted his drives, the spot on which stood the Roman home of St. Paul, the Appian way to the Caticumbs, where taper in hand, we wander through the narrow streets of this subterranean City of the Dead.

I am sorry that I cannot write about these things now, for it is not about antiquities of Europe, nor the aspect of nature, nor the development of the physical world, but about the psychic forces now in operation that I must write at this time.

In many respects, England has an ideal civilization. It is true, also, that in many respects England yet has much to accomplish. But I will notice here some of her virtues, passing by her vices for the present. The most striking thing is the general politeness of the people. It is not a "time serving" urbanity, but deep rooted, easy flowing, rich civility eminating from centuries of culture. This politeness is common stock—from the highest to the lowest. Indeed, the Englishman's politeness seems to be a national characteristic. This is my opinion based on my experience, regardless of what other people may say.

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THE NEGRO'S CLAIM NOT

ALONE UPON THE PHILANTHROPY OF AMERICA, BUT UPON

The World, as Evidenced in That he Has Contributed to the Thought, to the Liberation, and to the Wealth of the World.

BY CÆSAR A. A. TAYLOR, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

It cannot be denied that at the North and elsewhere in the world, apart from the South, that the manhood, worth and sterling qualities of

CÆSAR A. A. TAYLOR, D. D.

the Negro is not justly appreciated, as will be seen, in that most invariably in any small New England town the presence of a strange Negro excites among the inhabitants one of two impressions by way of comment, to wit: If dressed in the regulation black with silk hat, or otherwise neatly attired, he is either taken for a traveling minstrel, pugilist or other public amusement maker from the "cruel South" (?) and is guffawed or lionized (as you may) or he is mortified to hear some Sunday School raised urchin, or some overgrown factory churchman ball out "there's a nigger," "new coon in town," "where'd you get the hat," or some other mortifying, meddlesom indication. This in the "far North" and in "Yankee New England" and even in some parts of Canada, whereas most anywhere at the South a Negro with black frock suit and silk hat or otherwise well clad is most invariably thought by the white people to be either a Negro preacher or some other colored person of consequence above the average. This same curious and contradictory attention of the strange Negro by white people is obcernable in European communities, even as in America. Some Negroes may feel flattered by such attention, but I, nor Mrs. Taylor do not like it. It galls us, hence the inquiry: "Why is it that a white person anywhere in the world, even a traveling stranger, no matter whether poorly or well clad if dressed according to the prevailing dress of the people they never excite any special attention as the Negro does?

In Europe, Canada and New England the cause of the Southern Negro is plead from the pulpit, the platform and through philanthropic organizations annually, and from these sections enormous money and sympathy is given to emeliorate the Southern Negro's condition. Then why these change impressions which are altogether humilating and mortifying to the refined and sensitive ladies and gentlemen of color when traveling in these sections. One would think that when Beecher, Phillips, Garrison, Lovejoy, Blaine, Harrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucretia Mott, Horace Greeley, R. B. Hayes, W. M. Evarts, Roscoe Conkling Minot J. Savage, A. D. Mayo, Gladstone, Disareali, Parnell, Wilberforce, Spurgeon, Parker, Dr. Packard, Whittier, Holmes and hundreds like them lived and taught the people through their sermons, their writings and their speeches and when the people loved them living and revered their memory that these same people would look upon and treat the Negro as a man and as a brother. But no, it is not so. The human brotherhood as pertains to the Negro by the white man the world over appears to be recognized in the abstract, and not in the concrete.

They send millions of money and sympathy South to educate him, but will not work with a "nigger" in the Northern and New England factories and mills, neither will they, without protest, give them preferred employment as clerks, managers, directors, presidents, captains, foremans, etc., in their enterprises, such as banks, railroads, stores, hotels, steamboats, factories, &c., at the North. Children in the Sunday School and church members in the pews listen to the cause of the down trodden Negro they weep over and contribute to lift, and then come out and guy and ostracise every strange Negro they see, and why is this? The cause of this is that those (both whites and Negroes) who plead aid for the Negro education at the South dignify the cause at the expense of the beneficiery, i e the Negro is often degraded by the speaker in order to stir the sympathies of the audience which is expected to give aid. I have, on several occasions heard resident New England pastors address their congregations preparatory to lifting the annual "freedman's aid" collections. I have also heard several agents for Southern colleges and the picture of utter helplessness, dejectedness and right down pitifully mendicant condition of the Southern Negro as drawn by them made me feel not only ashamed but astonished to see how any sensible, thoughtful person would give to a people who, as pictured, had such little to commend them as being worthy of help. But where people's sympathies are excited they loose their reason and give blindly to help any cause.

I depreciate that charity which makes my race despicable in the sight of those who give it. A charity degrading to both the giver and receiver because of the means employed in securing it. Leave it be not unsaid that the Negro is as other races, but his condition is as would be any other race with similar attending circumstances. Yea,

> "Fleecy locks and black complexion
> Cannot forfeit nature's claim,
> Skins may differ, but affection
> Dwells in white and black the same."

The Negro has a claim not only upon the philanthrophy of the American people but upon the world in that he has contributed to the thought to the literation and to the wealth of the world. We can not be too careful lest in breaking one chain we do not forge another. The Negro originally occupies a most prominent place in ancient history, dating from Egypt, the cradle of arts and science. The great kingdom founded by Mizraim, the second son of Ham, father of the African race, in B. C. 2188 lastng 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyses in 525 years, B. C. Here in Egypt letters were first invented by Menmon, the Egyptian Here miracles were performed through the first knowledge of chemistry (in Egypt or Chemia.) Here learning flourished, and as a torch in the hands of men and women it was born from land to land, from pole to pole; it banished ignorance from darkened minds the world around, where afterwards kingdoms, empires, republics and other forms of governments were established. Africa's bequest to the world of Hams, Celts, Gauls, Romans, Normans and other nations of the Europeans, Asiatic, Australian and American continents. Thus we find Egypt making possible the establishment of the great sciences in Greece; the learned through Thales, of Miletus, who traveled in Egypt, went back to the place of his nativity, calculated eclipse's and made other astronomical reasoning in 600 years before Christ.

From here we turn back to 800 years before Christ and behold beautiful Carthage founded by Queen Dido on the coast of the Mediterranean sea in verdant and tropical Africa. This great Carthagenian republic was the formidable rival of imperious Rome for more than 700 years—until 146 years B. C. Here we behold the illustrious and courageous Carthagenians with the illustrious generals, Hasdruble, Hamilcar and the valiant, unconquered Hanibal. A people illustrious in literature, language, and learning, and courageous in their successive conquest over the noble Romans. But, alas! Egypt what she once was is now no more; her Sphinx, pyramids and Cleopatra's needle alone have stood the wear of time with its convulsions, while the Collosus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, the Mausoleum, the statue of Jupiter, Olympus, the Hanging Gardens and Pharoh's Watch Tower only live in tradition, and Carthage, along with Sparta, Athens and Rome, the once bright satelites of the world, are now fallen. In this fact we are forcibly reminded that as surely as a nation rises into greatness and grandeur and become haughty, proud, oppressiye and forgetful of the God that made them, so surely will its decline and fall follow the zenith of its glory as with these ancient people. "When the righteous rule, the people rejoice, but when the wicked rule, the nation mourn, for righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

In 640 A. D. the grand library at Alexandria, in Egypt, was destroyed by order of Omas, the Mohametan. Thus light was put out in Africa. And at the expiration of 960 years, during which time the world had degenerated into ignorance, superstition and fanaticism through the selfish perverseness of wicked rulers—in about 1,500 a reformation began; light and knowledge now began its second circuit around the world. And when the people, to whose care the redistribution of light in beautiful Africa by divine providence was entrusted, arrived at that part of the world they lost sight of the work which they had gone to prosecute. They found that the richness of Africa consisting of elephants tusks, out of which ivory is made, the gold and diamonds, valuable furs and other precious productions, these they knew would bring a high price in the civilized markets of the world; hence their failure in their mission. As a first result of the failure of this undertaking the African was placed behind the rest of the world. As a second result African slavery in Europe and America followed.

Now we behold the Negro on this continent more unlike the Negro originally. Here he has been involuntarily and irresistably subjugated to the humiliating perplexities of disadvantage for 247 years from introduction of slavery here in 1618. Thus at the abolition in 1865 we behold the poor trembling, quaking human outcast clothed in near twenty-five hundred years of ignorance, superstition and vice with other attendent evils figured out thus:

Duration of slavery	247 years.
From the reformation to American slavery	118 years.
Added to time	2125 years.
From Conquest of Egypt to the reformation is	2490 years.
Since emancipation under proscription legislation	30 years.

Thus the Negro is to-day 2520 years beneath a mountain of disadvantage, up from which he must climb. Oh, the depth, the depth, notwithstanding he has enriched the world from ancient African and in America poured out his toil, sweat and blood as a foundation for this government. Yea, he toiled as an instrument of utilization developing this country and producing its wealth and now only asks to share in what he has created. His inexressibility and ability tells of his worth, his claims, yea, his eternal endurance where others fail and are forgotten.

THE LATE HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

TOO MUCH CATERING

To Favoritism in the A. M. E. Church —By Lewis Price, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR EDITOR—I am glad that the columns of your paper are open to all who have a cause to present to the public in the interest of the right in state or church. Denominational and church organs are usually managed in the interest of the few, however, magnanimous and gracious the editor himself may be. I have heard more than one Bishop say, that the editor of a church paper, had no right to allow anything to appear in said paper criticising the actions or character. of the chief pastors of the church. This would imply, that pub ic servants moving and mingling with the public, doing good or bad, ruling and governing very largely the public wield or woe, should not be called in question as to their actions or character. This is the way I know, some would like to have it, but would this be altogether right? Judge ye. Let us not forget that the public has an eye, an ear and a heart; sees, hears and feels the touch of good or bad. Criticism is a part of the safe guard of the private and public good. None but a bad man or a woman is afraid of criticism. If in a good cause you are engaged, go boldly on, do the right, do your duty fearlessly.

The man or woman who dares to be independent, out spoken against vice, immorality and wrong-doing, in our church, the A. M. E. connection, is marked and pronounced as a very dangerous element, and must be put down or relegated to the rear. I know whereof I speak. This the feeling and spirit that actuates some of our Bishops and high officials. This itself is an evidence of a coming comflict that will rend asunder the seeming greatness and power now controlling. The independent out spoken and upright minister has no standing or place among the bosses and the mere time server. The same evil spirit and corrupt methods pervading the political parties of our country, are rampant in the church and conference. See now the methods and strivings for office and position in the church and conference. In some cases Bishops have their preferences, because of kinship or favorite ones. The power and influence of office are used, and sometime the hard cash is staked for the desirable one. It is evident to-day that the church, I mean the A. M. E., is in the hands largely of the sharp practicing men. Many will disclaim the above, but look for yourself, and you will see more truth than poetry.

Righteousness, integrity of character, a true honest purpose to do and seek the right, with a broad and liberal humane soul are never once considered by the majority in the race for the Bishopric. There is a thirst for office, for its profit and influence. Just think of it, men traveling, preaching, praying, seeking votes to be made Bishop. Is that the way God calls men to exercise the function of that high office? Oh! give God a chance to make a choice, if it should be his desire to do so. We see another great evil swaying and crolling the head of the church the Bishop. The Almighty dollar seems to cover up all sin of every degree and grade. The poor man who has labored for the glory of God and the redemption of his fellow man, has lived a pure and honest life, if short in dollars and cents has no show or consideration; he is gone over roughly by his superior in office, and this done publicly. To say the least, the dollar seems to be of more value than the precious soul saved from hell. My heart has been pained to see or witnessed actions of the above kind. I have sat in the audience seen and heard these things, I now write. It is now on the increase. Satan is getting his work in; he is sowing his seed. "O, what shall the harvest be?" Gross immorality is on the increase, we hear and see much of this dire wickedness unblushing bold, but there seems to be no notice taken of it by the proper authority, the poor people are obliged to go on, submitting to such dreadful deeds of wickedness, simply because they are ignorant and know not how to take the proper step to rid themselves of such foulness or wickedness. The dollar money seems to be the absorbing consideration of the Bishop, and their personal interest. The schemsters seem so know how to cater to all the chief preferences of the Bishops.

Are these things to continue always? We hope not. There is but little Godly judgement exercised in the true spirit of divine grace. At conference times the Bishop remembers his likes and dislikes. One but a little acquainted can divine the result of the appointing power.

It is amazingly strange when we consider the duty and relation of a Bishop to the work and ministry of his district. His spacific duty is to superintend the work appointed him, and look after and direct all the ministers under his care Their moral and religious welfare should at all times be under his observant eye Any rumor or bad report about a minister should at once be looked after or carefully investigated. This should be done for the protection of the minister and for the good of the church and the cause of righteousness. Every breach should be healed as spedily as possible, and every bad character as a minister be gotten out of the way, so the good work be not hindered and the cause of Christ be not reproached. These long delays and indifference about looking after such evil reports are of great injury to the church and ministry. This covering and shifting to save a bad man or minister will in time bring its own reward to the detriment of the church and the one screened. The whole body is effected by the affliction of one member.

The strangest thing in my mind is the reports of so much immorality charged home to so many of the ministers of the First Episcopal District, and there has been no real searching investigations. There has been some white washing and shifting about, and so things go on from time to time in their course. At the sitting of the conference sometimes, there is a casual report and nothing more. The would-be minister is let go free to repeat again when convenient opportunity is offered; he grows bold and presumptous in his sins.

Now, who is responsible? Where is the presiding elder? If he, the presiding elder, fails to do his duty, where is his Bishop? Bishop, presiding elder, brother ministers, lay members of the church and puplic have heard and known of these things from Philadelphia to Boston. The churches cannot nor will not stand such foulness much longer. The women of the A. M E. church ought to arise with the courage of the Kentucky women. Not only the women of the church, but all virtuous and decent people of every community, should demand that ministers of good moral character, virtuous and decent only be over them as their spiritual advisors. Such a move and demand will find a hearty response all over these broad lands. It was thought when the change was made about three years ago that there would be a great moral reformation, but many, very many, here and there and everywhere, have been greatly disappointed. Is there want of courage, or is it timidity, or downright cowardice, or is there a league? God is looking down from heaven and calling for some one to rise up and vindicate the cause of righteousness.

Who shall it be? To have as our minister one whom we know to be morally unclean is not the most pleasant thing to face every Sabbath.

What shall we do? It seems that the appointing power does not consider or have much regard for the good and faithful members of the church.

The man who did so badly here is shifted to another place, where he schemes and gets along better, raises a good sum of money, builds a new church or repairs the old one. This seems to atone for all the past sins. At the next conference he comes up for the lion's share of praise and commendation, and at the same time his character not an iota better than when removed from the place where he did so badly. After a while he will break out again with the same old tricks. We need not expect perfection, but we can cure some and prevent others from falling, if we but do our duty.

I believe that the official head of the church is to some extent responsible for these terrible sins; he fails to see that the proper course is pursued and the transgressor disciplined and made to see his great sin. If the people be bad, they want a good and Christlike minister. I have gone sometimes with illness and real curse in my heart, for weeks and months, seeing the vile ways of the foul characters, dressed in the livery of heaven, thus taking advantage of his office and profession, to devour some of the silly ones of his flock. There are others who have not proper manners, christian bearing, nor education to be pastors of any church. They cannot read a hymn or the scriptures well enough in any way to edify or be profitable to a congregation.

Again it comes to us, what shall we do? The answer is at hand; choose your men, select those who qualify themselves for the work. Not numbers but quality now. We want light from the pulpit. Our lawyers and doctors are obliged to enter upon their professions judged and past as qualified. We have many who are qualified to preach the gospel, why not have all qualified? Let us look to the character, manners and christian bearing, select gentlemen, sober men, whose hearts and hands are clean and in the work.

The Poorest Man in The World.

Can write to me and receive by return mail, in a plain envelope, sealed, free, a prescription with full directions for a speedy, permanent and private home cure for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc. I will furnish the medicine, if desired, cheaper than it would be put up at a drug store. Address G. B. Wright, box No. 1205, Marshall, Mich.

THE JEW AND THE NEGRO.

THE PERSECUTED JEW NOT DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF ILL

Treatment—Now They Hold Honored and Conspicuous Places—The Negro Should Fight for Name and Place in this Fair Land.

BY HON. JOHN P. GREEN, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Savior of mankind was a Jew, and I know of no better time to direct the attention of my colored brethren to the proscriptions, sufferings and achievements of this remarkable race than during the Christmas festival and holidays, to the end that we may increase our courage for the better of life and pluck new hope along the wayside.

We feel and think our lot in this so-called "white man's country," is a hard one; and in the very truth it is. In some sections of this fair land we are not only regarded as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," but even as being without the pale of the law, if the record of lynchings and unpunished murderers speaks the truth; but, when we scan the blood stained recitals of what the Jews have passed through since the destruction of Jerusalem, during the first century of our christian era, and then note how conspicuous they are in all civilized communities for their real attainments along the lines of science, art, literature and finance, we may well cheer up and persevere along the same lines until victory crowns our efforts.

When I visited the city of Rome in the spring of 1893, my guide, at my suggestion, conducted me to that district of the "Eternal City," where, until the present century, was located in what is know in history as the Ghetto. This was the section to which the Jews were restricted, and out of which they were not allowed to reside or do business. In this small corner, not exceeding a few hundred acres in size, thousand of these poor people were packed; dwelling and plying their crafts in little cell-like abodes, where filth and squalor could but breed disease and beget crime. At that time they were not permitted to practice any of the learned professions nor engage in any of the mechanical pursuits for a livelihood, but were compelled to live almost literally on the crumbs which fell from the Gentile's table. To my surprise and great gratification, the "Ghetto" had been suppressed—razed to the ground, and even stones which constituted the foundation, in many instances, had been dug up and carted away; a few ancient buildings in the vicinity, teneted by some of the lowest descendants of the former generation alone remaining, in which numerous nondescript, grinning, chattering *specimens of humanity* were "vegetating," by such means as were at their command. In the meantime the Jews had been given the "freedom of the city," to live where they could buy, and follow whatever science, art or other vocations their inclinations and talents might lead them to.

In Spain, before the establishment of the Inquisition, under that unspeakable Torquemada, the Jew was a very potent factor, and with the Moor, before the conquest of Grenada, constituted not only the brawn, but the brains of the Kingdoms of Aragon and Castile. They owned large tracts of land, rich and elegant villas and magnificent mercantile establishments; moreover, their sons and daughters were educated and refined to a degree that challenged the admiration and commanded the respect of all Europe.

But, alas! and alack! Castile and Aragon being united under Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Queen being easily influenced by her spiritual adviser, the fiat went forth that all Jews should leave the country, under penalty of death; and by the terms of the edict of expulsion, which was signed March 30, 1492, (about the time Columbus was setting forth to discover the "new world"), all their property of every description was forfeited to the state, in the event of failure to leave. The poor Jews made frantic efforts to dispose of their effects and leave by the fated day, and we are told by Prescott, that "so deplorable was the sacrifice of property that a house exchanged for an ass, and a vineyard for a suit of clothes."

Hurrying in every direction, in their frantic haste to escape tortue and death, were more than 160,000 of these inoffensive people, whose only crime was that they dared to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Husbands and brothers were murdered on the road; wives and sisters were outraged by vile hands; and so eager were the brigands in quest of any booty which the dead were supposed to have concealed on and about their person, that, in many instances, they even ripped open the bodies of their victims, in search of gold which they were supposed to have swallowed. About 80,000 passed over into Portugal, and were allowed to go through the country to a port where they could take ship for Africa, Italy and even the Orient, only by paying a tax to the inhabitants.

A few years later and the Jews were expelled from Portugal for religious reasons, and a decree was published which required that all children of 14 years and upwards, should be taken from their parents and retained in the country as fit subjects for christianity. The execution of the decree rendered many parents so desperate that they killed their children, and in some instances, the parents themselves committed suicide.

It may be well to add here in passing, that from the day that Spain expelled the Jews and Moors from the kingdom, her star began to wane; not even the great impetus which the discoveries of Columbus and her other great navigators imparted to her domestic affairs, was sufficient to maintain long her former grandeur and glory. To-day we have the sorry spectacle of a threadbare aristocracy and a pauper peasantry in Spain, vainly endeavoring to crush and hold in subjection the "Queen of the Antilles" whom her avarice and cruel odpressions in the past, have driven to despair. Nor was the condition of the Jew or white improved in England under some of her kings. We are told that King John (of ungrateful memory to all true Englishmen,) imprisoned a wealth Jew, who refused to disclose to him the place where his money was deported, and had one double (molar) tooth wrenched out every day; after the eighth tooth had been sacrificed the victim yielded and paid the sum demanded.

Under Edward I the Jews were pillaged, and hanged, under pretexts which had no existence, in fact they were also heavily taxed, and compelled to buy badges at exorbitant rates, and on one occasion, thirteen years after his coronation he arrested and confined in foul prisons, a large number of them men, women and children, nor would he release them until their grief-stricken friends had paid into his treasury the great sum of twelve thousand pounds—a sum which, at that day had a purchasing value equal to about $300,000 of our own money, at the present time. Finally by a decree of the king all the Jews of the realm were ordered to leave the kingdom, under a heavy penalty. In pursuance of this order, they were shipped on vessels, good, bad and indifferent, and sent "beyond seas." During their voyage, many of them were robbed and not a few murdered and thrown into the sea.

So these ambitious, energetic and persistent people have for centuries been buffeted about the world—the veritable foot balls of destiny. But in every trial they have proved equal to the emergency, and invariably have come out winners. To-day, in the United States, in England in France, and in fact in all well regulated civilized countries they hold an honored and conspicuous place along all the lines leading to moral, intellectual and æsthetic verities. During the present generation they have not only, in some instances, controlled the financial world, and led certain mercantile pursuits, but they have dictated, on more than one occasion, policies of state, and shaped the destinies of august nations. These things being true, what doth hinder the colored American from taking courage, holding up his head and grappling with every opposing factor which bears his onward march, determined to win in the struggle or die.

Let us fight for an honorable and conspicuous place in this fair land—a place politically, commercially and socially. We may not see the full fruition of our efforts in your day or mine, but ultimately, "right the day will win."

I wish you and your numerous readers a Merry Christmas.

Lodge Meetings.

Sardis, Miss., Special.

The farmers have finished gathering their crops. The Thanksgiving concert given by the teachers and pupils, of the Green Hill High school was a grand success. That speaks well for Prof. Potts and his able teachers. Miss Glenie Bacon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bacon, left a few days ago for Memphis, Tenn., to enter the Leymome school of that place. Her many friends wish her a grand success. R. H. Hightower returned to Holly Springs, Miss., to enter the Rust University. He carries with him the best wishes of his many friends. James M. Lucas left a few days ago for Durant, Miss., and other points in Mississippi, on a visit to his mother and friends. The Hon. J. T. Settles of Memphis, Tenn, passed through the city on the 7th inst., enroute to Jackson, Miss., to attend the funeral of the ex-Grand Master, M. M. McLeod, who died while attending the Grand Lodge in Aberdeen, Miss. Silas H. Patton, W. M., of Magnolia Lodge 58, A. F. A. M, and Bro. Past. M. J. P. Hightower returned from Aberdeen on the morning of the 7th inst., where they have been attending the Grand Lodge. They both reported a grand time. J. P. Harrison who left for his future home, Memphis, Tenn., a few months ago, returned last week very ill. Sardis Lodge No. 2388, G. U. O. of O. F, met in regular session on the 4th inst., and elected the following officers for the next term: L. C. Potts, U. G. and acting P. S.; David Wallace, vice U. G.; W. Turner treasurer, and Jno. P. Harrison, advocate. Magnolia Lodge No. 58, A. F. of A. M. met in regular session on the 9th inst, and elected the following officers for the next ensuing year: Silas H. Patton, W. M.; R. M. Leak, Sr. W.; G. W. Turner, Jr., W.; R. H. Hightower, Sr., treasurer and E. W. Bacon secretary. All officers will be enstalled in regular form on the 27th inst., St. John's Day.

CIVIC SLAVERY.

By President E. A. Robertson, A. M., Geo. R. Smith College, Sedalia, Mo.

As in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, so on the eve of a presidential election the minds of the American people turns to thoughts of national politics, or, more accurately speaking to thoughts of politicians, for the most of our political thinking is done in concrete forms. We discuss politicians more than we do politics, the "availability" of men rather than the righteousness of party principles.

Not long ago we read a timely article from the pen of a well-known jurist upon the subject of "Politics vs. Politicians." Thinking that the truth can make us politically free, we yield to the impulses to serve the extended essence of the articles to the readers of The Freeman. Should there seem to be an adulteration of the truth, lay the blame upon the extractor. Truth in the abstract is made up of facts in the concrete. The first fact which we offer for consideration is that the love of party has tended to usurp the place of the love of country in the hearts of both the political leaders and the private citizens. It is granted that two equally patriotic men may differ widely in their views of public policy, so widely that their opinions may furnish a legitimate basis for opposite political parties. It would seem, therefore, that the existence of parties is necessary to the welfare of our country. But the politician would tell us that the existence of the country is necessary to the welfare of parties.

A politician thinks of the next election, a statesman of the next generation. The former looks for the success of his party, the latter for that of his country; the former consults expediency, the latter, moral principles. The most typical American this country has produced, held that ours is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. But in reality, it is a government of the politicians, by the politicians, for the politicians. Our candidates for office are all the candidates of the politicians, and never those of the people.

Public political life is a game in which success depends upon cunning, and all government is a mere struggle for place. The fascination of ambition properly consists in a desire of authority in order to benefit the country. Yet as a matter of fact, men do not seek places to obtain power, but power to obtain places. Says Mr. Holland: "To wish for a high place of power and usefulness is a worthy ambition, but to ask for it and intrigue for it and shape the policy of a life for it is the lowest depth to which voluntary degradation can go. How much more purely would the names of Webster, and Clay, and Cass, and we may add that of Blaine—shine to-day, had they never sought for the highest place of power." It is indeed a sad commentary upon American politics that the customs of our governmental life are such that it is practically impossible for the office to seek the man. Even high offices are like the tops of the pyramids which reptiles can reach as well as eagles The worst feature of our politics is not lack of intelligence in our politicians. Our legislatures, our congress do not suffer from lack of knowledge and culture half so much as they do from lack of principle. It is men who push personal and party purposes that hinder wholesome legislation. It is said that George Washington got along very well as a politician on a limited capital of culture and a very large one of patriotism. Aaron Burr was a scholar, whose lack of principle spoiled him for any good end in politics, and made his name a disgrace in American history.

Everything on every side is done in the name of patriotism, of course, but patriotism is made subservient to and is confounded with party interest. The professional politician pretends to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity, he accomodated himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. We are glad to believe, however, that very soon the political demagogue will be unable to deceive the people who have learned by sad experience that they have simply been used in the interest of men and cliques who had no interest to serve but their own.

There would be to-day a great uprising against corruption and wrong in politics were it not for the fact that the eyes of the people are dazzled with banners and processions. Every effort is made to induce them to believe that the candidate is precisely what he is not and never was—the candidate of the people. And thus, while the political leaders direct all their energies toward purely party ends, we, as private citizens in our extreme loyalty to party are too often led to ignore, voluntarily, the highest interests of home and country. Hundreds of American citizens are to-day in political bondage.

The slave to party must swear fealty to the motto "vote the regular ticket, the whole regular ticket, and nothing but the regular ticket." Party loyalty means to holding fast to the infallibility of your party in convention assembled, for delegates, like kings, "can do wrong." The unpardonable sin in the political creed consists in scratching or bolting nominations. A voter guilty of such a crime is as much of a heretic as was John Huss and other religious reformers. According to the political "encyclicel," they all belong to the same category, and are equally deserving an inquisition. So by pelting the scratchers and bolters with jeers, sneers, and innuendoes, by crediting them with the meanest of motives, and unsisting that they are either traitorous, inconsequential knaves, or silly fools, the political hierarchy, though a partisan press, can show that they possess the steady practical views of those who flung Huss to the flames.

The practical politician so-called, has discovered a less drastic—a homespathic treatment for the irregularity of the scratcher or bolter. It is known as the postponement treatment," by the skillful use of which, one man was kept from scratching or bolting for thirty-six consecutive years.

EN-SENATOR JOHN P. GREEN.

Ex-president Harrison in his current series of articles on "Our Country" speaks very forcibly upon the necessity of reform in the matter of securing a full vote from all eligible to vote. The number of those who do not seem to appreciate the dignity and power of the elective franchise sufficiently to exercise this right is large, and play no small part in the firenals-sults of elections The following are sample "instructions" to the political serf from the campaign text-book, which of course is received each quedrenium order to meet the exigeneies of the case. "As you love your country, do not scratch this year. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved." Another: "My dear ——, let me beg of you to vote a straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is? I need not remind a gentleman of your exceptional intelligence that this is but the prelude to the President election of next year; then, then too, it devolves upon the next state legislature to elect a United States senator." Hence, the scratcher or bolter never is but always is to be.

The political bosses learn us to beware of those who take sentimental views of unsentimental matters. They preach the doctrine that the man who "would rather be right than President" by all means ought to decline a presidential nomination, and run for a position in a theological seminary, Vassar College or a Sunday-school. He who holds that one with God is a majority antagonizes the system of reckoning which has come down to us from the fathers. We are, therefore, exhorted to be practical in our politics.

Most of all, "my party"—and yours too—need Christian gentlemen of strong intellect, of broad sympathies, men untrammeled by "Trusts or "Rings" or any kind of commercial or political combination which would be prejudical to the freest exercise of conscience, men inspired by the highest principles of patriotism. Futhermore, our country, needs a thoroughly virtuous and independent press; it needs party leaders who will faithfully execute the party will, it needs voters who will take the government out of the hands of self-seeking and office-seeking politicians and will place in power those whom the people regard as their best men. Then, and not till then will "my party" embody the principles and purposes of a government where the people and not the politicians rule, and where every American citizen may exercise the rights of free men.

Ennis Notes.

Ennis, Tex., Special.

The Freeman is read by quite a number of people here. Our people are looking forward to a better day. Most of our people own their homes. Dr. P. R. Roberson, a colored physician, has opened an office here and is doing well. F. Roach and J. S. Stocks are in the grocery business. We have two first class barber shops, one is conducted by Wm. Malone and B. O'Neal, and the other by Jeff Moss. One colored silversmith, A. Arnold. The People of the Waxahachie district are glad to know that Rev. Wm. Leake has returned to be presiding elder. The young people of the A. M. E. and Baptist churches are preparing to have Xmas trees. A well arranged program will be carried out at the A. M. E. church. We shall do all we can for The Freeman. We want to see it every week.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1895.

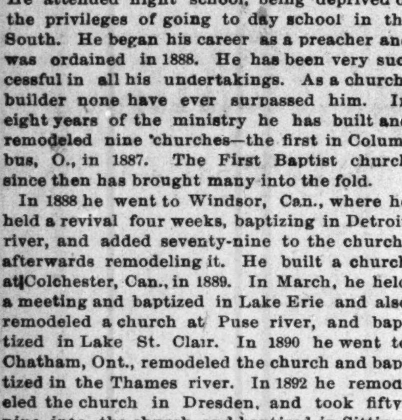
To OUR readers the world over—Greeting—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

REV. THORNTON MORRIS,

Missionary—A Short, But Successful Career in Religious Work.

The subject of this sketch was born in Curdsville, Va., March 24, 1857. He was converted January 13, 1876, and united with the church. and was baptized by Rev. Brown of Oxford, O, He attended night school, being deprived of the privileges of going to day school in the South. He began his career as a preacher and was ordained in 1888. He has been very successful in all his undertakings. As a church-builder none have ever surpassed him. In eight years of the ministry he has built and remodeled nine 'churches—the first in Columbus, O., in 1887. The First Baptist church since then has brought many into the fold.

In 1888 he went to Windsor, Can., where he held a revival four weeks, baptizing in Detroit river, and added seventy-nine to the church, afterwards remodeling it. He built a church at Colchester, Can., in 1889. In March, he held a meeting and baptized in Lake Erie and also remodeled a church at Puse river, and baptized in Lake St. Clair. In 1890 he went to Chatham, Ont., remodeled the church and baptized in the Thames river. In 1892 he remodeled the church in Dresden, and took fifty-nine into the church, and baptized in Sittingham river. He was the moderator of the association in Dresden. Talented by genius as a successful worker he was granted missionary papers in all parts of Canada and the United States. In 1892 he went to Benton Harbor, where he found nine Baptist believers. He



REV. THORNTON MORRIS.

built a church there which is an honor to the Negro race.

He baptized 35 in Lake Michigan. In 1894, Laning found him as one of her number, be found one baptist there. He rented a hall, paid for the chairs himself, held a revival and baptized thirty-four in Grand River. He bought a lot and stone for the church where they are building now. On the 9th of February 1895 he went to Kalamozoo. The church was in a critical condition, he held a revival and had a grand success. He baptized forty-two, he baptized twelve in Decatur and remodeled the church August 2nd, and he is still continuing his work in the field wherein he has been called. He is now in this city, Indianapolis.

DESTINY

By Rev. A. L. Murry, Pastor of Allen Chapel A. M. E. Church, This City.

No consideration in the realm of human economy has inspired broader contemplation, been the object of more investigation and is still surrounded by deeper mystification, than the subject of human destiny. The line of demarcation which should reveal to mankind, that particular point at which human responsibility ends, and divine interposition begin, is, as much a mystery in this the effulgence of a nineteenth century sun, as it has been in any era that has marked the existence of mankind.

Sages have lived, reasoned and died, and yet, given us no information as to what particular sign, was the true insigna of destiny, and by which its advent into the tide of human affairs might not be mistaken. Phylosophers have set in motion all the machinery and logic with which they have atomized the most knotty problem in divine, social and moral economy, but have been compelled to leave it as they found it, a complex, formable, and idsolutable quantity. What student of history has not read the statement or the intimation, that had it not rained on the night of the 17th. of June 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. That the fate of Napoleon at Waterloo, between whom and the brave Wellington there waged the fiercest conflict, recorded in the battle annals of that bloody epoch, would not have been defeated and in—glorious over-

REV. A. L. MURRAY.

throw, but for the fall of a few drops of rain. We are told that the plan laid out under which he would attact his enmey was a masterpiece of precise detail, and well befitting the insight of this great military genius, and yet, because the ground was made soft by a little rain, the the artillery could not move, and the delay gave the Pursians time to move upon the scene, reenforce the English forces and turn the scale of Western Europe. If we in reviewing the details of this great siege, find no breach of martial polity, on which to hinge defeat, we are constrained to ascribe it to that mystic called destiny.

And how many incidents in written and unwritten history are traceable to the plying of no agencies of which we are aware, or have directed, hence, we are want to contemplate as a measure of our destiny. We are compelled, therefore, to groupe blindly our way, not knowing when we have set in motion the intricate system that shall operate to our best interests, or when our efforts shall be without response and the unlooked, perhaps the unwished for, shall be out legacy from that dispencer, the world calls destiny. And yet, while the direction of human affairs seems somewhat consigned to destiny, and while the sentiment, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may" Tints if calm resignation the mind of many, we think this same resignation there may lurk a tinge of apathy if we relegate to great a measure of responsibility to this well fraught dame, and to us the language of the immortal Longfellow bodes more succor, in that it stimulates us to a responsibility for the directing of our God-given faculties, toward results which shall please our Creator:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Lives of great men, all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

REFLECTIONS ON MY TRIP.

CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.

When I first rode in a Liverpool tram, the politeness of the conductor came very nearly scaring me out of my wits. In a gentle tone of voice he moved from passenger to passenger with, "Fair Sir, fair Ma'am." Receiving the penny, he invaribly returned, "Thank you Sir, thank you Ma'am." This was so unlike the rough American way that I at first thought possibly I had gotten into the wrong pew. At Hawarden, (in company with Bishop Grant), we attended the service at the Church of England, of which the Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, the son of the "Grand Old Man," is rector.

It is needless to mention the distinguished honor paid us by all. Services over, (and Mr. W. E. Gladstone was present), the rector took us into his parlor, introduced us to family and to the Hon. Herbert Gladstona, just elected to the House of Commons, who afterward sent us passes into Parliament. Although it was Sunday, and although no visitors were permitted to the "Great Commoner," still Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone and his mother arranged for us to see the father and husband. It was a rare treat. The Castle a short distance from the church, is a museum in itself—a wonderful museum of presents to Mr. Gladstone. We were kindly received by him and spent more than an hour in the castle—entertained by Mrs. Gladstone as she carried us from room to room. When we were ready to leave, Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone assisted us into our crarriage, walked to the inner gate of the Castle grounds, opened it and stood with uncovered head as we drove out! Yes, as we drove away full of reflections, I said "That is culture. That is the posibility of Anglo-Saxon attainment in the moral world. Here is the white man at his best. This is what all men ought to be." The same kind of culture, christian politeness I found in the Right Venerable Arche-deacon of London who gave me many cards and letters of introduction—the open sesame to all London.

It was my glorious privilege to spend a few days in the home of Rev. Charles Leach, D. D., of London. It is an ideal home in all respects. There was nothing strained. It was simply wide open christian fellowship and hospitality. It was at several services in his church and and was carried through the trying ordeal of speaking three times in one day to the same audience and from the same rostrum from which our own Dr. Talmage has spoken. I assure you that it was a severe trial and I lost ten pounds avoirdupois in ten days as a result. I met here that same culture and civilty which you find everywhere else in England. This was the great Dr. Leach's great congregation. I wish I could stop right here and give your readers an account of his wonderful work in Queen's Park. Dr. Leach is a christian in every sense of that word. Nothing more can be said of any other man. He, too, is a posibility of the psychic evolution going on in the Anglo-Saxon people. If we were to judge all Europe by the class of immigrants to America, we would expect ignorance, poverty and crime throughout England. But not so. The life of the middle classes, taken all in all, is far better than in America. They are faremore contented and happy—more intelligent, better homes, more comfortable homes and loyal to their government. In one other and supreme respect England exceeds the United States, and possibly the whole world besides: Their respect for law. The law is supreme whether good law or bad law—it is supreme. A London policeman in the streets of that great metropolis, with his arm raised, has more respect and more power behind that arm than the governor of a State or the Chief Executive of the United States of America.

The comfort which comes from a consciousness of security of life is better enjoyed than expressed. This respect for law and human life is the main element in their high civilization. You see it in their shops, cars, dress, homes—everywhere. But we must leave our English friends, as much as we admire them. It was my great pleasure to have a long interview with His Majesty, Leopold, King of Belgians, He was cordial in the best degree. You feel at home. We discussed his Congo interests at great length. He has high hopes of wonderful success. He does not wish immigrants until he completes his main line of railroad—in about two years. He assured me that American Negro young men would readily be employed in the great business enterprise which will soon be on foot in the Congo Free State. When I assured His Majesty of my gratitude for what he is doing to develop the "Dark Continent," he replied: "I thank you, professor, but it is my christian duty to do all in my power for Africa." When I was leaving he took me by the hand and with much warmth pressed me to call again. Frenchmen, Italians and all, everywhere, were polite, kind and obliging. But before closing this already too long letter, I must notice briefly the lower classes, especially in Italy. The French peasant is intelligent and reasonably comfortably fixed in life. He is quite an interesting study as you see him going about with his long blue blouse—a kind of tunic—on. You rather like him very much. The Italian peasant seems happy and contented enough, but not very comfortably fixed.

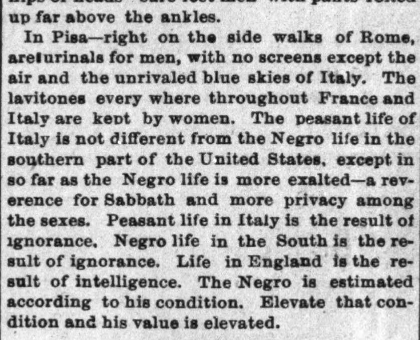
On Sunday, August 4th as I rode through Italy I was very unfavorably impressed with the manifestations of spirit forces among the people. Here are dozens of women, barefooted, dresses up to their knees, washing clothes in the little streams—there a man is mowing grain, after the old style, in a large quarter acre field, followed by his wife and children as binders—yonder are badly clad, bare-footed women and children working in a brickyard—and just over there are two men plowing four large white oxen hitched to one huge plow—now we are passing through a town in holiday attire—all on Sunday—and among a people who have painted and sculptured the life of Christ and his apostles in the minutest details. However, now and then were appearances which looked like the holy Sabbath. Every where could be seen bare-feet women carrying heavy burdens upon their hips or heads—bare-feet men with pants rolled up far above the ankles.

In Pisa—right on the side walks of Rome, are urinals for men, with no screens except the air and the unrivaled blue skies of Italy. The lavitones every where throughout France and Italy are kept by women. The peasant life of Italy is not different from the Negro life in the southern part of the United States, except in so far as the Negro life is more exalted—a reverence for Sabbath and more privacy among the sexes. Peasant life in Italy is the result of ignorance. Negro life in the South is the result of ignorance. Life in England is the result of intelligence. The Negro is estimated according to his condition. Elevate that condition and his value is elevated.

MRS. DOLLY LEWIS,

The Evangelist—What She is Doing—A Great Field for Our Women.

The subject of this sketch was born January 12, 1854 in Hart Co., Ky., of slave parents, to



MRS. DOLLY LEWIS.

whom were born eight children. When Dolly, as she was familiarly called, was but eight years old her father died, thus leaving the mother the great responsibility of caring for this large family. To do this she was obliged to put the older ones of the children out in select places that they might support themselves. Thus, while they had a good moral training, their education was to some extent, limited, but what the subject of our sketch has missed in education, she has more than made up in industry and zealousness. She was married at an early age, but was soon left a widow with two sons.

In 1880 she was converted and joined the M. E. church at Jeffersonville, Ind., and has ever since lived and worked only as a conscientious christian could. After Mrs. Lewis was converted she felt drawn to go out and labor for the Master by bringing men and women into the fold. She was started as a class-leader and has done good work. Early in this year she started on her work at Bowling Green, Ky., under the Rev. W. H. Pope and held a ten day's meeting. There was a great revival of christians and the church was benefitted both spiritually and financially. In August she returned to this church, and assisted by the church held a campmeeting, having in the meantime visited the Rev. Chas. Jones' church at LaGrange and assisted in a meeting where fourteen persons were converted. At Shelbyville under Rev. E. D. Miller, at Anchorage under Rev. F. P. Fielding, and Rev. C. H. Pyle at Owensboro, she held successful meetings, having six converts at the latter place, and great financial success at all. Meetings at other places not mentioned were bountiful blessed. Mrs. Lewis speaks modestly concerning her work and thinks it but begun. She sees great work yet to be done and asks of all prayerful assistance.

In speaking Mrs. Lewis says: "I find a great timidity among the women of our race about becoming evangelists and I feel that it must be gotten rid of in some way, I know not what means to adopt, but I am praying to see the day when they will step to the front and help to christianize the world. White women are doing it, and we must do something."

At Columbus, O., Mrs. Lewis held a successful revival under the Rev. Alex. McDade. When Rev. McDade took charge of this church its members were scattered and the church was ununited, almost no church, but since he has been there he has remodeled the building at a cost of $600 and has already nearly raised the debt. During the meeting at th s place the whole church was revived, eleven converts added to it and three reclaimed. It was also a great financial success. Mrs. Lewis reports the people at this place as being as generous a set as she has ever met.

She is now engaged in this city, Indianapolis at Blackford street A. M. E. Z. church where she will hold a short series of meetings, after-which she will return to Anchorage, Ky., to spend the holidays and take a much needed rest before her new year's work begins at Jeffersontown, Ky., under the Rev. James Borne.

PROMINENT NEGROES ERR.

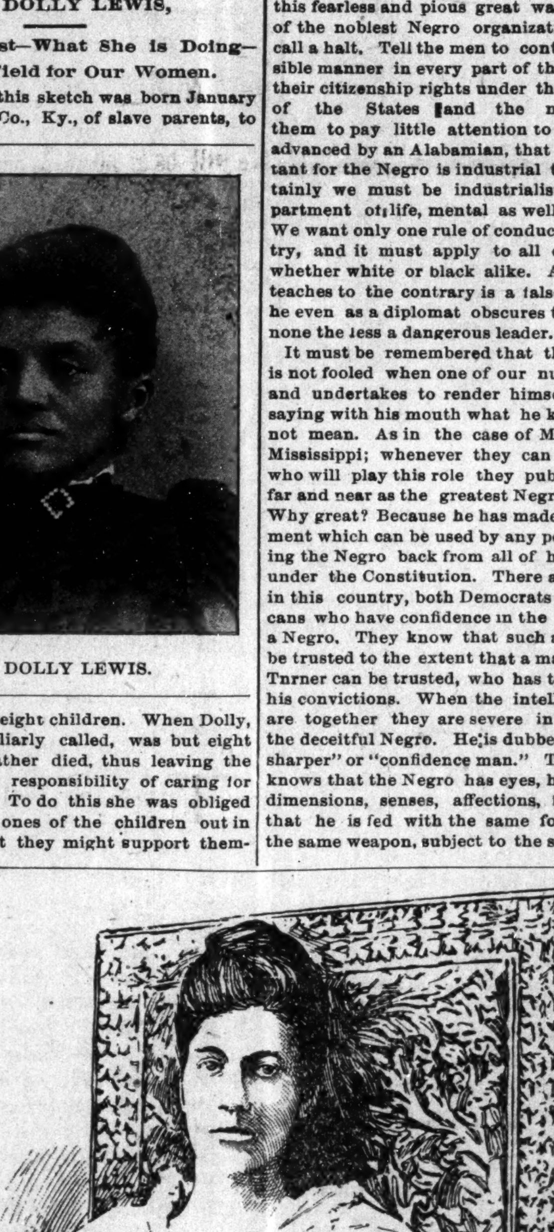
CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.

unwilling to give the Democrats so grand a record.

Bishop Turner is not as crazy as some people would have you believe. He is very much a prophet. He sees the truckling, sycophantic, crawling, cringing, and foot-scraping would-be big men among us. He sees how ready we are to accept without examination any statement made by an Anglo-Saxon without examination and he is thoroughly disgusted. Good man of God, that he is, in his rage he tells the Negro who desires manhood-rights to fly. It is only about the medicine, the remedy, that I disagree. Instead of going to another country let this fearless and pious great warrior and head of the noblest Negro organization on earth, call a halt. Tell the men to contend, in a sensible manner in every part of this country for their citizenship rights under the Constitution of the States and the nation. Tell them to pay little attention to the idea now advanced by an Alabamian, that the all-important for the Negro is industrial training. Certainly we must be industrialist in every department of life, mental as well as material. We want only one rule of conduct in this country, and it must apply to all of our people, whether white or black alike. Any man who teaches to the contrary is a false prophet. If he even as a diplomat obscures this idea he is none the less a dangerous leader.

It must be remembered that the white man is not fooled when one of our number gets up and undertakes to render himself popular by saying with his mouth what he knows he does not mean. As in the case of Montgomery of Mississippi; whenever they can find a Negro who will play this role they publish his name far and near as the greatest Negro of his time. Why great? Because he has made a false argument which can be used by any person in keeping the Negro back from all of his civil rights under the Constitution. There are white men in this country, both Democrats and Republicans who have confidence in the words of such a Negro. They know that such a man cannot be trusted to the extent that a man like Bishop Tnrner can be trusted, who has the courage of his convictions. When the intelligent whites are together they are severe in condemning the deceitful Negro. He is dubbed as a "black sharper" or "confidence man." The white man knows that the Negro has eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, fashions, and that he is fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapon, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, and warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as is the white man. The Anglo-Saxon knows that if he cuts us we bleed; if we are tickled, we laugh, and if we are poisoned we die. He makes up his mind therefore, that the manly Negro if he is wronged, will do all in his power to gain redress and prevent a repetition of said wrongs. He knows that the children of men are alike, and that they may as individuals make occasional surrenders one to the other, but not as a class.

I joined the Democratic party with my eyes wide open, and I neither joined for money or office. Consult anyone who knows my history, and testimony will be coming as to the truth of my statement. Had I wanted money or political preferment I could have easily enjoyed both by membership in the Republican party. With Democrats out of office I worked harder for my party and race than I have as an office holder. Prominent Negroes can afford to be just. I am out of politics, forever, except to help my party friends whenever and wherever I can. Let prominent Negroes be too manly to abuse every one who differs from them.

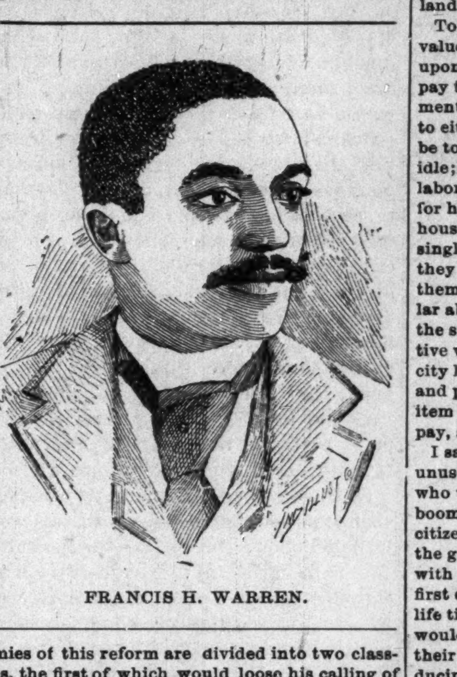


MISS EDNORAH NAHAR,
Boston's Peerless Queen of the Stage, will give one of her Humorous and Classic Recitals at Corinthian Baptist Church on North street, Monday evening, Dec. 23, '95. Admission 25c.

SITE VALUE TAXATION

As a Means to Better the Condition of the Negro—By F. H. Warren, Mackinac Island, Mich.

All thinking and reading men of our race have heard or read of the single tax, as a means of social and economic reform. Some understand all that the term implies, and are, generally, believers in its efficacy as a remedy for our many ills. Some are friendly because they see the need of reform on every hand, and are willing to try anything that promises relief; while many are indifferent because they are satisfied with their own lot in life, and never figure how existing conditions will effect their posterity; then, others are hostile. The ene-



FRANCIS H. WARREN.

mies of this reform are divided into two classes, the first of which would loose his calling of land speculator; the second is the conservative fellow who believes that agitating reforms does no good, and it is best to leave matters as they are.

It will be my purpose in these succeeding lines to show how this great reform would benefit our ten millions of people, as a race. Going back some thirty-two years when four millions of slaves were made free, we remember they were turned loose in this cruel world without a penny in their pockets, nor a place to lay their heads. In settling accounts with the South, had the North demanded that suitable homes be given those freed men who had toiled their entire lives without remuneration or compensation, our present condition would present a very different aspect. As it is, we are a race of tenants, and not owners of land; and it is this condition, I believe, is the root evil of our many ills to-day. Landlords have taken advantage of that race prejudice that exists independent of all other causes, and compell us to pay higher rents for lands they choose to permit us to occupy, than they would ask or could obtain from white tenants; and the fact that we are barred from tenanting nineteen-twentieths of the improved property of cities, enable these landlords, who "graciously condescend" to permit us to occupy their lands, to maintain rents at high water mark.

Again, this same prejudice against our race militates against our securing the same remuneration for labor that is paid to white labor of the same class; indeed, it effectually bars us from many avenues of employment, the most prominent among these being the manufactories and trades in the Northern states. But were this prejudice wiped out of existence to-morrow, and the present condition of the whole people of the Nation obtain thereafter, it would avail us very little indeed, for what is the condition of our white brethren who belong to the class of laborers? Is it, indeed, one to be envied? Do we not hear their leaders proclaiming to the world that they are the "white slaves" of modern times? Though some of our race will be loath to admit it, race prejudice has also been a benefit to us; it has enlisted substantial sympathy in our behalf in various parts of the country. It has sent money South to educate our young; it has furnished us employment, where it has aroused the sympathy of the employer. Some of us owe our very existence to the sympathetic reaction produced by race prejudice; but, of course, on the whole, we have been great losers by this unfriendliness toward us, by being forced to occupy undesirable tenements, we are looked upon as being more or less degraded by having to pay extortonate rents, and thus deprived of means to purchase things needful, and to accumulate property; likewise, by receiving less remuneration for our labor, we have less to do with.

Wherever you find a race man who owns his home, in other words, who is his own tenant, you find a man who not only seems to get along very well, but also one who wields an influence among his neighbors. It is a well known fact that men who visits the tax collector about once a year to settle accounts, are the bone and sinew of the community, and absolutely control the political and business interests of the country. This rule obtains whether the tax payer be white or black, and I believe that were we to become a race of home owners and consequently tax-payers, that race prejudice would disappear very rapidly.

The single tax being a tax on the site value of land, would so cheapen land that every industrious man of the race could soon have a home of his own, and thereby check the outflow of money for rent. A tax on the site values of land has just the opposite effect as regards the price of land that a tax on any other article, for you tax away articles of manufacture and enhance its cost, the consumer pays the cost of making, plus the tax. You may tax an article out of existence, as was the state bank note; the ten per cent tax drove it out of existance. But let us abolish all taxes on personal properties that make them cost us so much more to abtain and collect all our taxes, or sufficient to meet the demand of the Government from the site value of land, and what is the result? Readers of The Freeman will note that it is not the land we wish to tax, for we could not tax that out of existence should we so desire, but it is the "site value" of land. This value is determined by the location of the site. The enormous value of that land in the neighborhood of the Bates House in the city of Indianapolis, is given it by the people of that city surrounding it, and their need of that central location to transact their business; but as you move away from this central location, the value of the land diminishes until you reach the country, where there are not as many people inhabiting a square mile as live in one square in the city, and where you may purchase enough land to erect a Bates House on for the sum of $50 or less. The present Bates House site of land is, I presume, worth from $150,000 to $200,000. By raising all taxes from land values, then we draw entirely upon a fund created by the whole people; then again, since we are only taxing land values, vacant land of relative value will pay the same as improved land.

To illustrate, take two lots in a city of equal value, one is vacant, the other has buildings upon it. In this instance the vacant lot will pay the same tax as the one with the improvements. This will force holders of vacant land to either use or sell their holdings, the tax will be too high to permit of their holding them idle; so if they build, they not only employ labor, but they will be furnishing more houses for house consumers; and since all owners of houses must needs have tenents to keep the single tax from falling too heavily upon them, they will greatly lower rents in order to keep them occupied, and they won't be so particular about the color of their tenants. Finally the single tax will entirely eat up the speculative value of land, and in that event, vacant city lots could be bad for the mere occupancy and paying the tax, which would be a small item as compared to the cost our people now pay, as has been shown.

I say vacant city lots, but nearly all of the unused land would be practically open to those who wanted to use it. This would be a greater boom to the race than to any other class of citizens, for we are now a race of tenants. But the good offices of the single tax does not stop with giving homes to industrious men without first dispoiling them of their earnings for a life time. We have seen how land owners would be forced to employ labor to improve their lands so as to make them revenue producing, but now this improvement of old improved properties would go on as never before, for under this system improvements are not taxed, and people who have been wanting to improve their property would have nothing to fear from higher assessments as at present.

The boom in the building trades would give an impetus to trade and business all along the line, and all those who were not employed on land they had occupied, under the new order of things would find plenty to do everywhere. Then there is the saving in rents the laborers would have to invest in goods they need and other good things. It has been estimated that rents would come down 25 per cent. under the single tax. Colored tenants in Chicago pay about an average of $250,000 a year; in Indianapolis about $150,000 a year. So it is fair to state that each tenant would save from rent from $40 to $60 a year that they could use to purchase other things needful; this would mean from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000 from one million colored families alone, the most of which would be spent for building material, farm products and manufactures each year and as these tenants become owners, this amount would increase. Then to this may be added the saving that would accrue from abolishing the tax on consumption, together with nearly as g eat a saving to white tenants as was seen to be the case with colored tenants.

Single taxers contend that withdrawing this large sum of money from "those who toil not, neither do they spin," and injecting it into the business of the country, laborers would receive nearer the value of their hire, and commerce will attain an activity never before equaled. Everybody that wanted to work would find plenty to do, and instead of laborers competing with each other for work, the competition would be among the employers for men. Instead of there being an over supply of labor as would seem now to be the case, there would appear a scarcity that would force up its value, and I believe at this juncture, race prejudice would begin to fade from view, times would be so good and our good white friends would be so busy enjoying themselves under the new order of things that they would first forget and then disdain to criticise the Creator for having placed black faces on earth and themselves for having placed us in America. Indeed labor being very much in demand, they would need us, and having proved ourselves worthy of our hire, I believe they would soon vie with each other in making life worth living for us.

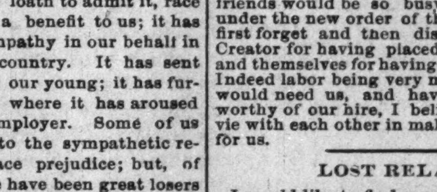
LOST RELATIVES.

I would like to find my relatives. I was born in Somerset County, Maryland. My name is Henry Anderson, my Master was John Anderson of Eastern Shore M. D., I left about six years before the war. Mothers name was Peggy and my brothers were named Chas. Horace, Alex, and Sandy I left two sisters in Maryland Sarah Ann and Malinda, I had a brother named Geo. who was drowned at Montgomery, Ala., on the Alabama River. John Anderson, my master, died in Baltimore before I left Maryland, but was brought home. His wife was name Layer Jane Anderson. She had children name John Wesley and Lemule Anderson, Mary Elizabeth Carnelia and Louisa Anderson. I had an aunt name Harriet. She was married to Simon Parker. My Cousins were Moses, Daniel, Lytt and Ike. My aunt did belong to Marie Adams, I was sold to John Sanders and was afterward sold to Judge Perkins in the state of La. Any information will be gladly received. Address Henry or Sandy Anderson, Mineola, Tex., Wood county.

JOINING THE NAVY

by Jno. H. PAYNTER.

or Abroad with Uncle Sam.



AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

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Powerful and Instructive. An Immense Hit. Superbly Illustrated. Sent to any address by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of price, $1.50.

Splendid opportunity to make money. Don't miss it. Send $1.00 for canvassing outfit and secure territory or send for illustrated circular and agents terms, to AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., Boston, Cincinnati. Mention paper.

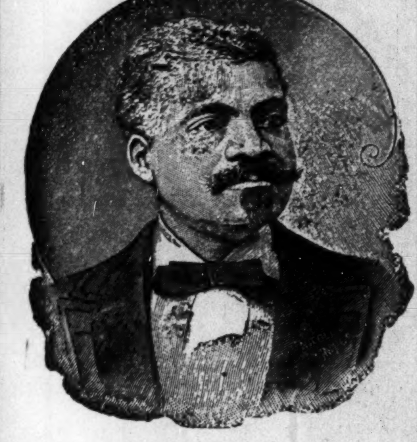
MY LIFE AS I REMEMBER IT—AS SLAVE AND FREE MAN!

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND WRITTEN BY MYSELF GEORGE L. KNOX

CHAPTER XLII.

Mr. Cox assumed the management of The Freeman; he had been looking after the firm's advertising previous to this. This was in '93. Everything went along smoothly until October when things did not move along so smoothly and I found it necessary to make a change. The World's Fair was then over and the hard-times of '93 which were felt by everybody, were felt by the newspaper people probably more than any other class. But by energy and push we managed to keep The Freeman to the front.

During the World's Fair the Press Association met at Chicago. John Mitchell of the Planet then president of the Association, was re-elected. During the convention there were a great many warm discussions and debates, and many ideas were suggested that are likely to come up when a body of distinguished men and women meet together. In this convention resolutions were passed that no one could have a voice but the editors of papers. As my editor was Mr. Sweeny, these resolutions closed my mouth and opened his. This state of affairs



GEO. L. KNOX.

was not at all satisfactory to me. I finanly got the eye of the chair and being recognized, stated that I could not understand why the proprietor and publisher of a paper should have no right to have a voice in matters; that I thought as I bore all the expenses of my paper I should have something to say in regard to the methods and in fact in anything concerning newspapers, and I further stated that I would withdraw The Freeman from the Association unless publishers were given a voice. They held a two days' session in the Art Building and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen were present. This was in August.

After the convention ajourned a reception was held and speeches were made. I also visited a number of other places of interest, among them the Queen's Chapel Literary Society, where I made a short address. Mr. Driver, representing The Freeman in Chicago showed me things of different interest. We went to the M. E. church where they were having a banquet for bishops assembled from all over the United States. On this occasion some were given the power of the pulpit, and I myself was given the power of the press. Much attention was given to the Negro Problem, and here I will give a few of my remarks on that subject:

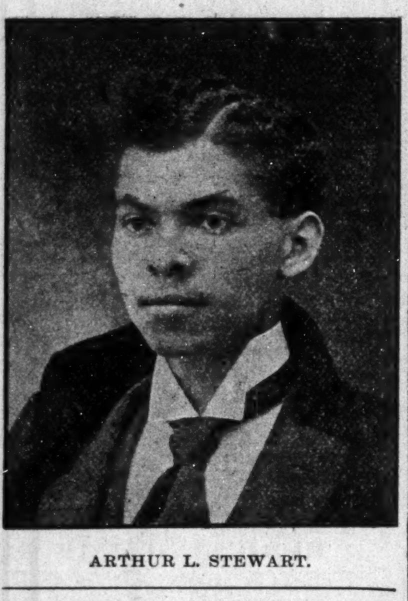
"The Negro journal of the country is the one thing that can bring about the true status of the Afro-American. When the white people take us up it is but to ridicule us, to tell how we have stolen a chicken, or a shawl or a dress, they pay attention only to our misdemeanors and we get no credit for any good we may do. If we expect to get justice, we must expect to get it through our own race, and how so well can this be done as through the journals of our own people? If we expect to see in the papers that Mrs. So-and-So gave a reception and so-and-so were there, we must see it in the Negro journal because blood is thicker than water, and one touch of nature makes us kin. It makes no difference what petty disagrements we may have, when it comes to the great question of justice we all must agree that we must depend on our own race to attain it. If we desire good things said of us, if we desire praise where praise is due us we must except it from our own papers, otherwise we may be held up in an unfair and unjust light. If we expect to receive the true history of our people —of our race—it must come from the pen of the black man, for only he can have in his heart a feeling of justice and entire loyalty to his people. The Negro is like Moses, who although raised in the house of Pharoah, when he found that his own country needed his aid he went to its assistance. And though on the following day they blamed and criticised him for having killed an Israelite and buried him in the sands, and he went away, yet he came back and delivered them out of the hands of their enemies. So the Negro must be given justice by his own race, and the "Negro Question" must be solved by the black man, for he is the one who is vitally interested, and we can only attain results when we are interested. It is the same with the artists. If we expect true pictures of our ladies, expect their features drawn as they are without exaggeration, we look to the Negro artist to accomplish it. If we expect to have portraits without the lips being too thick, the nose too flat, if we expect them drawn as God made them, it must be done by the hand of Negro artists. This is true about any race no matter what their color or conditions.

You can readily see why the Negro journal should be encouraged and should be patronized by our own people, and why we should encourage artists and historians in order to get things represented as they are, so that our pictures will not be caricatures and our histories falsely exaggerated, and the questions which interest us as a people distorted and ridiculed. We should encourage everything that tends towards the improvement of our race, that tends to enlighten it, or will assist in making it more intelligent." During this visit I took in the sights at the World's Fair but it was too stupendous for me to undertake to describe it. It could not be described by tongue or pen—it was something that had to be seen to be realized and appreciated. I returned home, but returned after a time for another week there. When I returned the second time I found it necessary to change the arrangements of The Freeman somewhat, and I thought that it would be best to change the management. Mr. Cox was assigned other duties as city man, and Mr. Sweeney was made manager and editor of The Freeman. Things now went along quite smoothly, '94 brought the campaign for the election of county and state officers, and the Republicans made a hard fight to get their candidates elected. The County Convention met and nominated their men and then the convention was held to nominate the judges and representatives. At the convention there were two colored men who aspired to the nomination of representatives, Mr. Bagby and Mr. Shaffer, but neither received the nomination. Mr. Bagby felt very much displeased and disatisfied at his defeat, and though he had several engagements to make speeches at different places throughout the state he failed to make them, and I was never able to learn the cause of his failure to do so. I got a letter from Mr. Gowdy asking me to call on the State Central Committee at their headquarters immediately as they had business of interest. At this council they asked me if I could not go out into the state and make some campaign speeches or if I could not go, if I could recommend some one else. I suggested Mr. Bagby but they said he had failed and they did not want him. I suggested several others but they did not please the committee. I told them that I was busy and that my business would hardly admit of my leaving home, but if they could not get anyone else to suit them, and if they thought it for the interest of the party, I would go myself. So an appointment was made for me to speak at Columbus, Ind. I arrived there and was met at the depot by Prof. Stewart of that place, and another gentleman. They escorted me to the hotel where I was to stop during my stay. The county officers and different white representatives call on me at the hotel and we conversed about the condition of affairs, and talked over the political aspect and the situation in general. I asked the chairmam whom I was to talk to and he said that I was there for the purpose of speaking to the colored people, that a number of the colored people were dissatisfied and were sulking so that they wished me to speak to them as it might be the means of pacifying them and leading them to understand the situation better. The club headed by band then marched down the street to the hotel and I was escorted to the court house. The streets were thronged with people and Mr. Stewart suggested that we stop on the outside and wait until the crowd was settled, after which we went in. The house was crowded, the galleries filled and people standing. I talked for an hour and a half. I discussed the tariff question, the slave question, the attitude of the Democratic party towards the Negro, and the attitude of the Republican pary towards the Negro, what the party had done for the race, and what the Cleveland administration had done for the country. In beginning my speech I said "I was sent here by the State Central Committee for the purpose of speaking to the colored people. This is true, and before beginning I will say to you all that there are but two great parties in this country—the Democratic and the Republican parties. We must acknowledge this, for the other parties are mere side shows, springing up like mushroons in the night time they cannot last. Their reason for existing I cannot state here. I have come to speak to the colored people, the doctors, the lawyers, the mechanics, the farmers, the laborers, to the clerks, to all who may be here, and you cannot harm one of the least of these without doing yourself and injury, for our interests are one—your interests are mine and my interests are yours." Mr. Stewart said to me he was afraid we would have trouble in keeping order owing to the crowd, but I informed him that I always had order wherever I spoke and I thought I would have no trouble here. I suppose he thought there would be trouble owing to the fact of my being a colored speaker. But we had good order, and Mr. Stewart told me afterwards that such order had never been kept there before. After the speaking I went to my hotel and took lunch, after which the committee escorted me to my train, and I returned home. The chairman of the committee wrote the chairman of the State Central Committee Congratulating them upon the good work I had done.

[CONTINUED.]

A Successful Teacher.

Arthur Lutheral Stewart was born on the 11th of December 1873 on a farm in Warren county Ohio. He comes from a well known and exceptional family—all teachers, save the mother and two sons. His parents being of superior culture preferred to instruct their own children, in this they have succeeded. His father, a man of no little learning has passed his twenty-fifth year in the teacher's profession. Having had access to high school and



ARTHUR L. STEWART.

college, he has developed many traits. Fortunately for him, his paternity has contributed to freedom of action, while his maternity smoothed the marks of character with the hand of pious refinement. When only nineteen years of age he was appointed to the principalship of colored schools of Columbus, Ind. Here he proved himself an able and successful teacher. It was when he was teaching his fourth year that his services were sought by superintendent of the Indianapolis schools, at which place he now is.

COMING GENERAL CONFERENCE

Of the A. M. E. Church—By T. W. Henderson, D. D., Indianapolis, Ind.

The General conference that is to meet at Wilmington, N. C., in the near future, will be one of the most importance ever held. The officers of the entire connection are all to be considered and adjusted. First of all, as usual the election of Bishops and General Officers will engage the attention of the conference. Some may say that the filling of these important positions should take but little time or attention, since there are so many able men in the church, any of whom would reflect credit; but this is not so. There are, it is true, many great and grand men in the church, but in addition to greatness and grandness, peculiar fitness for the position to be filled is required.

There are many good preachers who would make poor Bishops; there are men who may be able to manage successfully one church or congregation, who would make a very poor out managing an Episcopal District. Real Bishops are born, not made. Aspirants for the mantles of the four Bishops who have crossed the river and joined the majority since our last conference, are many. Some of them possess in a high degree, fitness and qualifications, while there are others on the list who possess hardly a single quality for the place. It is said that in the early day "the office sought the man;" but it would be a bold man indeed who would venture to say that the office in these times is doing much seeking; for men in every section of the country are rising up asserting their willingness to assume the responsibilities of any office in the gift of the church.

No Bishop will be very much reverenced who obtains the position by mere prowling and political chicanery. If he would have the power of God, he must allow God to have some say about his elevation. If he would have the confidence and love of his brethren, he must have them feel that he is a man called of God to the high and holy office of a Bishop. It is clear to many that some men who are now moving heaven and earth to get into the office are not such men as ought to be over the church of God. They show this by the methods they are resorting too, to get the place. On the other hand, there are several names frequently mentioned in connection with the positions, that strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the people. Men who have come up in the ministry from the mission and the circuit; men who always succeed in showing their Divine call to the ministry by the fruit that follow their ministrations; men who have gifts as well as graces. If I wished to be partial, I think I could call the names of a number of eminent ministers who would be a blessing to the church if they were made Bishops. They are men who have proven by years of faithful service, that theycan be relied upon, and that they would not try to be "bosses" if they were elevated. Men, who, as pastors, have succeeded in building churches, paying debts, having great revivals, increasing by great numbers the membership of the church; men, who by their holy living have convinced the people that they had the work of God at heart. The class of men who will be elected to fill the places lately vacated by the learned Payne, the heroic Shorter, the logical Brown, the eloquent Ward, and the kind and fatherly Wayman, will be very much of the turn of mind and character of the men who go to the General Conference to elect them. Taking it for granted that the annual conferences have elected their best and wisest men as their delegates, we can safely set it down that only fit men will be elected Bishop at the General Conference.

Now aside from these elections, there is a ponderous amount of work that the coming General Conference ought to do. The church is in need of and demands much important legislation. We must have a complete book of discipline at all hazards. The present one is brim full of contradictions and inconsistencies. In many directions our laws must be changed. To do this, time must be taken. If I could have my way, I would pass a resolution the first day, setting apart the first day of the second week for all elections, and that all the remainder of the next two weeks should be taken up in the work of revising and perfecting the discipline. I would allow but little time for fraternal or any other kind of addresses. Now, when it is remembered that the work of revising the discipline has been passed over and over for all of a quarter of a century, the importance of what I have been saying will be apparent to all.

The matter that I wish to speak of now in concluding this article, is the Book concern and its management. I have owned, edited and controlled three or four newspapers, and therefore, claim to know something along the line that I shall now attempt to speak on. I published the first colored paper in the state of Kansas, the "Colored Radical." I afterward edited the "Colored Citizen." I controlled for sometime the "Freeman's Journal." Bishop Brown and I owned and published the "Mouth Piece." I merely mention this that my readers may see that I have had some experience in the business of publishing. I say make the law in the coming General Conference so that one man shall be the editor and publisher at our Book concern. We now have a central business manager and an editor of the Christian Recorder.

I said at the General Conference at Atlanta, Ga., in 1876 that we should so change the law that one man should have entire control of our publication department. I said call him general manager and editor; I say the same still; two kings on the same throne make a poor out—two "bosses" in the same business, in the same building do the same. I know that many say when we talk of reducing the number of offices that it will never be done; may be it won't, but that depends upon the judgement of the men whose duty it is to decide such matters. I say it ought to be done, at least so far as our publication department is concerned, one man managing the whole department, editorial department and all will be much better for the connectional interest than two.

The almost phenomenal success of the Sunday Sunday School Department, under the management of C. S. Smith, is a case in point. We pay the manager and the editor $1350 each, $2700 for the two. I say give one man $2000 and let him do the whole work, at least the brain part of it. If he needs a clerk, in the sense of an assistant, let him get him and pay him out of his $2000, but can the man be found who will undertake this with any probability of success. Simply yes, is my answer. Put the right man at 671 Pine street Philadelphia, and we will see a great change in our publication department inside of two years. Have we ever had under the old system a perfectly harmonious management so far as editor and manager were concerned? Ask Bishop Tanner, Turner or Lee, Drs. Embry or Johnson. I would have this one man to be the head and front of the concern. I would revive in an amended form the old system of conference book-stewards. I would make the price of the Christian Recorder just $1.00 a year to all. I would arrange for an associate editor in every conference in the connection. I would have in that man, at least one person in each conference so much interested in the concern that it would not make a particle of difference whether the manager ever visited the conference or not, the interest of the concern would not suffer. I would save a thousand dollars every four years now paid out by the editor and manager going from one conference to another begging the preachers and people to support the concern. Get men interested in every conference and so shape the law that the Bishops will feel that it is an indispensable part of their duty to look after the publication department, and soon all this hue and cry about suspending publication and shutting up the concern will be at an end. I know some one will ask if I mean to insinuate that the Bishops are not now interested. No, I don't exactly mean that, but I do mean to say that just as the Congress of the United States pass emphatic laws requiring the President to do this or that, so should the conference of the African Methodist church. If you you say that there is all ready enough law, well that may be but a little more explicit law, will do no harm and may do much good.

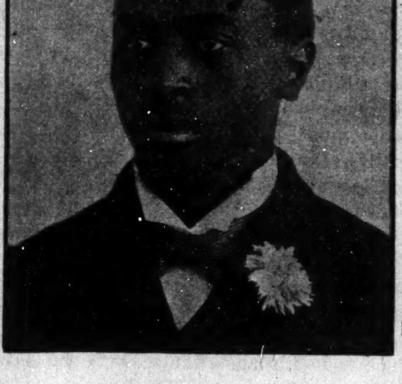
Church News—Notes.

Longview, Tex., Special.

Rev. Dr. Jones is in our city again with his panorama, he exhibited at Bethel Baptist church last Tuesday night. Rev. J. R. Lee has returned from Tyler. He will remain here a week and return to work. Rev. O. T. Wormack, Presiding Elder of the C. M. E. church and C. C. Clegett are at home again after visiting the Shreveport Conference. Rev. Hill will preach here this conference year for the A. M. E. church. Rev. A L. Dopson returned to his stand after visiting his family at Ft. Worth, Tex. Mrs. J. M. Robinson has just completed her dwelling and it is a nice one. Billie Hudson is proud of a fine boy and girl. Joshua Lippitt is proud of a fine girl. Read The Freeman it is sure to please you.

An Enterprising Young Man.

Chas. Furgurson, now connected with the city department of The Freeman, formerly traveled for C. W. Stanterte Book Company



CHARLES FURGUSON.

of Chicago and for the Chicago Ledger for two years. Mr. Furgurson gives promise to make his mark as a newspaper man.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 286.

DR. S. A. FURNISS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

90 W. New York St. INDIANAPOLIS, IND

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15 Ball Pool and Soft Drinks. All are welcome. 179 Indiana Ave.

The CARLTON, IS THE PLACE

... YOUR ...

Future Husband Or Wife.

I send correct Photo, Name and date of Marriage. Enclose 10 cents, with date of birth. Prof. Winter, Box 1, Avondale, Tenn. N. B. Three questions answered on all important questions for 25 cents.

SILVER KING BAR,

Hart & McKitrick, Proprietors.

We will be at home to our old friends and new ones at the corner of First and Howard Streets. Liquors of all kinds. For the holidays we will entertain our friends with all of the luxuries of the season. Turkeys, O'Possoms, Coons, Kentucky Oysters, etc.

Come One, Come All AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Now

Is your chance to get

Good Photos

While the rates are down—

Bennett's Best Cabinets Only $1 a Doz.

CALL AND SEE HIM.

38½ E. WASHINGTON STREET

The Lincoln Aid Union

Life Insurance Association.

HOME OFFICE MUNCIE, IND.

RELIABLE LIFE INSURANCE ON THE NATURAL PREMIUM PLAN.

THE MOTTO of this Company is Peace, Prosperity and Protection. We are no respector of persons, and a colored man's dollar buys as much Insurance as the dollar of the white man. We are the first to issue a regular business man's policy to colored people.

POINTS:—Protection at the lowest cost consistent with safety. Insurance to all, irespective of race, sex or color. Policy in full benefit as soon as issued.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS CALL ON OR ADDRESS,

G. W. STOUGH, Secretary, or D. H. SNOKE, General Agent.

MUNCIE, IND. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

AGENTS WANTED. 452 Blake Street.

Great Christmas Sale At the Famous.

A determined underselling is the irresistible drawing power that makes this the busiest Cloak House in the city.

Read! Do You Want a Fur Cape?

125 Wool Seal Capes, 33-inch, Sweep 135 inches, cost $35; choice at $12.50.

100 Astrakhan Capes, 30 and 33-inch, cost $25; choice $9.

85 Wallaby and French Cony Capes, cost $18.50; choice $4.50.

200 American and Electric Seal Capes 33, 36 and 38-inch, sweep 165-inch, Marten collar and edge, the best Rhadame lining, cost $58; your choice at $13.50.

Comparison makes our best customers.

JACKETS.

85 Beaver and Kersey Jackets, about three inches too long, cost $16, $18 and $20; to-day's price $3.50.

100 Kersey Jackets and 50 Jackets in rough effects, the cheapest in the lot, worth $12.50; to-day's price $5. Samples.

Take choice of any of our $20, $22.50 and $25 Jackets at $10.

We have to reduce stock.

CLOTH AND PLUSH CAPES.

80 Double Capes, 33 inches, all-wool, at $2.95.

100 Cloth Capes, to be almost given away to-day, trimmed in seal and braid, sold at $12.50; to-day's price $3 75.

Samples in Plush Capes. See them. Former price $12, $15 and $20; to-day's price $6, $7, and $8.

Money refunded if we can't save you from $3 to $10 on these goods to-day at

The Famous Cloak House,

52 North Illinois Street. 54 North Illinois Street,

A Popular Method.

TUCKER'S CERTIFICATES.

To those wishing to present their friends with a pair of Tucker's Gloves for Xmas, and do not know the size of Glove their friends wear, can buy of us a certificate, good for one or more pairs of gloves. This certificate is given to your friend and he or she may come to our store, present the certificate and get a pair of the best gloves to be gotten anywhere. Certificates 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1, $12.5, $1.50, $1.75, $2.

TUCKER'S,

The Only Glove Store. 10 E. Washington St.

THE ✻ LION'S ✻ BRIDE.

Dr. J. K. Nickens, now traveling with the "Lion's Bride" panorama, its eighth year on the road, has meet with flattering success in all the cities yet visited. In Richmond, Va., they exhibited to 16,000 people, Lynchburg, Va., to 4,000, Louisville, Ky., 11,000; Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va, 12,000. Any pastor desiring to secure the entertainment for his church during its stay in this city should address Dr. J K. Nickens, care The Freeman or 929 Mound street, Cincinnati, O.

"The Lion's Bride," a pleasing and entertaining panorams, under the management of Dr. J. K. Nickens, of Cincinnati, O., is meeting with grand success at the different churches in the city. The Doctor deserves much credit for the manner in which he has brought this entertainment before the public. Under the present management success is assured, as the admission price, 10 cents, is in the reach of every one. Those who have seen this wonderful exhibition say it is worth paying 50 cents to see.

Pastors desiring to secure the "Lion's Bride" for their Churches should Address Dr J. K. Nickens Cincinnati, Ohio

A NEGRO'S MUSING.

BY J. C. M'ADAMS, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

O muse of heaven! help me shape my lay,
With words sufficient keen to pierce the heart
Of Anglo-Saxon men, until they say,
"This land of freedom, culture, science, art,
This land where aliens come to get a start
In life, must henceforth to itself be true;
And every son who of the land is part,
The Negro, Chinese, Indian or Jew,
Who wills, shall peace and happiness pursue."

For years, the land's been full of shame and wrong;
Its conscience seems quite dead and cold; but God
Sleeps not; he sees, endures and waiteth long
Before he brings his children 'neath the rod;
Sometimes he sends a dear one 'neath the sod.
In devious ways reminds man of his power,
On land, on sea, at home, and e'en abroad.
No one escapes the inevitable hour.
"Vengence is mine," says He, "I will devour."

Though men do know that God in heaven doth dwell,
They sometimes tempt Him, and they hope to gain
Some great advantage. Say they, "All is well."
Satan confirms them. "All is well and plain,"
Says he, "Such chances may not come again."
Hath not the wisest of your poets said,
"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, will fortune wed?"
Put them in practice that which you have read.

The Negro is your servant; so oppress
Him to the full. He's patient, strong of limb,
Too cowardly to e'er think of redress.
His intellectual sky is wholly dim.
An Indian would resent, but never him.
Thus Satan gulls some poor designing fools.
Oh fellow Negroes! rise with all your vim,
Assisted by your God and by your schools,
And show such madmen you are not their tools.

'Tis said we'er of inferior stock; a race
Of slaves; made so by God and so decreed.
Our ancestors e'en back to Ham men trace,
And there find facts to help our way impede.
Oh father! with what logic men succeed
In making scriptures quickly bear them out;
At least whene'er it helps satanic greed.
Their arguments, they think, would angels route;
Do so beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Know not all men that Canaan was the one
On whom the curse did fall? Then Ham is free;
Since 'twas not he by whom the act was done.
The scriptures doth this show the facts to be,
Since this is so, from whence came the decree
That we must hew the wood, and the water draw,
Throughout all times, as men of low degree;
Be underlings; forever stand in awe
Of just such things as we ourselves? Fie! pshaw!

Inferior stock! slaves! patient like the horse;
Resenting not, but toiling to the last.
How strange that christian men would dare endorse
Such heartless cant! Still clinging to the past;
Although the Negro has made progress vast;
Has taken prizes at Harvard and Yale;
Has ever nailed excelsior to his mast;
Has bid farewell to ignorance's gloomy vale;
Resolved to weather every stormy gale.

If of "inferior stock" why so concerned?
A horse keeps not his master wake a' nights.
Methinks, perhaps, they have somehow discerned
That horses sometimes kick, and this fact plights,
Destroys, and many a pleasant prospect blights.
Oft so. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft aglay," and leave us no delights.
'Tis well some things are quite beyond man's ken;
For then he seeks his God; then, and only then.

How strang that men will kick against the pricks!
Hold down, or strive to hold the rising sun!
Will dare attempt a people's standard fix!
Such laws are fixed by an omniscient one.
So plain is this that all may read and run.
Though clouds and darkness do awhile prevail,
It is not long before the sun has won;
Illuminating every hill and dale;
Because with Him there's no such word as fail.

"In God we trust." He is our help and shield,
Believing in ourselves we'll enter in;
As Negroes not; but men, against the field;
Not asking favors; but amid the din,
As others, do our best the race to win.
If of "inferior stock" of course we'll lose
The race, and reap the fruit of Canaan's sin;
Accept our lot; the Father's palm we'll choose,
And say the devil has received his dues.

As citizens of this brave land; we ask
For justice, simple and exact. No more,
No less. Our efforts oft are made a task;
Because where others find an open door,
Denied are we, though honest to the core;
Be cultured, wealthy, still because we'er black,
Black, yes black; only this and nothing more;
Think! too much pigment is our only lack;
'Tis this which makes the blockade on our track.

We ask, shall being black be deemed a sin?
If so, then say who is the blame to bear?
Can leopards change their spots or we our skin?
Perhaps they would have made ourselves more fare,
And straightened out, perhaps, our curly hair;
In short, they would have made a better man.
They would have exercised the utmost care;
Would have improved upon the Father's plan,
Had they been present when the world began.

Oh sons of Pilgrims! sons of Cavaliers!
Bethink you of your patriotic sires;
That which your fathers gained by war and tears.
By striking for their altars and their fires,
And giving vent to long pent up desires,
Will you deny a race that has been true
To you—a race that lawfully aspires
To play its part, and to itself be true?
If so, unworthy sons, thrice shame on you.

Oh America! Oh land of the free!
How long shall Satan rule the thoughts of men
Instead of God? Oh when shall liberty
Unfurl her flag to all, from end to end,
Throughout this land? Echo answers, when?
Shall prejudice forever rule the land?
Then boast not of "superior" race again;
For you cannot on such foundation stand,
If you show fear of an inferior hand.

This prophecy I make. My words mark Well.
In coming years, will evils dread and dire,
Mafias, race wars, the historians tell.
God in heaven will empty out his ire;
And show to men there is a power higher
They must obey. The sword of justice then
Aloft will be upraised, and never tire,
Until her outraged laws stand forth again
In purity, to guide the acts of men.

REV. J. HARVEY JONES, M. D.

Replies to the Resolutions Passed by the California A. M. E. Conference.

In justice to myself and in vindication of those rights that are sacred to all men, and especially those who publish the story of the weak and lonely Galilean, as an humble servant of "Him who came to his own and they received him not," I desire space in your journal that I may reply to those very important (?) resolutions of censure, passed by the California conference, September 6th, 1895.

I am aware that in many instances, it is a crime for an humble minister, as I am, to be guilty of questioning the edicts, veracity or actions of a bishop of the church that has stood the test for near one hundred years. I am also aware that strange things are happening every day, hence the "star chamber resolutions of censure by the honorable California conference." I am also aware that similar resolutions have been passed and a star chamber committees of investigation has been appointed by the N. E. Texas conference to set in judgement, without precedent or law known in Methodism, upon the crime of telling the truth. Men who have not the temerity consequent on manhood generally allow time and distance to be a potent factor in forming sentiment and actions. Before I was aware of any crime committed by what was current in all California in relation to the $300, said to have been paid for my successor to the presiding eldership (Rev. O. Summers) I was cognizant of the action taken.

In reply to all that has been so unkindly said by Bishop Lee, I can but express my regrets, for I abhor newspaper controversies and notoriety. For what does Bishop Lee offer $500? Is it because I wrote to him when I was pastor at Sacramento, Cal., what Rev. O. Summers said was done? This man Summers, not only told me but others that the position of presiding elder cost him $300, viz. Rev. H. McKenna, Mrs. A. Williams and others. Rev. Summers being infallible, like Bishop Lee, cannot err. It does seem strange that after I had written a friendly letter apprising Bishop Lee of what was common rumor in California over two years ago and our subsequent meeting at the Marysville conference, face to face, and then the Los Angeles conference passed no blood and thunder resolutions, that now on the eve of the General conference, "resolutions of censure," should be enacted by that august body of christian gentlemen, over which he has essayed to preside.

His fandange about $500 amounts to nothing. If the assertions of Rev. Summers were false, why didn't he bring it up at the conference where we all were present? Bishop Lee seems to forget his slander upon the women and ministers of Texas, when at the table of Rev. Mrs. Dorsey, on his first visit to Sacramento, Cal. He forgets they, of whom he so wickedly spoke, were the ones that were the bone and sinew of African Methodism in Texas, and upon whom he was to rely for the success of his administration.

Bishop Lee may as well learn now, as ever, that men who made the A. M. E. church in the South will no longer scring under the bull whip of ecclesiastical oppression. If J. Harvey Jones was guilty of committing a crime, why was he not brought to an account? Why issue star chamber resolutions of censure?

Bishop Lee forgets his tirade on me at Hillsboro, Kosse and other places in Texas. He forgets that he told Rev. B. W. Roberts that Rev. Summers and I gave Rev. I. M. Burgan trouble in California, when I had no more to do with the disgraceful matter, which he upheld, than Julius Cæsar. Wrong again—Falsum in Uno, Falsum in Toto. Bishop Lee calls me a liar, for which I shall hold him personally responsible. This is a matter beyond my comprehension. How came Bishop Lee to give me my honorable transfer after he was made aware of the charge? And under what law does he essay to act upon a matter beyond his jurisdiction? His antagonism began when he was editor of The Recorder, and the first chance he got he grossly insulted me at the Stockton, Cal., Conference. $500—"Shake not thy gory locks at me, thou cans't not say I did it."

Yours for the truth,
J. HARVEY JONES,
Mineola, Texas.

"THE COURT OF LAST RESORT."

By Ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback, Washington, D. C.

In compliance with your request to send The Freeman a line on current topics for the Christmas number I submit the following suggestions for the consideration of your many readers. In Republican form of government the highest tribunal, "the court of last resort," is public opinion.

The enemies of the race fully understand this fact, and they have left no stone unturned to poison public opinion against the Negro. Every misdemeanor, every speicies of wrong-doing every crime committed by a Negro is magnified to the fullest extent, and the crimes and criminals are portrayed in the pubic points in such honorable colors that the most stoical cannot read the sickening details without a shudder. Almost daily the papers contain an account of "a diaboli al deed committed by a burly Negro," with graphic description of the brutality of the crime, the chase, capture and lynching of the culprit; and the closing paragraphs of these accounts invairably state that the negro confessed the perpetration of the crime before he was lynched.

It is the publication of the details of these monstrous atrocities wi the never failing confession of the Negro which is revolutionizing the public sentiment of the country toward the colored people. They have weakened the sympathy and lessened the friendship of the white friends of the race in the Northern States and led to the extraordinary revival of prejudice which has manifested itself in recent years nearly all over the North.

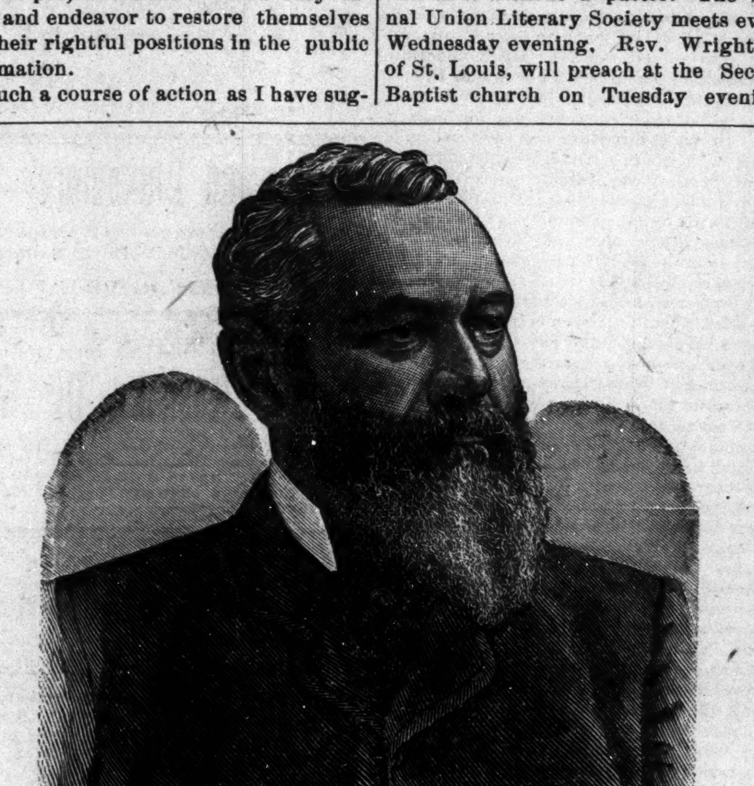
Now, the question is, what will the race do to counteract this injurious work of their enemies?

I answer: If the allegations against the race are true, as they surely must be in part at least, it is high time that the race itself was endeavoring to eradicate the evil. It appears to me, that the leaders of the race in the communities where the crimes ate committed should hold public mass meetings of their peo le and pass resolutions expressing their abhorence of the crimes and a desire to aid in the speedy apprehension and punishment of the crimininals who commit them. Such a course would place the race right on this question before the country. It will not do for them to assume that the whites already know they detest these crimes and desire the men punished who commit them. They should make public proclamation of the fact

In regard to every question not affecing the Negro, the American people are rational and may be relied upon to decided it in accordance with the law and the evidence; but in the case of the Negroes they ignore every rule of action and believe them guilty of every crime alleged against them until they, the Negroes prove themselves innocent. The race must therefore resort to extraordinary measures to remove the ban of prejudice under which they labor and endeavor to restore themselves to their rightful positions in the public estimation.

Such a course of action as I have suggested would not only have a deterent effect upon the evil disposed among the colored race, but it would tend to assure the whites of the prompt punishment of the offenders by legal methods. In my judgment it offers a possible solution of the lynching question—the most momentous that now confronts the American Negro.

The lynchings which occur almost daily in some parts of the country are not only destroying the amicable relations which should exist between the races, but they are creating more and more every day among the people who engage in them a contempt for law and order without a parallel in the history of the civilized world. The consequences are no less terrible and appalling on one class than they are on the other. The Negroes who generally furnish the victims are demoralized and terror-stricken; the whites who compose the mobs that do the lynching are brutalized and rendered so familiar with crime and lawlessness that they actually delight in the most barbarous and savage treatment of their fellow men. The mob spirit aroused by these lynchings have created a black code more terrible than any ever known in the days of slavery. It leaves the colored people of the South no right a white man is bound to respect. It unmans and unfits the Negroes for valuable citizenship; and it uncivilizes and unchristianizes the whites. It is a curse to all. Both white and colored should unite in an honest effort to stamp the foul blot from the face of our fair land.



EX-GOVERNOR P. B. S. PINCHBACK.

K. of P. Enterprise.

Bentonia, Miss., Special.

We were organized as K. of P's. at this place July 4, '95, and it is time for re-election of officers. Sorry to say in the six months both our Chancellor Commander and Vice C. C. have been very sick. We have some good men in our lodge who have sacrificed their time and money in taking care of the sick Knights. Among the many good hearted brethren are I. M. Parker and T. J. Ray who are young merchants in this town. They have thrown their store doors open to our C. C's. family who is Sir W. D. Avery. The Knights ot Pythias anticipate building a hall here in the near future. Our little town has improved. We have three stores run by colored people. Soon there will be two other buildings erected. T. J. Ray, partner of J. M. Parker who is in the grocery business, is out teaching. Mr Parker's family will move in town as soon as he uas sold his place. R Britton keeps a lunch stand, and Elder C. E. Robinson a restaurant. All seem to do very well. Mrs. J. M. Parker left for Vicksburg last Saturday, taking with her the two youngest girls. They were accompanied as far as Jackson by J. M. Parker, who went to attend the funeral of the Hon. Lawyer McLeod. Rev. J. W. Brown, pastor of the C. M. E church, is attending conference at Winonia. Misses E. M. Bowman, Emma Miller, Missouri Reed, of this place, who are in school at Jackson and Natchez are expected home to spend the holidays. We will be able to send in several new subscribers for next year. The Freeman is of all the good things one of the best things of the Negro in America.

Dr. Kay's Renovator is a positive cure for nervous disorders and of the stomach, bowels and liver. 25c for trial size. See advt.

A Surprise Party.

Lincoln, Ill., Special.

On Wednesday evening the members of the A. M. E. church gave a surprise party on their pastor, Rev Holmes. The little folks are practicing for a concert which will be given Christmas night under the direction of Harry Donnegan. The infant child of Mr. Mrs. A. Dyer is very sick. A social entertainment was given at the Second Baptist church on Wednesday evening, which proved a financial succes. The Odd Fellows gave an entertainment on December 20th. The Second Baptist church is without a pastor. The Signal Union Literary Society meets every Wednesday evening. Rev. Wrightley, of St. Louis, will preach at the Second Baptist church on Tuesday evening. C. L. Nelson has had pictures painted on the walls of his barber shop which is an improvement. The young lady teachers of the A. M. E. Sunday-school are very faithful in discharging their duties.

The Choir Reorganized.

Bryan, Tex., Special.

Mrs. E. L. Colwell, Mrs. Emma E. Israel left recently for her home at Baton Rouge, La, after a three weeks visit to her daughter, E. L. Colwell. Rev. S. M. Holmes has been returned as pastor of the Allen Chapel A. M. E. church. Rev. S. L. Blakeney left for his annual conference at Galveston on the 11th. The concert given at Lee Chapel under the management of Prof. Sandy and Mrs. L. A. Green was a suc-success. Henry C. Crawford, Jr., formerly hustler for the FREEMAN at this place, is now employed in the Brinkley House, Sherman, Texas. The choir of the A. M. E. church was re-organized on the 10th inst., as follows: A. H. Colwell, leader; Mrs. Leonera Green, organist; Mrs. E. L. Colwell, assistant organist; Dr. W. T. Green, violinist; C. C. Carter, bass violinist; E. P. Hall, secretary; Beatrice Calhoun, assistant secretary; E. W. Knox, treasurer. "Pap" Minor of Candy Hill, is recovering from a spell of sickness. His friends congratulate him and his physician, Dr. W. T. Green. Rev. D. H. Shivers has given notice of his resignation of the pastorate of Shiloh Baptist church. He will go to Waco. The Women's Club will entertain their friends during the holidays. Toney Whitehead's annual stage party is always a feature of the Christmas season, The Texas Annual Conference of the A. M. E. church selected Bryan for its place of meeting in 1896. R. B. Goosby of Brazos county, is the legal chairman of the Seventh Congregational District, with headquarters at Tammany Hall, Main street The Republican Publishing Company has been organized with W. T. Green, president; A. H. Colwell, secretary; Jas. H. Turner, treasurer; S. H. Holmes, business manager. The company will shortly issue a weekly Republican sheet at Bryan.

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Now on the market at the price, being a strictly correct narrative of the events in our history, beginning with the first voyage of Columbus; then follow accounts of the explorations of the English, French and Spaniards; the Mound-builders and the American Indians; the Struggle for Independence; the Wars of 1812, 1848 and 1861–5, and the numerous wars with the Indians; the great Political Crises; the great Inventors and their Inventions—the Locomotive, Telegraph, Cotton-gin, Sewing-machine, etc.—and a chapter on the more recent but none the less wonderful inventions.

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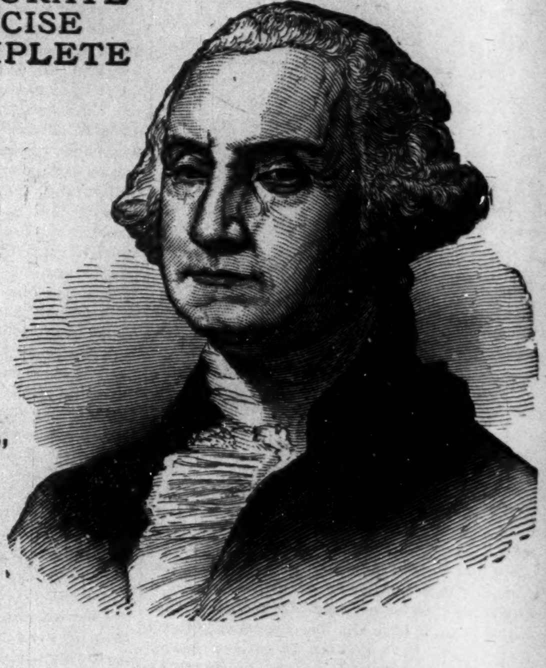

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OR A MATRIMONIAL PLOT

Written Expressly for THE FREEMAN by

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES, (B. Square)

Author of "Fred Jackson's Vow," "Maid and Mistress," "The Cedar Hill School," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONVERSATION THAT WAS OVERHEARD.

"In all proceedings in this great affair,
We must not use our fortunes, but our care."
—Clapthrone.

ON THE 30th of May (Decoration Day) there is very little driving along the road way upon which the Howard House is situated. Everybody, as a rule stays in town to review the the old old "boys in blue" who "saved and preserved us a nation," so Clark had no trouble in getting "a day off." He met his friend Hardy and the two took a sail down the bay to South Beach, Staten Island, where they found a quiet corner in a grove back of one of the hotels. Both young men were out for a quiet good time, a private outing, and had selected the grove on account of its out-of-the-way location. They talked freely over the thus far favorable results of the matrimonial plot as they enjoyed a small bottle and some imported cigars.

"Say, Andy, if I get her I'll never forget you."

"It is well said, Joe, "if."

"But it's all O. K. up to now and I feel sure of her."

"You are never sure of anything but death and the landlord. That Clifford girl may turn up just as you are about to be married and protest on the ground that she is your 'common law,' New York State wife. You know that you once introduced her to me as 'my wife.' Mrs. Clark and that class of females (I can't call them women) are always up to tricks."

"Oh d—— that gal—I have shook her for good; I have not seen her but once since that night and then I told her that I had left P—— and was going out of the state, it was the same day I went up to B——."

"That's all very well but that class of women do not let go of a man so quietly; she will doubtless hunt you up and make it very hot for you, when she learns that you have reformed and intend to marry a woman what she is not—an educated, refined, modest, moral lady."

"Oh to h——l with Maud Clifford—let's have another small bottle of wine."

"By the way, Joe, old man, don't get angry, but to speak seriously to the point, you are not the fit companion for Martha. You'll never be able to be a social companion, and it will be like my marriage, an ill-mated match. With all due respect to you and my wife, but you would be in your class if you married a woman like my wife, who was loving and kind and a good house wife, and I would be in heaven if I had a bright educated companion for a wife like Martha Wright, although this is not meant for any reflection upon either you or my wife, I would not make the confession to any one but you, old boy."

"Well, I'm not angry at your few remarks as I don't blame you or any other man from falling in love with my future wife, but I was thinking that after my summer's schooling I would be able to hold my own with the world in reading and writing, since I am going to have the great Hardy for a teacher."

"I hope to teach you much during he summer, Joe, but—"

"I could never school you enough to enable you to cope with our Martha."

"Our Martha?"

"That's what I said: OUR Martha"

"MY Martha you mean, Andy; why say, I will acknowledge that your letters has helped me some, but she fell in love with me the first time she seen me, and when I sprung that Europe racket on her I had her dead."

"There goes your self-conceit, Joe; let me say that its my letters that has won her for you—my lies not yours. She thinks you are the best educated colored man in the United States."

"But she is mistaken—you are Andy."

"Yes, I am."

"Now Andy, there goes your self-conceit; why you know that there are hundreds of black men who can double discount you in book learning."

"Well, perhaps there are, but Joe old boy, you don't meet them every day, even if I do say so myself, but say, I wish Martha would get her picture taken and send it on; I want to see her face or a copy of it at least."

"Don't get too fresh, young man; Miss Wright if you please."

"Well to please you, Miss Wright."

"Well let's change the subject; some one might hear us talking and know all our business."

"There is no danger, Joe; we are alone; still let us take a stroll along the beach and get some air—it's very hot here, come on, light your cigar and take a walk."

Hardy was mistaken—they were NOT alone. Seated in another secluded nook was Maud Clifford, in company of a young man. She overheard the whole conversation and could better enjoy it from the fact that her companion did not know her name, or that the overheard conversation in any way interested her. She knew too much to rush out and make a row; she was too wise a woman to loose a bird in the hand for one that had regained the bush, still she was a woman, although a fallen one, and her heart filled up with plans for revenge. All classes, and ages of womanhood love to be loved—to wind men about their fingers—to have them laugh when they say laugh—cry when they say cry—go when they say go, and come when they are told by their female idols to come. There are, of course, a few noble women who are exceptions to this rule, but the Clifford woman was not one of the few exceptions.

"I thougnt so," she said to herself, I thought ne had some other woman, in tow, when he tried to shake me; well, I will not be shaken; I'll make it hot for you, Joe Clark. The idea of a chump like you trying to marry a lady. I'll find out who she is and tell her the truth. I'll block your little game my boy; not that I care a straw for you but just to get even with you. So you tried to shake Maud did you? Well, you can't do it as easy as you think; I'll make it hot for you."

The same boat that conveyed Hardy and Clark from South Beach to New York City also carried Maud Clifford and her male companion. She followed, or at least caused her companion to unknowingly follow the pair and saw them enter the Virginia League Club. She made a mental note of the location and commenced at once to hatch up plots to get revenge upon Clark for trying to discard her. After Hardy and Clark had played a game of pool the former wrote the following letter to Miss Wright, after which the two separated for their respectives homes or places of business:

"NEW YORK CITY,
"MAY 30TH, 1892.

"MY DEAREST LITTLE MARTHA:—To-day of all the days in the year is in my mind the most solemn and the greatest; to-day a great nation honors its dead—honors those who died that it might live, and in order to show my respect for the boys in blue (both colored and white who gave up freely their lives for our great republic.) I got a day off and went out of town to help bedeck with flowers the graves of our sleeping heroes in this section.

"While waiting for the train to P—— I concluded to drop you a few lines to let you know that no matter what serious or patriotic thoughts fill my mind or deed take up my time, foremost is the remembrance of the sweetest, purest and best little girl in all Southland, and say I hope that she spent the day placing flowers upon the last resting places of the Union dead in her section of Virginia.

"Hoping that she is well, and wishing to be remembered to her people, I subscribe myself as ever

"Your devoted lover,
"JOSEPH."

COLORED HEROES

In the Late South Carolina Convention —By Hon. D. Augustus Straker, Detroit, Michigan.

I gladly drop you a line in contribution of the Christmas number of The Freeman, if in any wise the same will contribute to the benefit of The Freeman and its numerous readers

In considering what I should write, the thought arose, what have we done as a race in the battle for our rights so mercilessly assailed in the late South Carolina Convention, just closed. It is gratifying to know that we fought as best we could, and although the battle is ended, the victory is ours. I assert this because I believe in victory, the success of arms, physical or intellectual, is the smallest part of the contest. It is the affect which marks the true victory and not conquest, or in the language of Southern Confederacy, "We have been subdued, but not conquered," hence the question so frequently arises, did the victory of the North over the South ensure a complete moral victory of ideas? We know the question of the sovereignty of the states and the abolition of slavery was fairly settled, but has the moral idea of the equality of rights of all citizens without regard to race or color fully settled? I answer no—hence the victory of the Civil War was one more largely of arms than ideas. If this were not so, how does it come to pass that in the Nineteenth Century in the flood light of civilization, and after what is supposed to be settled, viz: the rights of citizens under the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution, we find a set of men of one race meeting in convention, and by force of numbers secured by fraud and intimidation, disfranchising a larger proportion of another race, their equal in rights under the law as citizens, in the exercise of the functions of suffrage.

It will be said, suffrage is not a right, but a privilege. First, if a privilege, how does it happen that a small number is enabled to confer or deny it to a greater number, otherwise than by fraud, force, intrigue, or intimidation, and when so conferred, in what sense can this be a privilege? The manner of declaring the privilege itself being fraudulent, a right thereby is denied, and a privilege becomes a right. Next, nothing touching just government can be called a privilege when based upon the consent of the governed. And anything not so constructed in the exercise of the functions of government, is unconstitutional. How did the late South Carolina convention obtain its right to enact any law regulating the suffrage in that state? Will any man, having regard for the truth, say that the same was done by the consent of the governed? Did the 30,000 or more colored voters have a voice in selecting delegates to that convention, or did only a few, such as were permitted by the gerrymandering of the different districts secure the right of representation? In this respect, the whole body of the convention was unconstitutional, and their acts are void.

But I did not intend to discuss the legal phase of the convention and its doings, but to ask what did we do, in said convention? The answer is that many of our race have shown themselves real heroes. The struggle was unequal in nearly all respects. Numbers

HON. D. AUGUSTUS STRA ER.

and powers were against intelligence and right, and the contest between such men as Hon. Robert Smalls, Hon. W. J. Whipper, Hon. Samuel Bampfield, Hon. T. Miller, Mr. Wing and others, and the Confederate Generals, Brigadiers, Eminent lawyers and Statesmen of that State, showed the former to be heroes in the strife. A sacrifice was needed for their sentiments,—expressed by that noble body of colored men defending their rights; intelligence was demanded, to hold their own, and they who have read the masterly efforts of these men, their noble manhood, their courage and fearless attack upon, the proposed act of disfranchisement of thousands of our race must accord them the meed of p raise as heroes. Heroes because, they are among those who in 1876, did not fly from the State, and look for fields of pleasure and stations of emolument; but rather met oppression and all the sorrows following that eventful period. This sentiment does not refer to those who like the writer remained in the South for years after defeat, and left only when compelled to do so; but to those of whom they are some, who at the sound of the first gun, or at the close of the battle in 1876, left the South, and since have been straddling with one foot in the South and the other at Washington, D. C., and to be seen like some ubiquitous animal, both in the South and at Washington, as the political wind seems to blow most favorably.

These are not heroes. I have often thought that nothing short of emigration was an effective remedy against the oppression used by the whites against the blacks of the South; but on reflection I see that such a course was cowardice, such a course sacrifices a question of rights which affect a whole race, and the battle must be fought on the ground where the matter arose, and they who stand and fight are the heroes in the strife.

The late disfranchisement of the blacks in South Carolina does not affect the colored people of the South only, but all over the United States. Let us uphold their hands. Let the right of suffrage which has been denied the blacks of South Carolina by the late convention, be tested as early as possible, by the highest court of the land, and I have no fear of a favorable result It is and always has been the spirit of the constitution, and not its letter which controls. Who believes that a voter can be disfranchised because he should not satisfactorily do what Webster, Hayne, Duffie, Calhoun, Clay, Douglass and Lincoln have met differences upon? Don't be afraid, colored heroes of the South. Daily grows the American sentiment of right toward our fellowmen, all we need is to be united in the struggle for our common rights. More anon.

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No matter what you want to cook, you will find one or more recipes for it in the Standard. Here is a partial list:

17 Beverages.	40 Relishes.	30 Eggs and Omelets.
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All of these have been thoroughly tested, and have not been found wanting in any particular.

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Ten cents per pound for Pure Homemade Candy. Stop at No. 60 Indiana avenue. Ten cents per pound.

The Herculean Republican Club has secured five of the best singers in the state who will contest at Bethel A. M. E. church Christmas night, December 25th.

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Will George W. Bass, formerly of 405 Water street, Connersville, Ind., please write, or anyone knowing his present address, to I. M. L., No. Vine street, Buffalo, N. Y.?

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Preston E. Eagleson, James Williams, I. D. Blair, Prof. Chas. Daniels in an Oratorical contest at Bethel Christmas night.

The Fidelity Saving and Loan Association is now in its fourth year. We invest your money for you. It pays you 10 per cent. The only institution in the state managed by colored men. Correspondence solicited. Chas A. Webb, president; Wm. Lewis, secretary, 184 Indiana avenue.

WEDDING BELLS.

Wm. Edwards and Miss Victoria Massey Married in Grand Style.

On Dec. 10th, at the residence of Mrs. E. Purson 285 W. First St. the marriage ceremony of William Edwards and Miss Victoria Massey was performed by Rev. C. Williams. The large and spacious parlors were crowded with invited guests, and as the wedding march played by Joseph Staten, floated through the house the bridal party followed by the bride's maid were ushered into the front parlor. The bride was dressed in cream silk chiffon, the bride groom was arrayed in broad cloth. Miss Anna Banks, of Frankford, Ky., acted as brides maid, Wm. Childs was the best man. The ushers were the Misses Minnie Elbert and Anna Edwards, the bride's sister, Mrs. E. Purson and Mrs. Booker. The list of presents were: Mrs. William Parks, ice cream plates; Miss Maggie Morton, wine set; Chas. Furgerson, butter dish; Miss May Mack, cracker bowl; Miss Katie Green, pie plates; Mr. and Mrs. J. Wachestetter, rocker and chairs; Mrs. A. Jones, silk gown; Miss E. Booker, silk gloves; Mrs. E. Purson, the wedding dress; Mrs. Harding, cup and saucer; Mr. and Mrs. C. Bell, bread plate; Joseph Staton, ice cream set; Miss Julia Mills, towel rings and box of toilet soap; Mrs. C. M. C. Willis, card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, desert set; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, vase set; Mrs. L. Thurman, plates; Mrs. J. H. Cur, desert set; Miss Martha Fornts, fruit dish; Miss Jane Smith, stand cover; Mr. and Mrs. Halmont, napkins; J. S. Collins, towels; Mr. and Mrs. Goens, table cloth; Mrs. Francis Freeman, butter dish; Mrs. Kheclus, flower vase and cracker bowl; Miss Ella Thurman, hand glass; Miss Edwards, oat meal bowls; Mr. and Mrs. Martin, finger bowl; Miss B. Asbury, finger bowl; S. Weatfield, half dozen cut glasses; Miss Jones, flower dishes; Mrs. L. Stewart, clothes rack; Mrs. M. F. Lewis, berry set; A. Howard, desert set; Mr. and Mrs. J. Clark, oat meal set; Wm. Childs, silver forks and knives; Mrs. L. Thurman, scrap basket; Sherman Furr, half dozen cut glasses; Mrs. C. Whitcomb, ice cream set. The young people held a reception at their new home, 179 Muskingum street last Sunday. Edward H. King, the poet, composed a beautiful poem for the occasion.

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To the New Progress Laundry. If your clothes need laundrying, call up 1121 and W. D. Branham will do the rest. Good work, promptly done and delivered. Office W. T. Floyd's barber shop, 20 Indiana Ave. BROWN, Prop.
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HOLIDAY RATES

Via C. H. & D. Railway.

December 24, 25, and 31, and January 1, the C. H. & D. Railway will sell at one and one-third fare to all local and various connecting line points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, New York, etc., making tickets good till January 2, 1896, for return. For particulars call on any agent of the C. H & D. Railway.

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Is the only establishment in the city owned and operated by one of our own race. It is giving great satisfaction to all. All of our citizens and church committees on socials can do well by calling on them and making arrangements

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Reader of Life's Mysteries. Reads your life from cradle to the grave. By merely concentrating your mind on a subject can give correct answer, tell particular business you came for give your name, age, dates, any information connected with human destiny. POSITIVELY NOT ASKING YOU A SINGLE QUESTION. Zan Zan tells past, present and future, and gives such accurate predictions and descriptions that the most sceptical are hushed into dumb bewilderment at the marvelous phenomena and prognostications, contained in his readings. No exaggerations. No equal. Don't fail to visit him. Courteous treatment to all. Pleasant parlors. Business strictly confidential OFFICE HOURS:—9 A. M. TO 9 P. M.

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:-: Don't Forget the Palace :-:

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WONDERLAND!

THOUSANDS of presents for both young and old, and the sweetest of all sounds that comes to the ears of Holiday buyers is the merry jingle of the Prices as they go tumbling down THE JOLLY OLD SANTA CLAUS will be with us only a few days more. Bring the children to see his cheery countenance and let them tell him themselves what they want for

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Exceptional Values for Christmas Trade.

We have just received a large lot of Jackets of all kinds and all latest styles and materials. THOUSANDS OF JACKETS at Holiday bargain prices. Not a shoddy garment in the stock. Perfect fitting and extremely well made.

TO SHOW OUR GOOD WILL and earnest intention to offer the best bargains of the day, we have decided to sell

Our $4 Jackets at	$ 2.50.	Our $10 Jackets at	$ 7.00.
Our $5 Jackets at	3 00.	Our $12 Jackets at	9 00.
Our $6 Jaekets at	4.00.	Our $18 Jackets at	14.00.
Our $8 Jackets at	5,00.	Our $25 Jrckets at	18.00.

ASK TO SEE THESE GOODS.

Our line of CAPES consist of some elegant things in Velours, beaded and fur trimmed, Fancy Novelties and Beaver Cloths. We offer special holiday prices and are prepared to make it interesting in this department for our CHRISTMAS BUYERS.

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Go hand in hand with this kind of weather. We have a nice line of Genuine Alaska Seals, Electric Seal Beavers, Persian Lamb, Marten, and Coney. We quote a few CUT PRICES to show you how we go about giving bargains

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1 Electric Seal Jacket, worth $75, cut price...$45.
2 Persian Lamb Jackets, worth $45, cut price....................$25.

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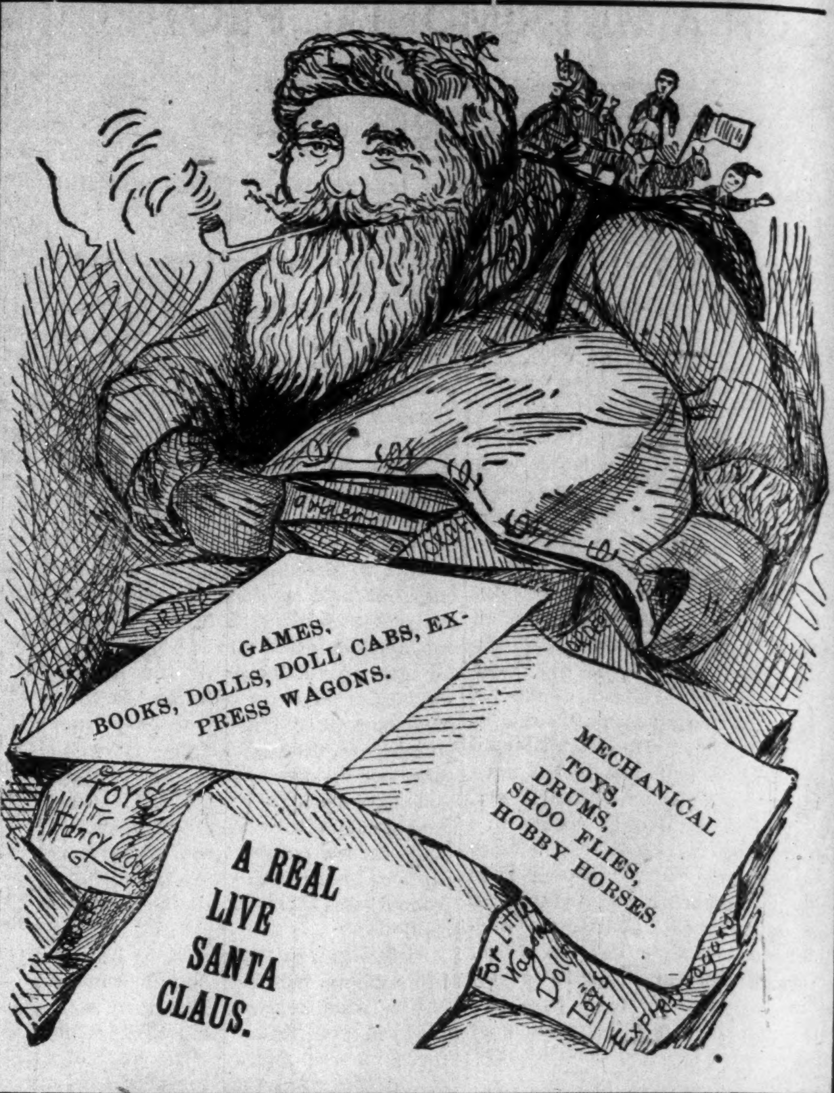

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Know a Thing or Two

And they knew that we meant what we said when we offered

2000 Tam O'Shanters

AT 15 CTS.

They won't last long. There are some more for next week and REMEMBER not one of them worth less than 50c, and some worth 75c and $1. See them in the window.

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OVERCOATS.

Large stock of all shades, and sizes, and qualities at a big reduction. All you have to do is to ask for our BIG BARGAINS and we are ready for you.

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We have all varieties, all kinds and all sizes, from 75 cents up to $8.00.

Why Not Buy

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WE LEAD IN

LOW PRICES.

Men's Fine Calf Welt	$2.25 to $3.00
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Men's Walking Shoes, all styles	1.00
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Children's hand turn Shoes	.49
Infants' fine Shoes	.19
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Complete Line of Rubber Goods

And warm Goods in the City, and the Prices are the Lowest. Open Every Evening During Holidays.

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Great Display of Holiday Goods.

Silk Mufflers 25, 50, 75 and $1.00.

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We also have a beautiful line of Linen Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Gents, price 10, 15 and 25 cts.

It will pay you to

SEE OUR NOVELTIES

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We have an excellent line of

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We take the lead in low-cut White Vests and Full Dress White Shirts.

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Everything at reduced Prices. Don't forget the place. Open Evenings until Xmas.

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Christmas Edition--Part 2.

THE FREEMAN

AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 7. NUMBER 51.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY. DECEMBER 21. 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. SINGLE COPY, 6 MONTHS, 85 CENTS; 1 YEAR, $1.50.

THE PURSUIT OF BUSINESS

AS A SOLUTION TO THE "NEGRO PROBLEM"—NEW AND NOVEL

Methods Suggested for Colored Business Enterprises—Wealth and not Education the Key to American Citizenship.

BY AUGUSTUS M. HODGES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The marked progress we have made, as a race, along several of the progressive avenues of civilization, during the thirty odd years of our freedom finds no parallel in the annals of history. We have surprised our friends, we have surprised our foes, we have surprised ourselves. Transformed by the stroke of the emancipator's pen from "goods and chattels" to men and women, we were aroused to activity like one who was suddenly awakened from a deep and peaceful sleep to find himself in new surroundings. We stood for the moment, dazzled by the bright light of freedom turned upon our pathway so suddenly. Our friends hoped we would advance; our foes predicted all kinds of direful disasters for us and the country. They used history, science, logic, sophistry, imagination and hatred to prove that it was the mistake of the age to make us free men. We stood but a moment and started upon our progressive march. Forbidden fruit is always sweetest, likewise drinks. We had been prohibited by law from enjoying the blessings of the school room. When we realized for a truth that we were free, our inborn and unquenchable thirst for wisdom caused us to make a mad rush for the fountain of knowledge where we slaked our thirst under the pavilion of the school house. We became intoxicated with the nectar of education, which caused us to perform semi-miracles. School houses, colleges doctors of law, philosophy, and medicine grew up in a night in a manner almost as seemingly fabulous as the tales in the Arabians Nights.

The unlettered bondmen of 1860 were educated free men in 1870, reading the books of Cæsar, Plutarch, and Horace, and the philosophy of Plato. We soon noticed our brothers in white plodding along the paths of statesmanship towards fame; with a running jump many of us followed on, and history has recorded the names of several eminent Negro statesmen. Great indeed

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

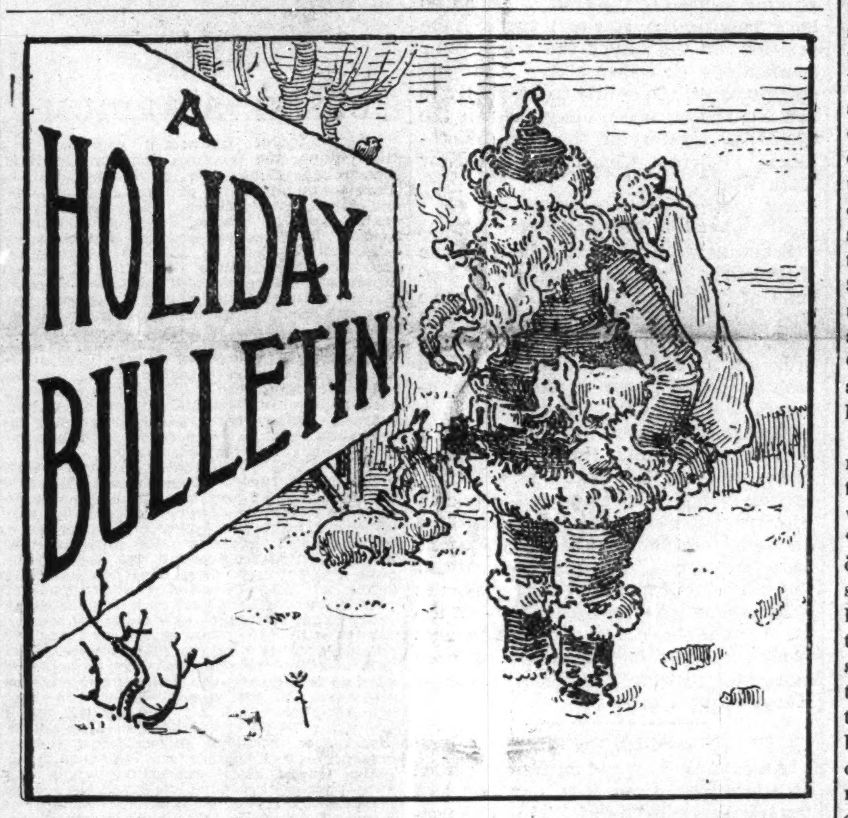
has been our progress as a people since Jan. 1, 1863. It is, however, timely to compare our general progress with that of the thousands of foreign born citizens who have started life in this country since we commenced to be in name, if not in reality citizens. What is the result of this comparison? Is it favorable to us or the sons of Ireland, Germany and Italy? It will be seen at a glance that they are far ahead of us. They are ahead of us socially; they are ahead of us in wealth. In many cases they are looked up to and honored by the native born white citizens. We discover that in some sections of the country a certain foreign born element rules cities and states, and even changes the complexion of the national government. They are land barons, cotton kings, oil magnates, railroad kings and merchant princes. They are a mercantile if not social power. Still, when the majority of these people landed upon our shores they could not speak our language and were poor. They now in some sections of the country own the best of our lands, and make our laws or select our law-makers. Many of them were illiterate and could not read and write their own language. In a few years they have become rich, honored and respected, while we are treated with contempt by both them and the native born white citizens. What is the cause of this lamentable state of affairs? The answer is well known; we say: "We cannot make the general progress we would like on account of of the barriers placed in our way by the prejudices of the white masses against us." Paradoxical as it may sound, this answer is both true and false. It is true, because there are to-day thousands of our people whose fathers and grandfathers were to the "manor born," and who as important factors in this great republic find in their pathway to general progress and the full enjoyment of citizenship barriers formed and fostered by the majority of both the native and foreign born white citizens The parents of many of the former were not born upon our soil, and many of the latter can only boast of a few years citizenship.

This unjust prejudice has been politely called "The Negro Problem," the solution of which has vexed the minds of all our eminent writers, speakers and thinkers, and also the minds of a few of our philanthropic white friends. The verdict of the majority of the whole is that the problem cannot be solved. The answer above given is false, because the question can be solved. The barriers can be removed and the gateway to full American citizenship opened to us. As I said in an article upon this subject published in The Freeman several months ago, the key to the solution is within our grasp. The solution to the problem is not as many have advocated—education—it is wealth, and the stepping stone to wealth is business. It is a strange fact that while we have advanced along so many of the avenues of progression, we have made but little headway in the mercantile field. We have lots of schools and halls of higher learning where almost every art and science are taught, but little attention seems to be given to instructing our bright boys in the art, science and profession of business. We have no strictly business school or college, while in the North there are thousands of business schools, and in the South (among the whites) a goodly number.

White young men of the up-to-date progressive order, those who plainly see that wealth is the key to full-pledged American citizenship, do not spend money and time working for college degrees. They simply learn how to read and write, then finding the best, paying employment they can work during business hours and save their money. During the long, winter evenings they attend one of the hundreds of business colleges and are soon proficient in the art and science of business. These bright, far seeing youths soon select some branch of business in which they think they see one or two hundred per cent profit and start out in the world to make a fortune. In a few years they are rich and are admitted into society, which is but another name for the full and unabridged enjoyment of American citizenship.

We, as a people, can do the same. If we can master Greek and Latin we certainly can master the art of business. "Let there be twenty blackmen in any Southern town worth $1,000,000 and there will be no race question in that town." Says the eminent Prof. Booker T. Washington. To the declaration I make the amendment: "There can be in every town in the South twenty black men worth $1,000,000. The idol of the white American citizen, in general, and the native born one in particular, is the "mighty dollar" and he will not let the race, color or previous condition of its costodians keep him from worshiping at its shrine. The Negro business-man, who could place his autograph upon a check for $500,000, would be as agreeable company in any but a strictly private or family gathering as the fairest Anglo-Saxon. It is a mistaken idea to say this treatment of the wealthy Negro would be social equality. There is no social equality. His treatment would simply be the full enjoyment of American citizenship. He would be "tolerated" in the same manner the objectionable white business man of money is tolerated by those not in his set, who are anxious to get his trade and dollars.

It is true that what would seem to be extended to the objectionable Jew with money or the Negro with wealth as social equality, and the right hand of fellowship by the "better class" of white citizens would be only a sham, a mockery and a deception; still the counterfeits would be so perfect that



they would puzzle even experts. They would answer all the common ends of life, however, and give to the Jew and Negro the full enjoyment of American citizenship, for, if the false looks so much like the true that we can not tell them apart in our ignorance we would be as happy with the false as with the true.

The Jews have learned this fact, and with their immense wealth they have forced their way along, step by step, until they enjoy full American citizenship, and are often admitted into what is known as the "best society." As a writer of fiction I have been forced to become a student of human nature, and I say it without any degree of prejudice against our Hebrew citizens, or without any fear of contradiction, that the Jews, as a whole, are by far the most objectionable of citizens. They are today a power in the money market and enjoy, seemingly, all the many rights of American citizenship. The two leading newspapers of New York City are owned by Hebrews. The largest auction house on Broadway is owned by a Jew and several of our banks and mercantile houses are under their supervision. These people's money make them respected, and opens for them doors that were not open a few years ago. For them the surface of "society" is smooth they can not see beneath this surface and have no need to dig below it.

The solution to the "Negro problem" must be solved by the Negro and the leading people of the race have decided views upon the subject. Our distinguished prelate, Bishop Turner, sees no solution save African imigration; the eminent divine and physician, John M. Henderson, whose gifted pennings demand more than a passing notice, seems to think that the problem can only be solved by intermingling with the whites. The great Negro of the day, Prof. B. T. Washington, sees a solution through agrarian education. Mrs. Ruffin, of the Woman's Era, and her able staff of ladies, hope to make that great power, "Woman's Influence," do much towards a final solution. One writer with his usual eccentricity, takes a pessimestic view of the situation, and says that neither wealth nor education will secure for us the full rights of American citizenship.

The "Negro Problem" can be solved. The solution is wealth, the key to wealth is business—legalized speculation—selling for more than what you paid, only this and nothing more. We are, as a whole, working people, and are found in the vanguard of toilers, all of whom spend nine-tenths of their earnings for the needs of life, food, clothing and shelter. It is a well-known fact (as I have said in several other articles upon this subject) that, although we are not epicures, we spend the greater part of our earnings for food; in fact we are all consumers, but there are but few sellers among us. We work for wages and we spend our earnings with the butcher, baker, dry goods merchants and others, who sell the necessaries of life. Millions of dollars are annually paid by our people for these needs of life, still, few, very few of these dollars find their way into the till of Negro merchants. The money spent for our bread and butter could be and suould be kept within the confines of the race by the simple progress of co-operation. Let fifty men in every town in the South, who are heads of families, form a company; let each man put in, say $20, the company will then have $1,000, a sufficient sum to open a first class grocery or general store. Let the store be located in or near the business section of the town; let the goods be the same as those offered for sale by other shop keepers; let the company cater to the general public. The company should keep in stock some articles needed by the community not kept by the other stores in town. These articles should be sold at a small loss or at cost price. This would be a business trick, which would wear the mask of an advertisement. If the town is a very small one, try to make the store the largest and best stocked store in the place. Let the members of the company keep out of political meetings, conventions and the like. They should express no opinions on local questions (even race questions) hurtful to their business; they should "say nothing but saw wood." By these business methods the company will soon be agreeably surprised to soon find among its patrons "some of the best citizens in the community." The company should conduct all its business from the start in a strictly business-like manner, starting off with plainly worded articles of agreement, signed and countersigned according to the laws of the State. Appended to this agreement should be the solemn promise of each and every member to buy all of his goods at the company's store, and to use every honorable means to get others, both black and white, to do so. The next important thing for the welfare of the company is confidence. Its members must have sufficient confidence in one another, in its president, its secretary, and its store-keeper to allow them to place the earnings of the venture into the legitimate channels of trade and speculation. These officials should be placed under proper bonds and not hounded to death. A family of five persons will spend during a month at least $20 for meats, groceries, etc., etc. The fifty families of the members of the company spending $20 each per month, would net $1000 per month or $12,000 per year. Should one-fourth of this amount be clear profit the company would have $3000—$3000 which would have been placed in the pockets of some other store-keepers would be in the coffers of the company by the simple process of buying from itself. It is not logical to suppose that the company would not during the year succed in getting some of the trade of the town. We will take the small figure of twenty-five regular customers to aid us in the attempted solution of the "Negro Problem" If these twenty-five patrons have spent $20 per month each or $500 as a whole, the yearly sales of the company would amount to $18,000 and the profit $4,500. One half of this amount should be kept as a reserve fund for the store, the other half invested at once in real estate.

Outside of every town in the South, near enough to build suitable homes for its working people, can be found worn out farms, too poor in soil to raise "black-eye peas" or the traditional corn of our folk-lore, upon which the squirrels feed sitting upon their haunches, as they pull the ears from the stalks. The owners of these "farms" are always anxious to sell for cash and the company should purchase one of these tracts of land, and cut it up in building lots and offer the same to the colored people of the town at a fair market value. A branch store could be opened in the new settlement and in a few years the members of the company would find themselves upon the road to wealth and the full enjoyment of American citizenship. The "race question" in that town would begin to be solved, and the final solution would be reached when the fifty members of the company were the richest men in town.

There are two barriers standing in the pathway of my theory, and I must confess when I commenced to advocate it a little over a year ago I saw no way to remove these barriers. On the eve of the year 1896 I see a gleam of hope. The two barriers are the general ignorance of our people about mercantile and business matters, and our lack of confidence and race pride. The first barrier can be removed by strictly business schools. The second, perhaps, a secret society. Next to our religions devotion as a race, comes our love for societies and "orders." Perhaps if the members of the company store were smart enough to start a business order, "The True sons of Progress," or "The Sons and Daughters of Enterprise" they could unite a goodly number of the people. The new order should be drafted in part after some of our present societies. It should, however, have new and novel workings that would take a small fee, and small dues should be charged and each member duly sworn or pledged to purchase his goods at the store of some Negro if there was one in town. Instead of giving money to the sick they should be given goods. I have prepared the workings of a mercantile or business society order, having as its object the difficult task of getting our people to start and patronize worthy race business ventures, believing as I do that the only solution to the "Negro Problem" is wealth, and the key to wealth is business.

The Poorest Man in The World.

Can write to me and receive by return mail, in a plain envelope, sealed, free, a prescription with full directions for a speedy, permanent and private home cure for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc. I will furnish the medicine, if desired, cheaper than it would be put up at a drug store. Address G. B. Wright, box No. 1205, Marshall, Mich.

WOMAN'S GROWING INFLUENCE

In Woman—By Fannie Barrier-Williams, Chicago, Ill.

"What is civilization?" "The power of good women." This question and answer by Emerson is about the highest compliment ever paid to womankind. Poets and philosophers alike have found nothing in the universe of humanity that transcends the influence of a good woman. There is something, however, of more practical interest to humanity, and that is woman's increasing interest in woman. There is nothing in the so-called "woman's movement" and the "new woman," etc., so full of hope and so sweetly assuring in blessedness as the all-embracing love spirit of woman for womankind.

Many of us can remember when woman's interest in each other was largely of the gossipy sort. The minor vices, such as envy, jealousy, gossip, mistrust and social rivalries characterized the relationship of the gentle sex. How rapidly are women growing out of this semi-barbarous condition! What strong virtues and wider reaching purposes of fellowship are growing up out of those old conditions of repelling hates and separations! The spirit of sympathy touches all hearts amongst us and nothing can bring us together so quickly as the suffering or injustice felt by any woman within the range of our influence. Rich women, poor women, working women, idle women, educated and uneducated women are being constantly drawn into a closer touch of mutual helpfulness by the supreme knowledge that in no way can women better help humanity than by increasing her love for and interest in all women. We are slowly but surely learning the important lesson that woman's success means every woman's opportunity for other successes. What is true of individual women is equally true of the various classes of women. There is no such thing as perfect freedom, perfect happiness, or perfect prosperity, for any class of women, while others are suffering for lack of freedom and the lack of the opportunities of life. It is especially interesting to colored women that the women of this country, and indeed everywhere, build no narrow platforms. Their philosophy is as broad as womankind. They feel the strength of fellowship and the glow of human kindness that comes from sympathetic contact with dark women as well as white women.

Are we doing as much for each other? Do our best colored women, our cultured women, or women of money and influence reach out a sympathetic hand to the less fortunate among them? Are our women becoming so imbued with the spirit of kindness for each other that they too are reaching out unselfishly and helpfully in search of those who need the strength, the virtue and directing love of our best women? For example, there are hundreds of ways by which the home life of the colored peasants in the rural South can be elevated and purified by the co-operation of the good and cultured colored women of both sections. Thousands of our young girls are without inspirations and motives to high living, and without the proper notions in the matter of making a living. Do such problems sufficiently engage the hearts and thoughts of our capable women?

I know of nothing that will so surely quicken all the best impulses in race development as the unselfish combination of our intelligent women in an effort to elevate the standard of Negro life in America. Emerson's aphorism that "civilization means the power of good women" can be easily extended so as to mean that Negro elevation in America means the united love and intelligence of its good women.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?

There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath tonight.

And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."
—Havergal.

A ROMANCE OF XMAS.

No matter where men may be, no matter how far away from home they may go or how long they may stay away, when Christmas comes their minds revert to the loved ones of their childhood—tender memories of a mother, a sister, perhaps a sweetheart, are revived, and a longing seizes them to be back again amid the old familiar scenes.

With each recurrence of the glad season which heralds peace on earth to men of good will, this longing crept in to Richard Jennings' heart, stifling all interest in the fluctuations of wool on 'Change, and making positively distasteful to him all talk about the prospects of next year's cotton crop or the rumored Wall street combine to effect a "corner" in wheat.

Whenever Christmas approached, he began to realize his loneliness, and he regarded with envy the people hurrying along the street carrying bundles of toys and candles and costlier presents to their homes.

Home! That sacred place is not to be violated at such a season by the presents of a stranger, and Richard Jennings' Christmases were spent alone. He was always glad when they were over, and he could again become absorbed in business cares.

For the past ten years he had been a member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, and was rated at $100,000. He had no taste for society, and although he belonged to several of the best clubs in that charming old town, he could not be called a clubman. His tastes, his cravings, were domestic, but they remained unsatisfied. Little was known of his previous history. He was not communicative, and his business acquaintances were not inquisitive.

One evening, just four days before Christmas, Mr. Jennings returned to his handsomely furnished residence and astonished his housekeeper by telling her was "going home for Christmas." She had been in his service for more than five years and believed that all his relatives were dead, as she had never heard him speak of them.

"Here's something for you for Christmas," he said, handing her a $10 bill, "and I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'm going east."

Sarah, in her rich, honest brogue thanked him.

There was a new light in his face. Sarah, who was shrewd, noticed it. For 17 years this man had been away from home, and during his absence his parents had died, while he was riding wild ponies in Texas or digging gold in Colorado or gambling it away in Kansas City faster than he had gathered it.

As the train sped eastward over the level lands of Illinois and Indiana, through the rich farm lands of Ohio, and then amid the wooded hills and streams of his own native Pennsylvania—fairer than them all—his mind traveled backward from the present Richard Jennings, successful broker and respectable member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, to the dissipated days of his fresh young manhood, when his wild life had separated him forever from one he could never forget.

As the train approached Philadelphia and he looked out of the window at the numerous domes and spires and cupolas, he reflected how time, which had wrought such a difference in the appearance of the city, must have changed the sweet girl of 18, from whom his own misdeeds had sundered him.

They had been sweethearts from childhood. But old Ezra Kent, her father, was a stern man, and when stories got abroad about the dissipated set of which Richard soon became the leader, and when one day he came home from his counting house and found Richard—"Dick" everybody called him then—intoxicated he said it was the last time Eleanor should receive him. She was a dutiful girl. It wounded her life, but she obeyed. The Kents came of stern stuff, and beneath Eleanor's gentle womanliness lay heroic strength.

After that Richard Jennings' intoxicated habits became a public scandal, and when his sister married Will McCray, a promising young lawyer (Eleanor was maid of honor), he disappeared from home.

Now he was returning, a very different man and regretful that he had staid away so long. It was such a short journey from the Mississippi to the Schuylkill he wondered that he had not before summoned enough courage to return. Seventeen years!

For the twentieth time he drew forth a letter and read it with the same absorbed interest as if for the first time:

DEAR DICK—Will met Mr. Coles last week. He had just come from St. Louis and said he met you there. You naughty boy! Why have you never written or come home to see us? We want you to spend Christmas with us. All the children are crazy to see you. There are five now. The baby, a beautiful girl, is 10 months old and has two teeth. The children often talk about Uncle Dick. Eleanor has told them so many Tom Brown at Rugby sort of stories about you when you were at the university. Mr. Kent failed four years ago and died last March. Eleanor and her mother still live in the old house. They are very poor. Eleanor teaches music and sings at St. Bride's. Mrs. Kent looks very old, but she sews beautifully and makes the prettiest things for the baby. Do come and spend Christmas with us. The children are dying to see you and so am I and Will. Ever your loving sister,

MARY McCRAY.

P. S.—The children's names are Mary, Alex—he's named after father, of course—Sam, Dick—after you—and Eleanor, the baby. She's a little angel!

* * * * * *

The street where Richard Jennings' home was, where he was born, and where his married sister still lived, had once been fashionable. You could tell that from the houses—big, broad, roomy, old fashioned brick residences of a bygone day, with quaint colonial doorways, elaborately carved, the lintels in many cases supported by the classic Ionic or Doric columns effected by the builders of a century ago.

But their glory had departed. The spirit of decay had fallen upon them, and the children of those who built them had moved to finer and more modern homes.

But the Jenningses and the Kents were an exception. They had withstood the general exodus and continued to live in the house which had been their family rooftree for nigh a hundred years. They were plain, quiet, conservative people, and not of the "smart" sort, like the gay, fashionable families who had all moved away.

* * * * * *

"Here's Uncle Dick!" shouted the boys as they grabbed his big traveling bag almost before the hackman had time to carry it into the hallway.

Hugs and kisses were exchanged all around, and his sister wept a few sweet memorial tears. He had grown so like his father, she thought. Ah, if mother could see him now—that mother whose patient, loving face was pictured on canvas in the quaint old fashioned frame hanging on the parlor wall.

His nephew, Alex, a handsome lad, led him up to the same room in the old fashioned house which he had occupied when a boy, furnished with the same high backed rush seated chairs, and the low bed, with tall, carved corner posts; the old prints and knickknacks and books. And over the fireplace was a photograph of Eleanor Kent!

He threw himself into a chair, overcome with emotion at the many memories of his younger days that arose before him like ghosts from the past.

In the afternoon he went out with his two eldest nephews, Alex and Sam, to see the shop windows, and when they returned all three had their arms filled with presents. He was very happy. If some of those married fellows in St. Louis could see him now! The sense of loneliness which had haunted him for years was gone, and yet—in a week he would be back again in that quiet house of his in St. Louis, with no other occupant save the faithful Sarah Burns!

* * * * * *

It was Christmas eve. All the lights were burning brightily in the McCray mansion. Uncle Dick and the children—he had never realized before what good companions children were—had been busy all afternoon decorating the huge Christmas tree. Against evening it was a glorious sight to behold. The children had never been so happy. All of them had gotten an unusually large number of presents. Uncle Dick alone had bought three and four each, even the baby. In the big sitting room the presents were displayed on an old mahogany table that reminded you of some wild beast of the forest when you gazed down at the formidable looking claws which served for its feet. But the table could not contain them all, so several chairs were placed on either side of it to hold the overflow exhibition.

As the evening waned Uncle Dick and Papa McCray lit their cigars and went out for a walk. They had been gone but a few minutes when there was a ring at the doorbell, and Eleanor Kent and her aged mother entered, both bringing presents for the children.

Although dressed very plainly, Eleanor never looked handsomer. The 17 years which had passed since her early and only love affair had touched her lightly. She was now 35, but looked much younger.

She was a great favorite with the children, who called her "Aunt Eleanor." They showed her the tree, the presents and then—"Uncle Dick's home," they said, watching her face to see a reflection there of their own delight at the return of one whom she had so often told them about. But only a little nervous smile trembled on her lips and died. And very soon afterward she must return home. She must write the names of her Sunday school scholars in the pretty, cheap books she had bought for them and practice the offertory she was to sing on the morrow, and, and—

But the children would not hear of it. They dragged her to the piano and forced her to play for them as they sang "Jolly Old St. Nicholas." They shouted the rollicking song with such a lusty chorus that old Mrs. Kent was afraid they would awaken the baby, whose wrath when angered was terrible, but Mrs. McCray reassured her and begged Eleanor to sing the offertory she was to sing at St. Bride's, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." But Eleanor didn't know it without music. Her hands strayed over the keys, making little impromptu chords and cadences and then struck the prelude to Tosti's "Memories," one of those songs that play upon the human heart strings. Many a time when alone she sang it, but it was not a song for Christmas eve; it was too sad.

As Richard Jennings and his brother-in-law re-entered the house, the sound of her rich, sweet voice reached their ears.

"Who is singing?" asked Richard.

"It's Eleanor Kent," was the reply.

Low and clear and sweet the words, molten into music, reached their ears:

There is no note of all your songs of yore
That does not speak to me of you once more.
There is no place we two have ever seen
That does not whisper of the might have been.
There is no path of all that once we knew
That does not hold some memories of you.
Still though they call the wild tears to mine eyes,
I would not yield them for a paradise.

The two men entered the room softly, and Eleanor went on singing, unconscious of their presence:

There is no hand clasp that you ever gave
That does not live, though love be in its grave.

Richard Jennings drew nearer to his old sweetheart, gazing intently at her lovely face. An instant later and he held her in his arms and imprinted a fervent kiss on her blushing cheek.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AUSTRIAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Candles Lighted For the Christ Child—Superstitions of the People.

In Austria they are particularly thoughtful of the bringer of the gifts and joy. The people place lighted candles in their windows, that the Christ child, in passing through the city or village or along the country road shall not stumble and fall.

A belief in the special presence of evil spirits during Christmastide and in their efforts to interfere with and lessen the joys of the season prevails throughout Europe.

The bugbear "Ruprecht," under different names and in numerous varying disguises and in strange antics, plays a conspicuous part among the Germans and surrounding peoples. In Tyrol the terrible "Klanbacf" accompanies St. Nicholas and is continually hovering about his path ready to kidnap naughty children.

In Austria this monster is very terrible in appearance, going about with clanking chains and hideous devil's mask. He is frequently heard at night as he flies through the air and his rattling chains are giving notice of his presence.

In many places there is the belief that wolves roam the earth on the night before Christmas and create great havoc in destroying vines and other property, and even human beings. This belief has made an excuse for a means of mischievous frolic. Men and boys frequently disguise themselves as wolves and go about frightening the people.—New York Herald.

The White Christ of Norway.

Norwegian children look for their Christmas gifts through the White Christ, who, gliding through frosted pine forests, upon Christmas eve, pays his mysterious visit, and is, to all intents and purposes, their realization of a St. Nicholas. Upon Christmas night the boys, wearing white surplices and paper caps, enter the room where guests are assembled. One holds a paper lantern in the form of a star, the interior being lit by a piece of candle fixed on the wooden bar, upon which the star revolves. Another carries a square frame with panels of glass, within which a lighted candle or two reveals two objects, one being a doll dressed as the Madonna. This figure sits beside the other object, a cradle containing a baby doll. Through the bottom of the frame runs a little appliance which imparts a rocking motion to the cradle. The two boys bearing the star and cradle take position at the end of the room, their companions on either side. Then the star revolves, the cradle rocks gently to and fro, and a carol is sung. This is the Christmas mystery of the Star of Bethlehem and the Christ cradle.—New York World.

Land of Thor and Odin.

Scandinavia is truly the land of the Yule log, of Christmas stories and legends of Thor and Odin. Then is the time for skating, sledging, dancing and a general frolic. It is customary for every member of the family to take a bath on the afternoon preceding Christmas, and ofttimes it is the only thorough bath that is received during the year. When the eve comes, the Bible is read in nearly every household and family service is held. In many villages candles are left burning in the windows all night to give light to Kristine, who brings the gifts. It is also the custom to set a cake of meal out in the snow as a Christmas offering. The birds of the air are thought of, and a sheaf of wheat is placed on a pole in front of each house to provide them with food.—Kansas City Times.

Wassailing the Trees.

An entirely honored custom practiced at Christmas time was one entitled "wassailing the trees." This was usually the prelude to drinking enormous quantities of spiced wine, ale, brandy, mixed with toast and fruit. A pail filled with cider, in which a cake had been immersed, was fastened to an apple tree, the ceremony being accompanied by much dancing and incantation. This procedure was calculated to materially increase the fruit bearing powers of the orchard. The merrymakers retired singing:

Our toast, it is white; our ale, it is brown;
Wassail, wassail, all over town.
Our bowl, it is made of a maple tree.
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old Time Christmas Dishes.

In olden times the plum porridge was partaken of at the beginning of the dinner, occupying the soup course, and the mince or shred pies were ever popular. In shape they are often slightly oval as well as round, and our grandmothers tell us this oval shape was to resemble and remind us of Christ's cradle. In England it is still a very popular and enjoyable custom to offer a mince pie to every caller, for every pie eaten under a different roof represents a happy month of the coming year. When the 12 have become un fait accompli, then one hears, "I've eaten my 12, so kindly excuse me."—Exchange.

Christmas Investments.

Christmas does indeed cost money, but no money is ever better invested, when the Christmas investment is made judiciously. Christmas investments are repaid in bonds of love and stocks of pleasure, which yield a heavy interest in unalloyed happiness. And no man can get anything better for his money than that.—Savannah News.

Christmas Is Not Cold.

Cold Christmas? No!
Our Christmas is not cold,
Although the north winds blow
And pile the drifting snow
And the beech trees on the freezing wold
Rock sadly to and fro.
Our Christmas bears a warm, true heart,
His face is red with glee,
And he jests and laughs,
And he sings and quaffs.
Cold Christmas? No!
He is warm and bright,
And he brings delight
To the hearts of both high and low.

—Charles Mackay.

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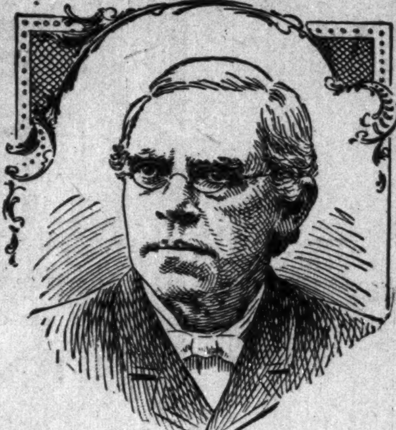

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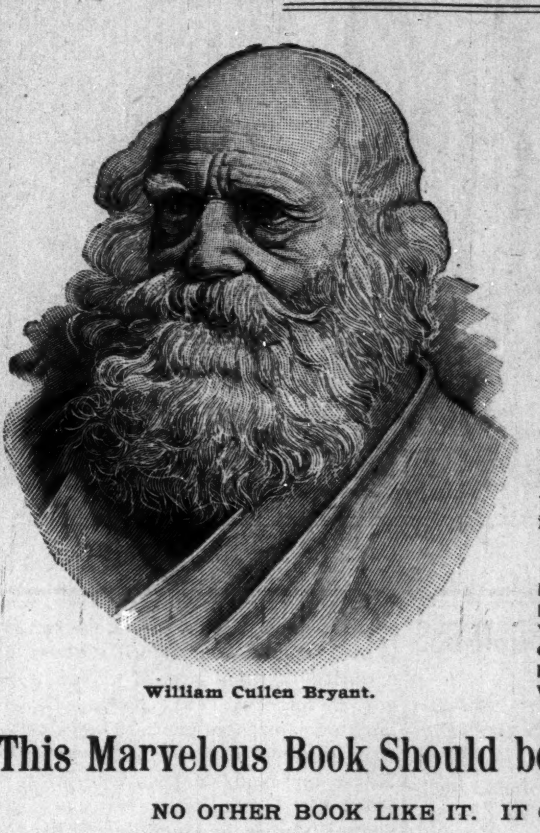

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THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

We have watched the old year dying,
 We have felt its icy breath,
We heard the wind chant sadly
 The requiem at its death.
Within our hearts we count the time,
 So very poor are we,
So little do we feel the reach
 Of our eternity.

We look and, lo! afar doth stretch
 The vision of a year.
We see again the violets blowing
 And to the listening ear
Is borne the chirping of the robins,
 And we know the gladsome spring
Will come again with all her treasures,
 And flowers and sunshine bring.

And so intwine the violets and holly
 With the coming of the year.
The violets speak of springtime,
 The holly Christmas cheer.
Then begin the journey onward
 Knowing naught of fear,
Keeping sunshine in the heart
 Throughout the glad New Year.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

BY THE LONE BAYOU.

In the winter of 1873 I was engaged with a party of surveyors employed by the state to survey a large tract of land lying in Terre Bonne parish, La.

This and other sections which are located similarly, being a few feet above the rivers contiguous and owing to changes effected by frequent overflows, which often destroy all former landmarks, are under the necessity of frequent surveys. Our party had been moving southward parallel with the banks of the Bayou La Fourche, a deep, narrow, sluggish stream, when one day we came to an old brick plantation house which appeared to be empty. We had been traversing for some miles past a heavy wooded, thinly settled country, which, with the exception of an occasional negro cabin perched on the bank of some stream, appeared devoid of human life. "Well," said Bob Hanks, one of our chain bearers, "here's some sign of where life has been at last. Let's go in and see what entertainment the old place affords." Finding a broken place in the fence, we walked up to the house, and I was struck with the appearance of the building, for on closer inspection it became very evident that it had been built for a palatial residence, numerous evidences of which still abounded in spite of the spirit of decay manifested about the place. Built of red brick, which had doubtless been transported a long distance, two stories high, with a garret, the roof finished at the ends in the French parapet style so common in the French settled districts of the south, a row of dormer windows along the roof front, a large, open fireplace at each end, it had in its day been an ideal southern home. Along the front ran a wide piazza (or gallery in the southern vernacular), surrounded by a high balustrade, and leading up to it was a flight of broad steps. Both the steps and piazza were, however, in such a decayed condition as to scarcely bear our weight when we walked upon them for the purpose of entering the house.

The place stood fronting the bayou, though back from it some 20 rods, leaving room for what had once been a fine lawn, but now overgrown with weeds and cane shrubs. Entering the house, we found ourselves in a wide hallway, with doors opening to the right and left. The doors all stood open or partly open, but the thick dust which had accumulated on the floors and walls showed no evidences of having been disturbed for a long time. The second floor was reached by an elegant staircase, which ascended from the main hall, and we marched up to see what might be above with as much curiosity as would be displayed by a squad of schoolboys turned loose in such a place. "Terrible ratty looking old coop," said Bob Hanks as we reached the landing. "Just the place for ghosts. I wouldn't be surprised to meet one in some of these rooms. Listen! Methinks I hear chains clanking up in the garret now." Then, with a tragic gesture, he started up a narrow stairway that apparently led to the garret above.

All the rooms we had explored had been entirely empty, but in one of the garret rooms we found quite a collection of old furniture, mostly broken; various household utensils, a number of articles of dress, among them several old boots and shoes, and a bundle of newspapers, some from Paris and printed in French, others from New Orleans, but all of very old date, some of them 40 years back. Spying about, I picked up a little kid slipper with a high French heel, but little worn. "Here, boys," I said, "this has belonged to the Cinderella of the place, and I have a mind to keep it. Wonder if its mate isn't here some place?" But its mate was not to be found, so we climbed down again, I with the slipper in my pocket.

"Faugh!" said Lige Benson as we emerged once more into the open air. "What a musty old place it is! Seems like a fellow can hardly breathe in such a place. Somebody ought to open the windows and let the air circulate through, though it would only benefit the mice and the spiders in their webs, and I could guess they don't care much for fresh air." We then walked around to the rear of the place and found the same state of affairs existing. There was a large brick kitchen connected with the main house by a covered way, and farther back stood the barn and carriage house, in the rear of which were arranged the "quarters" for the negroes, though the cabins were, many of them, falling to pieces with age.

At some distance from the house stood a large cypress tree and near it a fine specimen of magnolia, and these were the only trees of any account about the place. After some further explorations about the yard, during which we discovered a large cistern nearly full of water and covered with boards, we crossed the bayou in our skiff and went to the camp, which was some distance away on the other side.

It was near Christmas and we expected to be in the neighborhood for two or three weeks, so we had pitched our tents in an open glade near a spring of water and easily accessible from the wagon road running to Orange, which was our depot of supplies. As we went on with our work I felt more impressed with the air of mystery surrounding the old plantation and determined if possible to find out something about the place and its former inhabitants before leaving the locality.

And the opportunity came sooner than I anticipated. One day an old darky came to our camp for the purpose of selling some vegetables. As he dismounted from his cart I noticed that he appeared very stiff and bent with age and that his eyebrows and fringe of wool were white as snow. I was alone at the camp and decided to make a few purchases from the old man's stock, which seemed to please him greatly. The thought occurred to me while conversing with him that he might be the very one to furnish me with a history of the old homestead. Having seated him comfortably on a camp chair I said: "Uncle, I noticed an old brick house just across the bayou, with no one living in it, and it appears to have been empty a long time. Do you happen to know anything about it?"

The old fellow's countenance brightened with animation. "Does I know anything about it?" he repeated. "Laws, honey, I should say I does know something about it. Lived dar more dan 40 year; 'pears like I ought to know something about it."

"Tell me all about it, will you, uncle," I said, "and here's an extra quarter for you. Who did the old place belong to?"

"Dat ole place," he began with the deliberation peculiar to his race, "dat ole place 'longed to Marse Jules La Vigne, an so did I 'long to him, an so did everything else in dis deestrict. He was powerful rich an mighty proud an fine, I tell you. His war de fust family in dis place, an he done owned more niggahs dan any ob de rest ob dem round here. Dat war a long time ago, dough, long befo' de wah. Ole Marse La Vigne done come from France when him a little boy, so I heern 'em say, an he lived dar at Roseville, as dey called de old place, all de time till he come back from Orleans and died.

"I war born on de ole place, an when I war a boy about 12 young Marse Jules went to Orleans an brought home a wife, a mighty sweet 'ooman, I tell you. All de niggahs lubbed her better dan Marse Jules, for marse war terrible when he got mad, but missus war always sweet an gentle an kind to de niggahs.

"Well, time passed, an a baby boy came to de old place, an den Marse Jules war tickled near to death. Nothin war too good for dat boy, an he growed up a fine young man, but he had a frightful temper, an Marse Jules uster say to him dat unless he be more careful dat temper ob his would be his ruin some day.

"Well, one day a little gal come to de place. Den marse and missus war glad again, for she war a sweet little t'ing, 'just like her mother,' everybody say, an as she growed she was said to be de han'somest gal in the whole country. Well, time passed an she war a grown young lady, an den the young men began to visit de place, an Mis Lucile was a great favorite among dem, I tell you. Marse Vance from Orleans war de one she seemed sot on, but her folks wanted her to take Marse Fenelon, who owned a big plantation down on de Tensas, but who war not so handsome as Marse Vance. An so one night, it war New Year, an all de quality folks war at a big ball at de house. Marse Leon—dat war Marse Jules' boy—who had drunk rather too much, so folks said, got into a quarrel wid Marse Vance, an in a minute pistols war out, an Marse Leon had shot Marse Vance in de breast, an Marse Vance had shot him in de arm. Den Mis Lucile run betwixt dem, an as Marse Leon shot again at Marse Vance he shot he sister dead. De shootin war on de front gallery, an de folks come runnin out to see what war up, an den dar war a great time, I tell you. Marse Leon war not much hurt, an he soon got well, but Marse Vance war taken home after while, an he died. Den Marse Leon went to de Mexican war an war killed, an soon after Marse Jules went with he's wife to Orleans, an dar she died ob yaller feber. Den Marse Jules come back to de place an stay a year, but he seemed to be grieben hesself ter death, an one spring mawnin dey foun him dead in bed. Den de place staid idle a long time, until anoder family rented it, but de wah come up an de niggahs got free an left, an de folks went away, an now nobody seems to own it. I heern dat a man in Orleans hab charge ob it, but no one eber comes nigh de place. An I doan' think any one would lib dar nohow, fur dey say it am a powerful skery place since Marse Jules died." Here the old man drew himself up, changed his position and assumed a look of profound mysticism. It was as I expected. The old place had the reputation of being haunted.

Determined to get all the information I could concerning the ghostly visitant, I inquired: "In what way is the place said to be 'skeery?'" "Hants," he replied, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "Dey say dat strange tings can be seen dar at night, an dat ebery New Year's Mis Lucile's ghost do go about de rooms cryin fit to kill. I neber seed dem myself, but Pa'son Jones did when he war passin dar one New Year's night. He see lights in de windows an heerd voices, an his mule so skeered he would not go past de place at all. Well, I lib on Pecan ridge 'bout two miles from here, an I must be goin now." So saying he mounted his cart and drove away, leaving me wondering much at the story of the old farmhouse and its former occupants. Presently the gang came into camp for supper, but I resolved to say nothing concerning what I had learned about the deserted mansion, as they would only laugh at the idea of ghosts, and I had made up my mind to visit the old place alone and investigate for myself the truth of the ghostly part of it. I was far from believing in the supernatural, but yet there is always a certain fascination in the idea of visiting houses that have a reputation for possessing uncanny visitors, and I determined to try the experiment.

Accordingly, the day before New Year's I told the boys I meant to go across the bayou to try and kill some turkeys, traces of which we had discovered a day or two previous. In the afternoon I started, after leaving word for them not to worry about me in case I did not return until in the night.

I had a double barreled gun with a good supply of ammunition, and in my belt I carried a Colt's revolver for additional safety against attack at close quarters by a wildcat or panther, which was occasionally met with in the woods. I also rolled up a blanket and strapped it on my back, in case the night should be chilly. For in this half tropical country there is very little to mark the winter season except the change in vegetation, and now on this last day of the year the weather was positively hot, with the sun shining down from the bluest of skies. I crossed the bayou in the skiff near the old house, and, having secured the boat, climbed up the bank, intending to hunt in the woods beyond the house until nightfall and then return to keep my self appointed tryst.

I soon found the turkeys, but could not get a shot at them until I had followed the wary birds more than a mile, when I saw the opportunity and made a splendid shot, bringing down a fine large gobbler. It was now sundown and I started to return, and had proceeded perhaps half a mile when I saw some more turkeys on a knoll at some distance ahead. Knowing they would soon fly up to roost, I decided to wait and try to shoot one from the tree. So I sat down without being discovered by them, and soon heard the flopping of their wings as they flew up among the branches. Then stealthily moving along until under their roost I fired several shots and succeeded in bagging one more. It was now quite dark and I hastened out to the levee road that ran along the bayou and half an hour later had reached the old house. A black cloud was rising in the northwest, from which fitful flashes of light betokened an approaching storm. Going into one of the lower rooms I deposited my game on the floor and then returned to the yard, where I gathered up an armful of sticks, with which I soon had a merry fire blazing in the old fireplace. Low mutterings of thunder could now be heard from the cloud which was steadily rising, and the wind began to howl dismally through the branches of the cypress tree. I kept my fire replenished for an hour or more and then spreading out my blanket reclined myself upon it, and must have fallen asleep, though it had been my intention to keep awake.

The rain was falling steadily and the lightning flashed incessantly, while the thunder was constant, but not loud. I was lying in such a position that I could look toward the hall entrance, when suddenly I began to feel an indescribable sensation creeping over me, an indefinable feeling of fear of something—I knew not what. Then the door slowly opened and a female figure walked into the room. The fire had burned low, but the light was sufficient to see that the lady was young and extremely beautiful, her eyes being large and bright, and her hair of raven blackness fell in a wavy mass, reaching below her waist. For an instant she looked in my face and her expression was of such angelic sweetness that I felt my fears gradually leaving me, but an instant later she threw up both hands and with a look of anguish upon her face swept rapidly toward the window which opened on the front piazza.

I followed her with my eyes and for an instant it seemed that every drop of blood had frozen in my veins, for just outside the window, the blinds of which stood open, was a stalwart young man, handsome in appearance, dressed in the fashion of 50 years ago, and with a pistol in his right hand, which he raised, evidently aiming at some one near the farther end of the piazza. I waited in an agony of suspense to hear the report of the pistol, as he sighted along the barrel, and the time seemed an age. Suddenly there was a deafening crash, the air seemed to dance and quiver with blue flames, and the house shook and rocked to its foundations. Dazed and half stunned, I arose to a sitting position, and, as short a time as the flash lasted, it was sufficient for me to observe a new danger, very different from the ghostly scenes I had just witnessed. For there, crawling stealthily toward me, and scarce three yards away, I discerned the long yellow body of a panther, which was even then preparing to spring. Fortunately my pistol was in my belt, and to draw it and fire at the two green eyes glowing in the darkness was but the work of an instant. The loud report was followed by a wild scream, and the beast jumped through the window and disappeared in the darkness. The fire had died out, but I lighted a match and by its light I saw large blood spots upon the floor and window sill, indicating that I had severely wounded the animal. I determined to make for camp as rapidly as possible, and gathering up my blanket and the two turkeys made my way down to the bayou, where I found the skiff all right, and rowing across I struck a bee line for camp. The rain had nearly ceased and the moon was struggling to shine through the ragged edges of the clouds, affording light enough to find my way without difficulty. The next morning was bright and clear, and I decided to visit the scene of my adventure the night before. I had told the men about spending part of the night in the old house during the storm, and they banteringly inquired whether I had had any visits from the ghosts, with which such old buildings are usually supposed to be inhabited. I carelessly replied in the negative, but informed them of my adventure with the panther, which had doubtless been attracted by the scent of the turkeys I had shot.

After breakfast I started, taking Bob Hanks with me, and arriving at the place we began a search for the panther. Starting at the edge of the porch, we easily trailed him by the spots of blood as well as by his tracks in the soft soil. The trail led across the yard to the rear of the house and down into an old field, where we came upon him dead, not more than 100 yards from the house. The ball had entered the side of his neck and had ranged downward into his body. He was a magnificent specimen, and I had his hide taken off and dressed and kept it as a trophy. The thunderbolt which had awakened me so suddenly from the horrid nightmare I was in, and just in time to save me from the panther, had struck the old cypress tree and had riven it from top to bottom and scattered its foliage all about the yard. Entering the house, I was met by the strangest occurrence of all my exciting adventures, for there on the lower step of the stairs was the mate to the little kid slipper which I had found in my first visit to the house and which I still carried in my pocket. How came it there is a question I have never been able to solve, but I still have it and its mate in my possession. In a few days we left the neighborhood, and I never returned, but I am still half inclined to think that it was the spirit of sweet Mistress Lucile I saw that night and not a mere dream apparition.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Bachelor's New Year.

"How do you intend to spend New Year's day?" was asked of a confirmed old bachelor who has luxurious rooms at the Grand Pacific hotel.

"Oh, about as usual. I will visit several of my married friends, take notes of their little worries and watch the antics of their irrepressible children. I will probably have ice cream poured into my hat and sticky candies hid in my coat pockets. I will see frowns on the faces of the husbands and added wrinkles in the eyes of the pretty wives of a few years ago. Then I will come back to my cozy bachelor quarters, and over a quiet glass of wine and a good cigar I will swear off matrimony for another year. Have done it for 20 years now and never regretted it, and I guess I'll keep right along in the same old way."—Chicago Tribune.

Well Equipped.

"Are you ready to meet that solemn event in every man's existence, the New Year?" asked the meditative man.

"You bet I am," replied his flippant friend. "I have more material for swearing off than I ever had before in my life."

The New Year Dawns.

The New Year dawns—the sun shines strong
 and clear,
 And all the world rejoices and is gay.
 The city loving birds from spray to spray
Flit busily, and twitter in my ear
Their little frozen note of wintry cheer.
 From ruddy children with the snow at play
 Ring peals of laughter gladder than in May,
While friend greets friend with "Happy be
 thy year!"

So would I joy if thou wert by my side,
 So would I laugh if thou couldst laugh with
 me,
But, left alone, in darkness I abide,
 Mocked by a day that shines no more on
 thee.
From this too merry world my heart I hide—
 My New Year dawns not till thy face I see.
—Louise Chandler Moulton in Youth's Companion.

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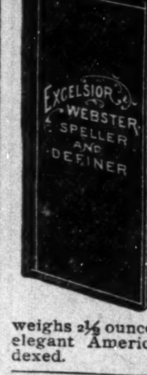

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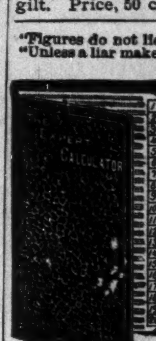

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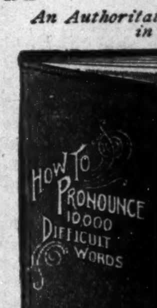

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A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

Without the wind was wailing,
The night was cold and drear;
Within the red logs crackling
Proclaimed the Christmas cheer.

"If Santa Claus would only,"
Said little Bertha, "now
Come down the jet black chimney
With painted doll and cow,

"With elephant and zebra
And scarlet cockatoo,
Rhinoceros and camel
And frog and kangaroo,

"I should be very happy
To see his features sweet."
Her father said, with laughter,
"The logs would burn his feet."

He sent them to the kitchen
And told them that no doubt
Santa'd come down the chimney
When he saw the logs put out.

Then up stairs went the father
A-laughing with delight,
Put on a great fur ulster
And hair and whiskers white.

He brought the toys down with him,
And when they flocked about
He gave them fruit and candies
And laughed to hear them shout.

He gave them toys and kissed them
And sent them up to bed,
That he might join the reindeer
And speed upon the sled.

"The children all are happy,"
Unto his wife said he,
"And we shan't have the bother
Of dressing up that tree.

"Hurrah for all the blessings
That light our cozy ken!
Hurrah for Merry Christmas
And peace unto all men!"

R. K. Munkittrick.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES

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CHAPTER I.

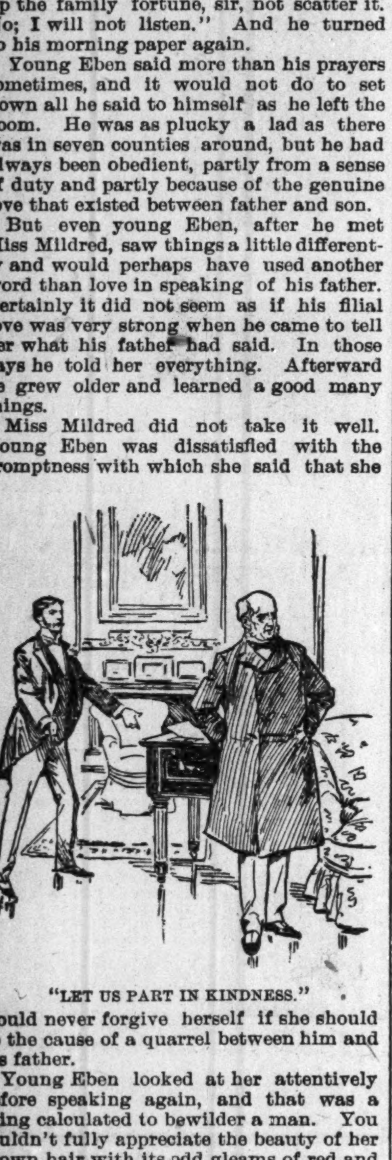
HOW THE FIRST ONE CAME.

"Not another word, sir," said old Eben Withers in his usual decisive manner. "I know nothing about the girl, and I don't desire to, but I do not intend you to marry for some years, and then you are not to choose a penniless bride. You are to build up the family fortune, sir, not scatter it. No; I will not listen." And he turned to his morning paper again.

Young Eben said more than his prayers sometimes, and it would not do to set down all he said to himself as he left the room. He was as plucky a lad as there was in seven counties around, but he had always been obedient, partly from a sense of duty and partly because of the genuine love that existed between father and son.

But even young Eben, after he met Miss Mildred, saw things a little differently and would perhaps have used another word than love in speaking of his father. Certainly it did not seem as if his filial love was very strong when he came to tell her what his father had said. In those days he told her everything. Afterward he grew older and learned a good many things.

Miss Mildred did not take it well. Young Eben was dissatisfied with the promptness with which she said that she



"LET US PART IN KINDNESS."

would never forgive herself if she should be the cause of a quarrel between him and his father.

Young Eben looked at her attentively before speaking again, and that was a thing calculated to bewilder a man. You couldn't fully appreciate the beauty of her brown hair with its odd gleams of red and of gold before you would be admiring her broad low forehead, full in the temples, rounded and symmetrical as it was. Then a flash from her deep, large, hazel eyes would fasten your gaze for a moment, till the perfect complexion and chiseled, classic features would coax it away, and the sweet glory of her face would perplex you so with its multiplicity of charms that you would fall to wondering which of them was most to be desired.

All this beauty, which his father had undertaken to deny to him, without even seeing it, made young Eben desperate. "Then you want me to marry some other woman," he said.

"No, no! Never!" she exclaimed almost wildly as she threw her perfect arms around his neck and began to sob at the thought. Her quick emotions were not the least of her charms.

And that is why she did not take it well. She would, and she wouldn't listen to either side of the question. Young Eben must obey his father, and he must never cease to love her, nor ever marry any one else. And nothing was ever to induce her to waver in any respect. It was delightful—and somewhat perplexing.

"If you won't settle the matter," he said finally, "I will." This, by the way, was what he had intended from the first.

"Settle it, how?" she asked in some alarm.

"By marrying you," he said firmly, "but not just now. I will do nothing rashly."

It must be said that the next few months were pretty hard ones for the boy. He had set himself to wait till he should be of age, the next December, not with the thought of defying his father even then, but because he would render his service loyally to the last day. So time went on. His duty was done at his desk in the counting room so well that his father could not complain, rigid taskmaster though he was. His sweetheart was not neglected, and yet he found time, or made it, to keep up his studies faithfully.

Of course, the birthday came in due time. Birthdays do. In the morning old Eben met him with something like emotion.

"I have looked forward to this day," he said, "as anxiously as you. You have been a good son and I believe you always will be. I am proud of you, and I believe you will live to be proud of yourself. Now that you are a man I want to start you with this. It is yours to do with as you like."

"This" was a check for a small fortune. He took it from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to the young man, who flushed with surprise and perfectly natural pleasure as he looked at it.

"It would be idle, sir, to try to thank you in words for this, or for all your kindness to me all my life," he said. "But I have something else to ask. Even this princely gift of money seems small compared to that."

Old Eben's face darkened. He did not like to hear money spoken of lightly, and it seemed an ungracious speech. However, he spoke kindly and with all sincerity.

"What is it, my son? You are not likely to ask anything that I could refuse today."

"I want you, sir, to reconsider what you said about my marrying. Let me introduce you to the woman"—

The dark face grew rigid. "Let us understand this now," said the father interrupting. "I insist upon your obedience so long as I play the part of a father. I have no legal claim, I know"—

"Don't talk of a legal claim, father," said the son, interrupting in his turn.

"Very well. It is not a claim, but I am still your father, and so long as you continue in my home you are my son. Let me hear no more of this folly. I will never consent to this marriage. Do you understand?"

"I do, God help me!" exclaimed young Eben. "And you must understand me also. I shall certainly marry the girl I love, and I do not change, sir, any more than you. I will obey you in all else, but not in that."

"Then we may as well part now," said old Eben, stung beyond endurance by the first defiant words he had ever listened to. "You can have no claim on me henceforth."

"If we part," said the lad, his voice breaking, "let us part in kindness at least. I ask for nothing more." And he stepped forward with his hands outstretched.

But the other drew back. "I said you had no claim on me. My kindness was for my son, not for an ingrate. Obey me and everything shall be as it was. If not, go now."

With a despairing gesture the young man turned away, but his father spoke again. "Stop a moment," he said. "You have forgotten your check." And he pointed to where young Eben had dropped it on the table. "I gave you that, sir, before you had defied me. It is still yours."

"I cannot take it, father," said young Eben, with some spirit, though not defiantly. "You would not give it to me now, and I cannot receive what does not come from your hearty good will."

"As you choose," said his father. "I certainly would not give it to you now."

And after the young man left the room he picked up the slip of paper and tore it in bits before throwing it into the fire. Then, seating himself at the table, he rang for his breakfast. When it was brought, however, he sat for an hour looking straight before him and finally, leaving it untouched, he arose and went to his office.

"God help your poor father," said Mildred as she nestled in young Eben's arms in the shelter of their new home the night before Christmas.

"Amen!" said young Eben. "He is poor indeed in his loneliness, but I never can cease loving him."

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE SECOND ONE WENT.

It was a bright, happy year for the youngsters, contrary to the laws of fiction, for they had love and hope and hard work to fill the time and good common sense to guide them, but old Eben had never relented, and there was a shadow over the little home, happy as it was. One evening late in the year young Eben had come home from his work and settled himself, as his habit was, to study, when he was suddenly interrupted.

"I want to talk a little while," said Mildred, pulling his book away and seating herself on his knee.

"Good," said young Eben, smiling, "but you must pay for my time."

But after she had done that very satisfactorily with a kiss she sat for a long time with her head on his shoulder, saying nothing till at length he said, "I thought you wanted to talk to me, dear?"

Still she was silent a moment, as if it were hard to begin. Then she said, "What would you like best for a Christmas present?"

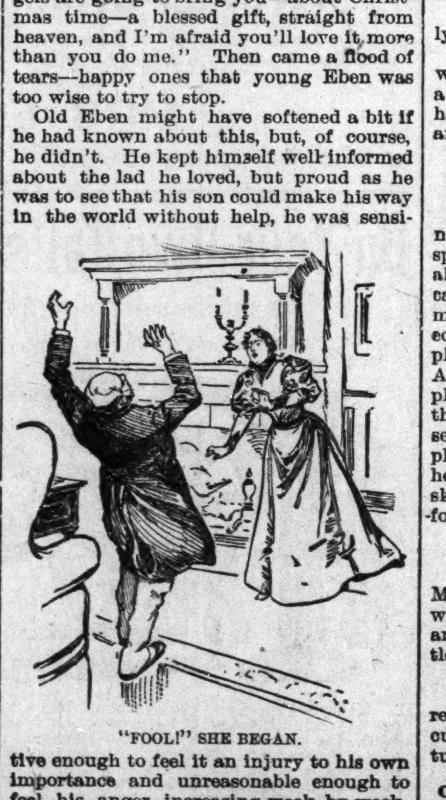
Young Eben laughed. "It's some time to Christmas yet," he said. "I hadn't thought. Besides you gave me the most precious gift in the world last Christmas. Anything else would seem very small after that."

"How lovely to say that!" she exclaimed, kissing him again. "And to say it as if you meant it. But that is just what I am afraid of."

This was bewildering. "What are you afraid of?" asked young Eben.

"I think"—she faltered, "that the angels are going to bring you—about Christmas time—a blessed gift, straight from heaven, and I'm afraid you'll love it more than you do me." Then came a flood of tears—happy ones that young Eben was too wise to try to stop.

Old Eben might have softened a bit if he had known about this, but, of course, he didn't. He kept himself well-informed about the lad he loved, but proud as he was to see that his son could make his way in the world without help, he was sensi-



"FOOL!" SHE BEGAN.

tive enough to feel it an injury to his own importance and unreasonable enough to feel his anger increasing week by week. One day when he was more incensed than usual he made a will leaving all his fortune to a distant cousin, Alice Withers, who had come to keep house for him.

When he told her about it that night, a gleam of triumph came in her narrow eyes. It was what she had hoped and schemed for, but her face was grave, and her voice steady, as she spoke in reply:

"You are doing too much for me, Cousin Eben," she said. "I have done nothing to deserve such kindness, and, pardon me for saying it, you are doing a cruel injustice to your son."

It was a crafty speech, for she knew that the old man would resent the charge of injustice, and her eyes flashed again when he said harshly, "I have no son. I had one, but he left me. Never mention him again."

And so the breach seemed hopeless, but Christmas was coming again, and strange magic is working everywhere in the Christmas season, softening men's hearts and quickening all impulses to peace and good will. As the year drew to a close old Eben grew weaker and more infirm. Day after day he sat alone, careless of his business, thinking always of his ruined hopes and eating his heart. On young Eben's birthday he shut himself in his room and would see no one, but he was harder than ever next day.

Nothing moved him till that strange magic of Christmastide came. Here, there and everywhere it worked, penetrating

HE LOOKED TO SEE WHAT IT MIGHT BE.

even old Eben's mansion, despite the barred doors, and reaching his stony heart as he sat thinking of his well beloved son, and of the wife of his youth, so long dead.

It was another stormy Christmas eve. Suddenly he rang for a servant and sent for his lawyer in haste and within an hour he sat alone again, looking with a happy smile at the new will he had made. "I will go to my son in the morning," he said to himself, "and we will have a happy Christmas once more."

Smiling tenderly, he fell asleep in his armchair in front of the great open fireplace, where the flames were roaring up the chimney. After a time he awoke with a start.

Between him and the fire stood Alice, reading the will he had just made. She was furious with rage as he saw at a glance, and just as he started she was about to tear the document in two.

With an angry cry he leaped forward, his indignation giving him a strength he had not felt for months. His cry startled her, and with a quick movement she cast the paper into the flames before he could reach her. Then with a mocking laugh she turned toward him.

"Fool!" she began. "Do you think"—

And then she stopped. The shock had been too much for the old man, and he fell on the floor before her insensible.

That night in young Eben's cottage there came a feeble wail, telling that a new born soul had flown in through the storm to the warm shelter of a happy mother's arms. All was well, the nurse said as she brought the lusty man child out, for Eben to see, and the young father's heart was moved with a great yearning. It must not be, he thought, that there should be any anger or hatred any more in the world. Whatever lay in his power he would do to bring peace.

So, when the first excitement was over and he was told that Mildred was asleep and must not be disturbed, he buttoned himself in his greatcoat and set out in the storm to seek his father's house and ask once more for his love.

The wind buffeted him, and he laughed. The driving snow beat upon him, and he shook it off lightly. Suddenly a paper fluttered along on the gale and struck him in the face, and he instinctively reached up and caught it. Then, stepping under a light, he looked to see what it might be.

Here was magic, if you please. The will that Alice had thrown into the flames had been caught in the roaring draft of the old fashioned chimney and had been carried by the spirit of Christmas straight to the hands of the heir. It was scorched a little, but not injured.

Young Eben glanced through it and then noted the date, and with a glad shout sprang forward again. At his father's door Alice met and would have stopped him, but he pushed her aside with a laugh and went straight to the old man's room.

There lay old Eben, weak from his fainting fit, but little the worse for it.

"My son! My son!" he cried out eagerly. "Now I can die in peace."

"Die nothing!" exclaimed young Eben, with a cheery laugh. "God has sent you a grandson and a son tonight. You'll have many a merry Chirstmas yet with me and mine."

And so it was. David A. Curtis.

Carving the Christmas Goose.

One must learn, first of all, to carve neatly, without scattering crumbs or splashing gravy over the cloth or platter; also to cut straight, uniform slices. Be careful to divide the material in such a manner that each person may be served equally well. Lay each portion on the plate with the browned or best side up. An essential to easy carving is that the platter be large enough to hold not merely the fowl or joint while whole, but also the several portions as they are detached. The platter should be placed near the carver so he may easily reach any part of it. All skewers and strings should be removed before the dish is brought to the table.

Measure For Measure.

Gladys—What a horrid, rude thing that Mr. Flirtmash is! He stole six kisses while I was standing under a holly wreath and claimed he thought the holly was mistletoe.

Edna—What did you do about it?

Gladys—Do? I did what any other self respecting girl would do under the circumstances—I made the horrid thing return every one of them.

Christmas Church Decorations In Italy.

More attention is paid to Christmas decoration of the churches in Italy perhaps than in any other country. On Christmas eve the young men and women assemble at the churches and spend hours in making them beautiful. At midnight a mass is said, and after this a toothsome collation is served to the youthful workers and there are singing and playing upon musical instruments.

A NEW YEAR'S CHESTNUT.

Proper Beginning and End of a Century. The Christian Era.

Of course an article about the beginning of the year could not be written without some reference to that venerable and tiresome controversy as to the proper beginning and end of a century. In other words, will the year 1900 belong to the nineteenth century or to the twentieth? A little thought will give a clear answer to that question. The first year of the Christian era is known in history as the year 1 and not as the year 0. Therefore the first century began with the year 1 and ended with the year 100. The second century began with the year 101 and ended with the year 200. The nineteenth century began with the year 1801 and will end on Dec. 31, 1900. And therefore the twentieth century will begin on Jan. 1, 1901. This is said by somebody at the beginning of every year, but there seems always to be just as urgent a need of saying it.

Speaking of the Christian era, it may be well to say that it was not in use for a long time after the birth of Christ. It was suggested in the sixth century by a monk named Denys, surnamed the Little, who lived in Rome and who, it may be observed, would go by the name of Dennis Little if he were living today. His suggestion was not adopted until the year 800 and then by order of Charlemagne after his coronation. But in the calculations of Denys adopted at this time there was an error of four years, which is perpetuated in our present date, the year 1892 being properly the year 1896. It is manifestly impossible to correct the error now, and besides it is not a matter of any real importance when our era began, the main thing being that every one should agree on one date for it. Besides the civil year and the solar year there are the lunar year and the ecclesiastical year.

The lunar year consists of 12 lunar months, or 354 days, and is in use among the Jews and Mohammedans. The ecclesiastical calendar is luni solar, being regulated partly by the solar and partly by the lunar year. The Hebrew calendar is dated from the creation, which is considered to have taken place 3,760 years and 3 months before the Christian era. The Jewish year is luni solar and consists of 12 or 13 lunar months, each of which has 29 or 30 days. The first year is called ordinary and consists of 354 days. The other year is called embolismic and contains 384 days. In both it is sometimes made a day more and sometimes a day less in order that certain festivals may fall on proper days of the week. The Mohammedan era is dated from the flight (hegira) of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, which was in the night of Thursday, July 15, A. D. 622.—New York Tribune.

New Year's Customs In Wales.

One of the most universal of all New Year's customs among the Welsh people, and one around which there cluster more popular superstitions that are to be found associated with any other, is that of having a bonfire lighted by each household at nightfall on New Year's eve. This was done by both the Celtic and Germanic nations many centuries ago, and the quaint ideas and superstitions which the Welsh peasantry associate with the custom are derived from those peoples and have lost nothing in the ages that have elapsed since it was first practiced.

The Welsh invest the fires which they light on New Year's eve with a peculiarly sacred character. They intend these fires both to light the spirit of the old year on its passage and to greet with cheerful welcome the coming of the new. In proportion as these fires are large and bright or small and dull, as they are kindled readily or with difficulty and as they burn slowly or briskly, so, it is said, will be the happiness or unhappiness, the good or ill fortune, of the household to which the fire belongs. Should a New Year's eve fire die out from any cause before the hour of midnight it is regarded as a certain precursor of death and disaster.—New York World.

The Frenchman's New Year's Dinner.

Turkey and truffles is the great dish for a stylish New Year's dinner. The truffles are steeped in madeira wine, and after being sliced are inserted between the skin and the meat of this luscious fowl. This, however, is a luxury which only the rich can enjoy in France. Among the peasants the new year is pig killing time, and a little pork is the peasant's special relish for the New Year's dinner. But whatever the fare on the table there is always good feeling in the heart and always plenty of good company at the fireside. Not only must the members of the household sit down together on New Year's day, but, if possible, the relatives must be gathered in, even to the most distant cousin, and one of the very happiest of all the New Year's custom is that which seizes upon the day as a suitable time for healing the breaches of friendship and for smoking the pipe of peace over quarrels which have divided families.—Indianapolis Journal.

New Year's Superstitions.

One thing that makes business good for the dealers in crockery is that when a servant breaks a piece of crockery she must immediately and willfully break another piece in order to destroy the spell. When the housewife drops her dishcloth, she will surely have company that day, and the same rule applies if she drops a fork and the tines hold it to the floor, but in this case the visitor will be a gentleman. Should she without premeditation place either two knives, forks or spoons at one plate or give two spoons with one cup or bowl the person receiving them will be married within a year. Place the wishbone of a fowl over a door, and the first one who enters under the bone will be the first in the house to be married.—Exchange.

Merrymaking In Russia.

Russia celebrates New Year's during the "twelve days' festival," which includes Christmas. It is universally observed by visiting, feasting and merrymaking. In the country houses parties prevail, the honor of being the host passing in rotation through the neighborhood. The custom of opening the door at midnight to let the old year out and the new one in is not confined to any one nation. It is sometimes done in this country.—Exchange.

New Year's Thoughts.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who knit wristlets for presents?—Atchison Globe.

The husband has one consolation as he pays his bills—the wind has been tempered to the shorn.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you would have your sweetheart remember you forever, send her a present that costs only a nickel.—Galveston News.

New Year's would be more thoroughly enjoyed if it didn't always come at the busiest time of the year.—Elmira Gazette.

Even if "swearing off" is followed by a relapse, it is better than a chain of habit with unbroken links.—Milwaukee Journal.

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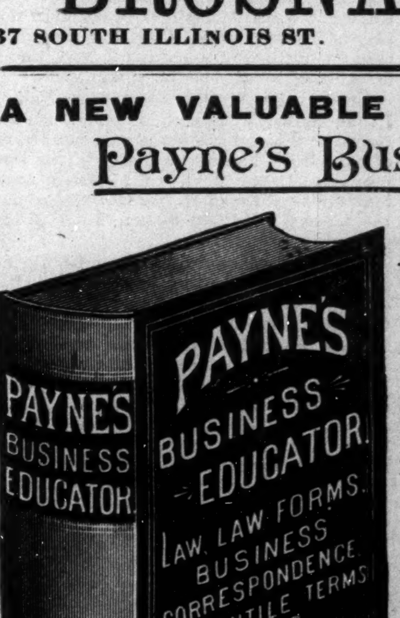

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CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

HISTORY OF THE PRESIDING PLANT OF A JOYFUL SEASON.

Its Use In Decoration of Great Antiquity. Sprigs Used In Churches Supposed to Bring Good Luck—Mistletoe of the Druids—Why Holly Berries Are Red.

Holly belongs to that evergreen flora which antedates the glacial period in this northern hemisphere. It is a plant which possesses vigor enough to stand by its ancestral habits, rather than conform to the deciduous customs of a newer generation which owes its prosperity to its time serving propensity. It is one of the genus ilex, some of which, like members of the "ancient regime" of France, have adopted plebeian habits and have begun to shed their leaves annually. No less than 150 species make up the genus, and only a minority now inhabit what is at present called the temperate zone. The majority are found in the tropical regions of Asia and America. Europe possesses one sole survivor of that miocene flora which resembled the forms now met with in Asiatic and South American forests. This is the well known European holly. The United States of America has at least ten representatives, six of which have conformed to the deciduous habits of recent times. Only one of these, however, concerns us now, and that one is called the American holly. The European holly is Ilex aquifolium; the American holly is Ilex opaca. Doubtless it was the former of these which was invested with the right to preside over the decorations of the Christmas feast, but that honor has rightfully been transferred on this side of the Atlantic to the latter form, although the leaves of opaca are not so glossy, nor its berries so brilliantly scarlet, as those of its sister plant.

The use of holly in Christmas decoration is of great antiquity, and probably is merely a continuation of the Roman customs of pre-Christmas times, for it was held by Rome in such esteem that wreaths of holly were used as symbols of congratulation at weddings. The ancient Teutons also hung up branches of evergreens—of which holly was the commonest—in their houses, as places of shelter for the sylvan spirits during the cold weather. It was natural, therefore, that when Christians began to decorate home and church for their religious festivals they should use the plants they had been accustomed to in other days. It was in this way doubtless that certain plants became associated with certain seasons. Holly and ivy apparently were accepted without reservation, and their use became universal, and now a celebration of Christmas without one or both of these would be an anomaly.

Some plants do not seem to have been accepted with equal favor. There is the "baleful" mistletoe, provocative of the dangerous habit of kissing, which the doctors are trying to break up by disclosing what terrible microbes are communicable in the operation. To quote the *historian* of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall: "On reaching the church porch we found the parson rebuking the gray headed sexton for having used mistletoe among the greens with which the church was decorated. It was, he observed, an unholy plant, profane by having been used by the Druids in their mystic ceremonies, and though it might be innocently employed in the festive ornamenting of halls and kitchens, yet it had been deemed by the fathers of the church as unhallowed and totally unfit for sacred purposes. So tenacious was he on this point that the poor sexton was obliged to strip down a great part of the humble trophies of his taste before the parson would consent to enter upon the service of the day." So the mistletoe, sacred among the Druids, is rejected, but ivy, sacred to Bacchus, is accepted.

Holly which has been used for the decoration of churches is highly valued in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, and a small piece with its scarlet berries is treasured because it is supposed to bring good luck for the ensuing year. In Rutland, another English county, they say it is unlucky to bring any holly at all into the house before Christmas eve. Some varieties of European holly are much more prickly than others. The smooth are called "she holly" and the prickly "he holly." According as one or other predominated in the decoration, say the wise in such matters, so the wife or husband will rule the house during the year. A careful selection by the husband might be beneficial, but then again he might be circumvented as the man was at the well of St. Keyne in Cornwall.

The evergreen habit of the holly has given point to a Scotch proverb which defines an inveterate liar as one "who only tells lees when the hollin is green."

And why are the berries red? Ah, thereby hangs a beautiful tale of adaptation. They are red to entice the birds, so that dispersion and distribution may be attained. But we have said enough about our "sprig of holly" and trust that its efficacy at "merrie Christmas" will be none the less because we have brightened up the knowledge of its history.—New York Post.

Ben Jonson's Opinion of Christmas.

Any man or woman that can give any knowledge or tell any tidings of an old, old, very old, gray bearded gentleman, called Christmas, who was wont to be a verie familiar guest, and visite all sorts of people, both pore and rich, and had ringing, feasts and jollitie in all places, both in the citie and countrie, for his comming: whosoevere can tel what is become of him, or where he may be found, let them bring him back againe into England.—Ben Jonson.

Hail, Christmas!

Hail, Father Christmas! Hail to thee!
Honored ever shalt thou be.
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures wait on those
Who like vessels brave and true
Give to Christmas homage due!
—Old Carol.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Josephine E. Ghant, Birmingham, Alabama.

Name is derived from the latin (nomen) and is the term by which we distinguish persons and things.

In the past more attention was given to the meaning than now. If persons become famous they are more generally known by the surname. Names become known as their owners rise to fame. One name may be uttered and mean nothing while another will awaken most intense interest. The whole countenance is illumined, the eyes sparkle with eager excitment because of the achievements of him who bears it. For instance we may mention Tom Brown without effecting any perceptible change upon our hearers, but when Cæsar, Cicero, Demosthenes, Washington or our own Douglass is heard we give a most willing audience. Names have life in proportion to activity and worth of those who bear them. Homer still speaks to us through the ages, and Lowell truly said: "We may still lunch with Plutarch and sup with Plato." We revere the names of these on account of their works, which have proven them to be noble and truly grand. The real name is in the work.

If you would please the Greek mention Socrates or Homer; the Roman, Cicero or Virgil; the French, Napoleon; the English, Cromwell; Euro-American, Washington; the Afro-American, Douglass. Not that these men are not admired by every civilized nation but a parent loves its own child best. In using the word or name Afro-American I may, perhaps, render myself culpable, but since the name does'nt make the person perhaps I may be pardoned.

Most people retain the name of the mother country or assume that of the one they make their home, or combine the two. Foreigners, as soon as they become naturalized, become American citizens. It matters not whether Irish, Scotch or French. It seems time wasted in deciding upon a name. We are American citizens—that should suffice. We are now devided by modern nomenclators, into three classes—Afro-Americans, colored and blacks. While the contention is going on as to what our name shall be (a matter of little or no importance) we are being elbowed and pushed aside, and others are striding far ahead of us. Before we so covet a name let us give the original one prestige, by digging from around its roots the soil of degradation and ignorance and place it in the land of knowledge, virtue and truth. That the freedmen of the United States spent the most of the time in managing and assorting themselves according to their various colors will not be a complimentary bit of history a century hence. Abraham Lincoln was but a country lad, the same as John Jones or James White, yet the name of Lincoln is on every tongue. Jones and White are still obscure. The virtue is not in the name but the man.

Many who can not gain for themselves sufficient recognition have but to represent themselves from some leading city as New York, Boston or Washington and he is almost instantly received with open arms. He may be a clever swindler, no thought is given to that, the name has wrought the desired effect. Titles are even more influential, count, baron, prince, duke will admit one to the circles of the 400 at once, all else is taken for granted, the castles, estates, diamonds and vaults notwithstanding. To descend in the scale, Prof. Dr. and Lawyer are not to be despised.

The best means of knowing a person is to ascertain character first. A person of good repute alone is better than one of ill-repute with wealth and titles. An unblemished character is the only real and lasting wealth, and from such only can we obtain happiness. Virtue is the crowning point of success.

It is to be lamented that so many of our writers make their first best work the last. One single work gains for them a world wide fame and instead of the subsequent ones equaling or excelling they are inferior. There is seldom but one master-piece. Money gains the ascendency. The same is true of our orators, some one speech will make them famous and those who are not fortunate in hearing that one in particular are disappointed in those afterward. Egotism steps in, more often money crushes the finer nature. It is better to climb the hill of fame gradually than to reach the heights at one bound and fall almost precipitously.

It was said of Emerson that a course of new lectures by him was like the foreboding of springs to his friends. They always knew what to expect from him, and yet what he said always penetrated and stirred them as only genius could in a very unlooked for fashion. His masterpiece was a continued story about the same persons and things but in different phases. A name may, in a way, embody the whole man or it may only fill the office of an appellation

Talmage says that he sought in vain for a title of nobility in his ancestral line but could find nothing save that they were a good and pious people. A Talmage was the product. The name equals the man. Guiteau means to us a murderer, an assassin. Washington a father.

A man may be likened to marble in a quarry, in the hands of some, it may undergo no change, while in those of others it is as if it were in the master hand of a sculptor, who with the aid of his chisel and hammer, produces a human form the perfection of which a goddess might envy. God has given us chisels and hammers let us use them to a purpose.

LIGHTING THE YULETIDE LOG.

An Old English Custom That Has Not Entirely Disappeared.

A custom at one time prevalent in England, and still observed in some of the northern districts of the old country, is that of placing an immense log of wood—sometimes the root of a great tree—in the wide chimney place. This log is often called the Yule log, and it was on Christmas eve that it was put on the wide hearth. Around it would gather the entire family, and its entrance was the occasion of a great deal of ceremony. There was music and rejoicing, while the one authorized to light it was obliged to have clean hands.

It was always lighted with a brand left over from the log of the previous year, which had been carefully preserved for the purpose. A poet sings of it in this way:

With the last yeere's brand
Light the new block and
For good success in his spending
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

The Yule log was supposed to be a protection against evil spirits, and it was considered a bad omen if the fire went out before the evening was over. The family and guests used to seat themselves in front of the brightly burning fire, and many a story and merry jest went round the happy group.—Selected.

HOW TO WRAP THE PRESENTS.

A Little Care In This Matter Adds Much to the Simplest Gift.

Several spools of narrow colored ribbon, a package of smooth white tissue paper and a ball of gold cord are among the first essentials for the happy season now at hand to those who intend making more than two or three presents. Christmas gifts are different from birthday, souvenir and wedding offerings. They are appreciated, as a rule, for the feeling existing toward the person who bestows them and are valued in proportion to the intensity of this feeling and the impression they make when first received.

No gifts, no matter what their intrinsic value, make a more lasting or a more satisfactory first impression than those done up in a neat little shroud of white tissue paper tied with a bow of delicately tinted ribbon. Even a pair of galoches rolled up in a smooth, soft sheet of pearl white or cream white tissue paper, with its ends held by dainty little knots of gold cord, seem to possess a greater value, both as to their vitality and money value, than if done up in a piece of common brown wrapping paper or even a cardboard box.—Selected.

A Legend of the Mistletoe.

A myth of the middle ages says that before the crucifixion of Christ the mistletoe was a forest tree; but, owing to its supplying the wood for the cross, it fell into disgrace and became a mere parasite as a lasting memorial of its ignominious use.

If from folklore and myth we turn to philology, we find another point of interest in this associate of the Christmas feast. Its name consists of two words, "misle" and "toe." The former of these comes from "mist," an Anglo Saxon root which had different meanings—mist, gloom, darkness, the meaning now used by the former in "mistle," and in old Dutch glue or bird lime. In "toe" a final n is dropped, and the syllable represents the Anglo-Saxon "tan," a twig, so that the whole word is equivalent to bird lime twig and is so called from the viscid matter which surrounds the seed within the berry.

The Christmas Tree.

After all has been said and done, Christmas is not Christmas without a Christmas tree. You may omit the holly, even the mistletoe, but the Christmas tree is as essential an attribute to a "real live" Yuletide as the turkey or plum pudding. In humble households the turkey is often missing. Of necessity it must give place to a more plebeian chicken, and the pudding to a "store" mince pie, or something of that kind. Yet no one can demur, for how could any one dare to be hypercritical on Christmas day? But take away the tree, and every child in the household will pronounce this feast of feasts a dismal, melancholy failure.—Home and Country.

The Three Kings of the East.

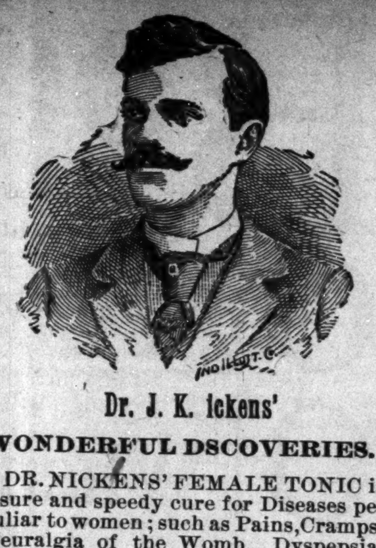
The story of the magi, or "Three Kings of the East," belongs, of course, to Christmastide, and the adoration of the wise men formed a favorite scene in early English mysteries. In the legend the three kings are called Melchoir, who was old, with gray hair and beard, and who offered gold to the infant Saviour; Jasper, who was young, and presented frankincense, while Balthasar, of dark complexion, with dark, flowing beard, brought myrrh. The star which guided them had the form of a radiant child bearing a cross.—Exchange.

Long Live Santa Claus!

Long may Santa Claus continue to pour his toys into children's socks on Christmas eve, to astonish them with his chubby face and his woolly head, and to puzzle and delight them by his unerring knowledge of their tastes and wants. May misfortune fall upon the scientist who succeeds in demolishing the Santa Claus theory.—Toronto Globe.

Cheer For the Needy Neighbor.

Now that the presents for the children are purchased it would be the right thing for the head of every family who can afford it to ask if in his circle of acquaintance there is not some family that must go without Christmas cheer this year unless he provides it.—Philadelphia Times.



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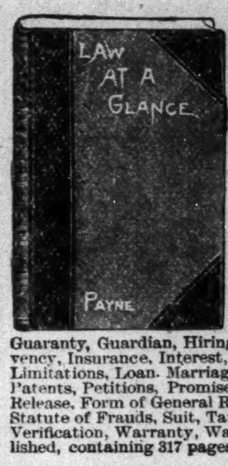

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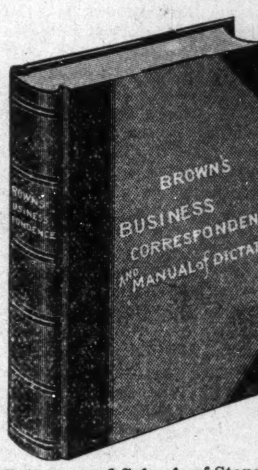

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OLD TIME NEW YEAR'S

QUAINT HOLIDAY CUSTOMS OF DAYS LONG GONE.

In Castle, Hall and Cottage Good Fellowship Reigned—The Practice of Exchanging Gifts Was Common—Passing the Wassail Bowl of Home Brewed Ale.

New Year's day in former times was one of the three important holidays of the Christmas festival, and up to the close of the eighteenth century was the occasion of many ancient and popular observances.

The holiday season in England, and throughout Christendom as well, extended from Christmas eve until Twelfth day, according to the decree of good King Alfred, who ordained that "for 12 days after the Saviour's nativity festival should be made." The 1st of January was also marked on the calendar as the feast of the circumcision, but the religious aspect of the day was lost sight of in the wholesale abandonment of all classes to mirth and revelry. The genial wassail bowl reached the zenith of its reign of good fellowship on New Year's eve. In castle, hall and cottage the jovial companies of assembled guests and relatives never failed to pledge each right heartily in deep potations of the steaming, savory compound passed along from lip to lip. As its prime ingredient was honest home brewed ale, the sturdy English stomach could stand an enormous quantity of it no doubt.

This is also one of the most ancient of English customs and dates back to the remote period of the Saxons. The history of its origin has been duly recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The Saxon Hengist gave a grand banquet in honor of the British King Voltigern. When the wine was brought in, Hengist commanded his daughter, the beautiful Rowena, to pledge their august guest. The maiden blushingly assented and raising the flagon to her rosy lips cried, "Wass-heil, a health to thee." Whereupon Voltigern arose, and taking the vessel from Rowena's hands responded, "Drinc-heil," and "kissed her hale lips and placed her by his side."

Wassail was often spoken of as "lamb's wool" by the old poets. Bands of maidens would go from door to door on New Year's eve bearing the empty bowl and singing songs in suppliance of the wherewithal to make it full. In Scotland, at the sound of 12, each member of the family party would quaff a full bumper of "hot pint" and wish the others a happy New Year and many of them. Then it was customary for the elders to sally out with a hot kettle, bread and cheese, etc., and pay visits of greeting to the neighbors. The first party to enter a house were called the "first foot" and were warmly welcomed, as their arrival in that capacity presaged good luck. Much generous rivalry ensued, and from midnight to 1 o'clock the streets were fairly swarming with would be "first footers." The custom was still prevalent in Scott's day.

The wassail bowl was an important feature of the abbot's feast in the monasteries on New Year's day, being known as the poculum caritatis. The "loving cup" of the London corporation banquets seems to have been suggested by the wassail custom.

Ages before the Christmas tree idea had been borrowed from Germany during Victoria's reign the custom of exchanging presents was peculiar to New Year's day, as it is now in France and many other parts of Europe. The Romans were in the habit of interchanging gifts at the time of the Saturnalia, and here again Christianity has to thank paganism for one of the most delightful observances of the holiday season. After January and February were added to the ten months of the Roman calendar it was specially decreed by Tiberius that no exchange of gifts should take place in the calends of January. Senators were expected to bring handsome presents to the palace.

As early as the reign of Henry III we read of the handsome purses of gold annually given by the courtiers, etc., to their royal master. Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to receiving gifts of fabulous value besides money. Nobles and ladies of high degree, bishops and officers of state, not to mention the menials of the household, all contributed the best they could afford to their luxurious and exacting mistress. It is recorded on the annual roll that in 1571-2 the Earl of Leicester gave an exquisite bracelet of gold richly incrusted with diamonds, rubies and pearls and the archbishops of Canterbury and York purses of gold of the value of £40 and £30 respectively. The master cook's offering consisted of confectionery; that of the cutler was a meat knife with a conceit in the haft, while Smyth, the dustman, presented two bolts of cambric. Dr. Drake says that Elizabeth made some return, usually of gilt plate, but the balance was always in her favor. This "tipping" of royalty continued until the time of Charles I.

In the "Banquet of Jests" (1634) occurs this pathetic tale of Archee, the king's jester: Meeting a certain wealthy nobleman on New Year's morning, the privileged person bade him a most elaborate "good morrow" and soon had the pleasure of seeing 20 gold pieces jingling in his palm. The avaricious Archee, however, wanted more, saying that the 20 pieces were lacking in weight. The nobleman remarked, "Prithee, let me see them again, for there is one I would be loath to part with, methinks." Archee, confidently expecting an increase, gave the coins back. His lordship proceeded quietly on his way, remarking, "I once gave money into a fool's hands who had not the wit to keep it."

Families exchanged gifts among themselves, and masters always remembered servants. The Eton boys usually gave purses of money to the provost and masters.

An old writer of nearly two centuries ago expressed the New Year's sentiment of his time in the following amiable manner: "If I send a New Year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy and give praise and adoration to the giver of all good gifts."

Among the ancient and curious New Year's customs was one observed in Westmoreland and Cumberland. Crowds would assemble in market places in the morning provided with "stangs" (long staffs) and baskets. Whoever refused to join the throng was haled to the public house without ceremony. The men were forced to straddle the stangs, and the women were placed in baskets. Nothing less than a sixpence served to liberate the prisoners finally. A "stang," or cowl staff, was pressed into service after Falstaff was bundled into the clothesbasket by Mistress Ford.—New York Times.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

The Custom of Calling Was General In New York on New Year's.

A passage in "Stuart's North America," which was published 50 years ago, is interesting as descriptive of New Year's day in New York city at that time. He expresses the greatest surprise at the unusually crowded condition of the streets with people who were all intent upon making calls. All descriptions of persons were visiting each other's houses, and even if staying but a moment they scrupulously fulfilled their self imposed tasks. Cold meat, cake, confectioneries and wines were laid out upon the tables, so that all callers might partake.

The inference drawn by the writer was that those friends who did not call on the first day of the year were not very anxious to continue their acquaintanceship. The limitations to this rule appear to have puzzled Mr. Stuart, for after endeavoring to have them explained he seems to have abandoned the effort and to have contented himself with stating that the practice of calling was very general indeed.

The old fashioned method in vogue in this city was for the ladies of a family to remain at home, much as they do now, while the gentlemen were all abroad. The visitor entered, shook hands, took a seat, conversed for a moment or two, and after partaking of refreshments, of which boned turkey and pickled oysters were the staple dishes and sherry and whisky the most popular drinks, had another handshaking and so terminated his visit.

The custom is of Dutch origin, and, like many other Dutch customs, has a salutary influence on friendly intercourse and home interests. With them the first day of the year was considered a day of kindness and reconciliation, on which all petty divergencies of opinion are forgotten and small injuries forgiven. Between friends misunderstandings will arise, and from a small sense of pride concessions on one or both sides are neglected or declined, and families otherwise in harmony are permanently estranged. On New Year's day, where good feeling obtains an ascendency over obstinacy, a call from one or other of the husbands causes all old grievances to be forgotten.—Exchange.

A DREARY NEW YEAR'S.

Dark Days That Preceded the Memorable Battle of Princeton.

It was a very dreary New Year's day, for when General Washington sent out six Philadelphia light infantrymen under Colonel Reed to patrol the country they returned with the information that Lord Cornwallis was marching toward them with 7,000 or 8,000 men. This was confirmed by other reports, and finally the news came that General Howe was on the march with 1,000 troops, having arrived at Amboy. Washington's situation was critical. What could he do? To retreat was to frighten his men and therefore to surrender. To remain hemmed in by the British was impossible unless re-enforced. After several hours of deep thought the noble general sends two messengers at post speed to General Cadwalader at Crosswick's and to General Mifflin at Bordentown, bidding them join him with their forces. It is a desperate command, but it is the only hope, and now he must wait in patience.

I fancy his thoughts must have cut quickly through the air on swiftest wings to a certain low stone house that crowns a rolling hill above a shining river, and fondest memories come to mind to pain and delight the resolute soldier under his calm mask. The day would have been spent very differently there, amid the pleasures of an aristocratic southern home, and for all of this a fresher, keener sense must have been felt during the dreary hours of encampment. This had been a terrible day to begin the fresh scroll of time, and now he must endure the hours of suspense. Toward evening the happy news came that General Cadwalader and General Mifflin were advancing, and before night closed in the main army was increased by the addition of more than 3,000 men. Almost simultaneously came a gift from Robert Morris—the sum of $50,000.

With money and fresh troops for a New Year's gift to General Washington there dawned upon him hope and inspiration that resulted, two days afterward, in the victorious battle of Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.—Exchange.

New Year's In Old New York.

In olden times ladies expended their chief care upon loading their New Year's tables. As an example of the masses of provisions exhibited we are told of a family of Dutch descent who prepared every New Year's day a table of astounding profusion. There were usually four turkeys of enormous size upon it, and there were two vessels of pickled oysters, which must have contained about half a barrel each. There were rounds of beef roasted and boiled and huge masses of a Dutch compound called "headcheese" built up into architectural forms and decorated with parsley. The mince pies, turnovers, tarts and New Year's cakes were exhibited in mounds and incredible fantastic heaps.

Besides the food on the tables there was provision made down stairs for supplying hot oysters in various forms, with hot coffee and (if the truth must be told) with hot punch.

There was an immense bowl of cold punch of potent composition standing in the room and kept replenished from 10 in the morning until midnight.—Philadelphia Times.

Parisian New Year's.

Visiting cards to your entire list, even to those that you never think of on another day, kisses on each cheek to those that you do meet and sugar plums galore, with or without other gifts, are distinguishing marks of the Parisians' New Year's. The sweetmeats take every conceivable form, says a letter from the other side. "In the windows there are monkeys and baboons in chocolate, cats, dogs, pigs and doll millinery in tinted cream; sugar lilies, roses and orchids; even cabbages, carrots, turnips, onions and asparagus incredibly natural, and all of which, when their crisp outer crusts are bitten into, will send down the delighted throat streams of cordial. Even men relatives and friends exchange satin bags of chocolate or caramels."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Passing Year.

He is passing in the midnight
  With our follies and our sin.
Lord! oh, consecrate the moments
  Of the days that now begin;
As the snow so whitely lying
  Is the New Year, still untrod;
Keep it pure from marring footsteps
  Ere we render it to God.

He is passing with his burden
  Of the days that are no more,
He is passing to the palace
  Where the angels guard the door,
He will bear it to the Master,
  He will leave it there with him,
Mid the flashing constellation
  Of the radiant cherubim.

—Selected.

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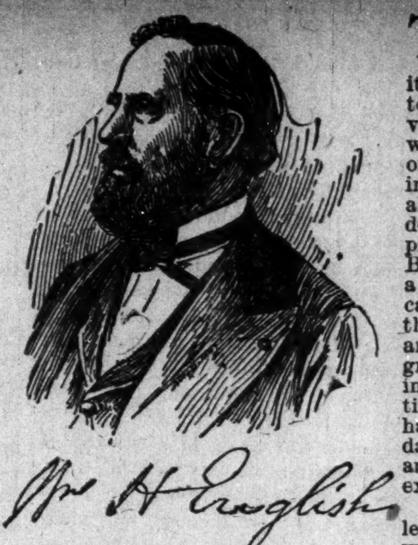

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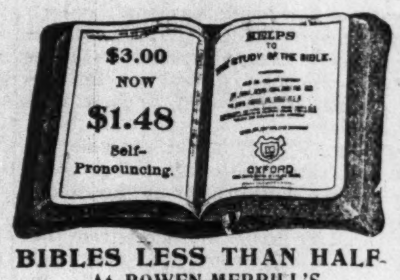

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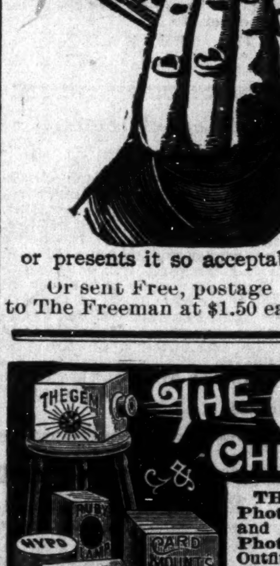

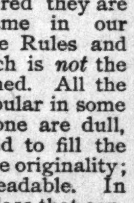

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CHRISTMAS IN LIBBY.

MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN RECOUNTS HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

Christmas of the Awful Battle Year of 1863—A Touching Incident of the War. The Captain's Death at Midnight—Momentous Times Recalled.

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The James river, at the back of the prison, was locked with ice, and the snow, falling steadily outside and swept in by the cutting wind through the iron barred, glassless windows, did not lighten the gloom in the six long, black rooms, where the ragged prisoners tramped to keep warm, and thought as they tramped of the dear ones in homes far beyond the battle lines—dear ones whose Christmas season would be rendered joyless by thoughts of the imprisoned soldier.

"We mustn't give way to despair," said young Lieutenant Watson of the Twenty-third Wisconsin, as he took my arm and led me down the crowded length of the upper Chickamauga room, so called because most of the prisoners occupying it had been captured in that disastrous battle. "Turner has agreed to let us have the cookroom for a show tonight, and Ed Maas, God bless the brave fellow, is getting up a troop in the Potomac room, and they will sing the old home songs and the war songs, too, and so we'll forget the hunger and the cold. After all, old fellow, happiness is largely a matter of imagination, and if a man can't get his imagination going on Christmas time—why he hasn't any, that's all."

Watson, he is now colonel of the Thirteenth Brooklyn, or New York State guard, was, and still is, one of those brave, cheerful spirits that look ever on the bright side of things and have the power to communicate their feelings to those of more somber cast, like myself.

We had reached the head of the broad damp steps leading to the lower middle room when, instead of going back in the same way, I led my friend across to the other.

"What for?" he asked.

"I want to see Bohannon, captain of the Third Middle Tennessee cavalry. You remember he came in about ten days ago."

"Yes, yes. He's a quiet sort of a chap, but looks like a good soldier. What of him?"

"Well, he's under the weather and in bad shape. He was captured in a cavalry fight near Knoxville and was pretty badly hurt by the fall of his horse. The horse was killed. You can bet on that. Then the captain got a severe cold, but he has a horror of the prison hospital and refuses to report himself on the sick list," I said.

Captain Bohannon was half reclining, with his back against the wall and his legs stretched out on the damp floor.

He was a tall, slender man of five and thirty, with long brown hair and curly beard of the same color. The strong face must have been handsome before the sun had bronzed it to an Indian hue, and care had cut deep lines down the cheeks and between the fearless gray eyes.

Now, there was a flush on the cheeks and a light in the eyes which experience had taught us were due to prison fever instead of to health. This impression was increased as Watson and myself knelt beside the captain and pressed the strong brown hands and felt their abnormal heat.

Before this I had again and again urged the captain to go to the prison hospital. Dr. Sabal, the Confederate surgeon in charge, was one of the best and kindliest men that ever administered to the ailments of friend or foe, but the Tennesseean always shook his head and said:

"I know you're my friend, old pard, and you are dead right, but I've never been in a hospital, and I somehow feel that it would kill me if I went there. No, if I've got to be buried in a blanket, let them carry me away from here. What's the difference?"

The captain had evidently lost his grip on things terrestrial. It was not that he was a prisoner that depressed him; he was too much of a man for that, but there are heart wounds more killing than those made by bullet or saber, and the captain was suffering from one of these.

Bohannon's father had been a well to do planter in middle Tennessee, but mistaken speculations impoverished him and ended in his death a few years before the war. George, the only child, with characteristic

"WE WILL BE MARRIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY."

pluck and energy, started for California to regain the lost fortune, but before doing so he became betrothed to Edna Crawford, the beautiful daughter of a neighbor.

"Win or lose, Edna, I'll be back at the old home, and we'll be married on Christmas day, 1863." That is what George Bohannon said to his sweetheart when he kissed her goodby in the summer of 1859.

Like the hero that he was, the young Tennesseean went to work in the Golden state, and never a mail passed that the dear girl in the old home did not hear of her lover's brightening prospects. But "man proposes and God disposes."

In the midst of his growing prosperity young Bohannon, in the mines of Calaveras, heard Lincoln's call for men to come to the defense of the Union, and for the time the old spirit of patriotism beat the long roll in his heart. His forefathers had fought in every war for the Union, and, thrilling with these memories, he dropped his pick, abandoned the prospect of certain wealth and hastened back.

Tennessee was in the hands of the enemy, so that it was only by stealth that Bohannon could reach his home near Murfreesboro. He found nearly all his old neighbors on the side of the south. Edna Crawford's father and her two brothers were in the Confederate army, and all the sympathies of his betrothed were on the same side.

But the changed relations did not change their love. "I would not have you fight against your convictions," said Edna. "But go to the side where your heart calls you. It is yet two years, George; the war cannot last till Christmas, 1863. Come back to me then, and whether the Union fails or wins, our union can be staid only by death."

And so they parted again, Edna Crawford helping her lover to escape into Kentucky, where he met Buell's army and secured a commission in the Third Middle Tennessee cavalry.

Then the young captain began to count the Christmas days. That of 1861 was spent on the banks of the Ohio; that of 1862 was passed in the terrific series of battles that ended in Bragg's defeat at Murfreesboro. Before the victorious Union legions, Edna Crawford and her mother, braving the inclemency of that most inclement weather, fled for safety to Chattanooga. They might have remained at home in security, for not only the captain, who at once sought them out, but every Union soldier worthy the uniform he wore, would have protected them, but in those days the invading Yankee was regarded as a cruel monster.

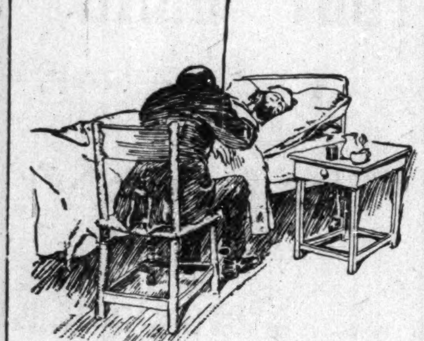
The privation brought on a cold. Consumption followed, and a monster more inexorably cruel than the war god had an irredeemable lien on Edna Crawford's life.

Rosecrans advanced on Chattanooga and Mrs. Crawford took up her dying daughter and fled to Knoxville. Burnside came down through east Tennessee and seized Knoxville, and Bohannon's troop was the first to enter the city with the stars and stripes.

Edna was dying when the captain found her and gave her every care.

"Christmas, 1863, will soon be here, my darling," he whispered at their last meeting. But she did not hear him. The little hand grew colder in his grasp, and with her life gone all life became indifferent to him.

When George Bohannon left Edna Crawford's grave a change came over him. He who had been the life of the camp and the soul of hope became despondent and morose. There was no



HE WHISPERED, "ALL'S WELL."

change in the performance of his duties, but the men, who adored him, noticed that he had become reckless, and those who knew his secret saw that he wanted to die.

"It's here at last, boys! Tomorrow will be Christmas day, 1863. It was a blamed long time to wait in the mines and in the war, but knowing she'd be true has cheered me up. You'll all come to the wedding." That is what the captain said as we knelt beside him holding his hands.

My companion and I exchanged glances. The fever was in the brain as well as in the hands. He had no idea of his position. He was a free man and not a prisoner of war. Men were talking about Christmas on all sides, and it was this that brought the controlling impulse of his life into such prominence that it dominated all his thoughts. Christmas day, 1863, was at hand, and the yearning of years was to be consummated in his union to Edna Crawford.

I saw the danger and rose to my feet. "Don't leave me, old pard," said the captain, clinging to my hand. "Remember you are to be my best man."

"You can depend on me, captain," I said soothingly.

"I've often dreamed about this wedding," he went on, "and for awhile I did not think we could have music and flowers and lots of folks present. You can smell the clover and the magnolia blossoms. There! Hark! to the music! They're rehearsing!" And he raised a hot hand to command attention, while from the Potomac room beyond the wall there came the refrain of the old plantation melody:

"In de mawnin, in de mawnin by de bright light—
De Christmas bells'll toll out in de mawnin!"

We left him with a rapt expression on his face, while he swayed his head as if beating time to the singing in the next room.

"I'm afraid the captain's called," sighed Watson.

"Called" was a term used when we felt sure a comrade was about to die.

"But we must save him if we can. Come, let us get word to Dr. Sabal and have the captain taken to the hospital," I urged, and my heart was in my throat, for I loved Bohannon like a brother.

It was nearly dark when, after some trouble, we succeeded in getting word to Dr. Sabal. He came, and after examining the captain shook his head. I had explained to him the case, so that he was not surprised when the captain invited him to the wedding which was set for midnight, "when Christmas eve," as the expectant man expressed it, "gives place to Christmas day."

"Yes. It is to prepare for the wedding," I said, when, holding Bohannon's hand, I led him to the head of the stairs.

He insisted that I should go with him, and the kindly doctor consented.

The hospital on the ground floor and on the eastern side of the prison was dimly lit with swinging lamps, but the light was dazzling compared with the gloom in the regular rooms. The captain was prevailed on to lie down on one of the cots. The doctor left some medicine, but there was that in his handsome face as he turned to go that convinced me he had no faith in the power of his drugs to help this case.

"A marriage is a trying matter. Yes, I'll feel the better for a rest," spoke the captain, while I sat beside him with my cold fingers pressed to his hot leaping pulse. "There's a great crowd gathered and the lights—I was always fond of light."

And so he wandered on. To him the imprisonment and the death of Edna Crawford had become as a torturing dream, and the joyous hallucination was a glowing reality.

Ragged men on crutches, ghastly faced men with the fever marks on their cracked lips and in their hollow eyes were about the cot, but if the captain saw them his wild fancy transformed them into wedding guests, and their whisperings of pity for one more wretched than themselves were to him congratulations on the great event that was to unite him to Edna Crawford.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the voices of the guards calling out the passing half hours about the prison were muffled and hoarse. The approaching Christmas day had no pleasures in reserve for them.

A thin brick wall separated the hospital from the cookroom to the west, where Maas and his minstrels began to sing about 8 o'clock.

The music was in honor of the approaching wedding. All the pain lines melted from the bronzed face.

Once he tried to join in the chorus when "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!" was sung, but the effort died out in a rattle in his throat.

At length the concert was over, and the lights in the dreary hospital were turned down. But the captain still heard music that was not for our ears, and lights burned before his closed eyes that were not for our vision.

From Carey street on the west a hoarse voice shouted at length, "Twelve o'clock! Post No. 1, and all's well!" "Twelve o'clock! Post No. 2, and all's well!" and so from post to post about the prison went up the same cry, the last man adding, "And a merry Christmas to all!"

The captain had been so still and his hands so cold for the past hour that I thought him dead, but like an echo he whispered, "All's well!"

From the Richmond churches the bells clanged out their salutation to the Christmas day just born, but the captain heard them not. True to his pledge he had joined Edna.

"Christmas, 1863."

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

CHRISTMASISMS.

Junius Henri Browne's Helps to Digest the Dinner.

Although Christmas comes but once a year, we need not wait till Christmas for an opportunity to do good. We can make a Christmas for the poor and unfortunate whenever our hearts are touched with pity and our hands tingle with generosity.

There are persons who do not so much censure Judas Iscariot for betraying Jesus as for betraying him for so small a sum (30 pieces of silver, valued at $22), when he might have got a much larger one. Their horror of the crime is forgotten in the meagerness of the payment.

Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. Many a man nowadays betrays his mistress in the same way, but has not, like the faithless apostle, compunction of conscience afterward to go and hang himself.

It is generally believed now by biblical scholars that Judas was not a vulgar traitor, as indeed his tragic end proves, but that he betrayed Jesus in order to compel him, in sheer self defense, to proclaim himself Messiah, the expected deliverer and king, and to overcome his fate by his supernatural power. His fellow disciples had the same faith and expectations, but did not act on them. Thus Judas would seem to have had simply the courage of his convictions, for which men are, in these days, so highly commended.

The best sauce for a Christmas dinner is a good conscience, and the finest dessert is the memory of kind acts done in honor of the day.

The best test of the excellence, the nobleness, the beauty of the life of Jesus, is that no man, however skeptical about theologic tenets, however doubtful of the truth of revelation, has ever criticised or sought to disparage the completeness of his character, the perfection of his nature.

Thousands of persons who call themselves Christians have so far departed from the precepts and practices of Christ that the true Christians would be justified in taking the name Jesusites.

The widest toleration in religious or theological matters, toward which the churches are steadily striving, but which they have not yet compassed, may be learned from the words and acts of Jesus.

Many a man who has been and is denounced as a unpardonable blasphemer, an enemy of all religion, would be acceptable in the eyes of the good Jesus.

The best way to celebrate Christmas is to practice self denial, to assist the needy, to succor the distressed, to chase away little tears with joyous smiles.

If we can bring on Christmas, or on any other day, sympathy and love, along with food, to the hungry, or raiment to the naked, we work the same kind of miracle that Jesus wrought in Galilee when he fed 5,000 persons with five loaves and two small fishes.

When Jesus, at the pool of Bethesda, healed on Sunday the poor man of a lifelong affliction he gave a powerful rebuke to Sabbatarianism, to all hypocrisy, especially to the holier than thou assumptions so characteristic of the Pharisees of the present, no less than of the past.

In pronouncing judgment on the woman taken in adultery, Jesus showed how infinitely he preferred religion to theology, which depends on dogma, while religion depends on charity.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Christmas and Sentiment.

AT A period like the present, when the commercial spirit prevails and people are devoted to material interests almost to the exclusion of everything else, they are very liable to relegate sentiment into the background. This tendency is even noticeable in the celebration of particular events, such as the birth of Christ, when young and old are too generally inclined to regard the observances characteristic of the occasion without thinking of their significance or the sentiment underlying them. If this decay of sentiment only affected the external aspects of our lives, our business, and the ordinary affairs and events of our everyday existence it were a matter of no great importance, but when it adversely influences our views on religion, on society, art, the love of nature, etc., we must admit that the matter is one of grave importance. Religion is largely a matter of sentiment, and he who regards society merely from the standpoint of the utilitarian, while he may be a fairly good citizen, will most assuredly be an unsympathetic, unsocial and not very amiable man. Art, the love of natural beauty and those graces and elegancies which give such an ideal charm to life, are almost exclusively dependent for their very existence upon sentiment. How sordid and mean would our lives be if divested of all those finer feelings, romantic notions and idealizations which keep alive the spiritual flame within us? N. M.

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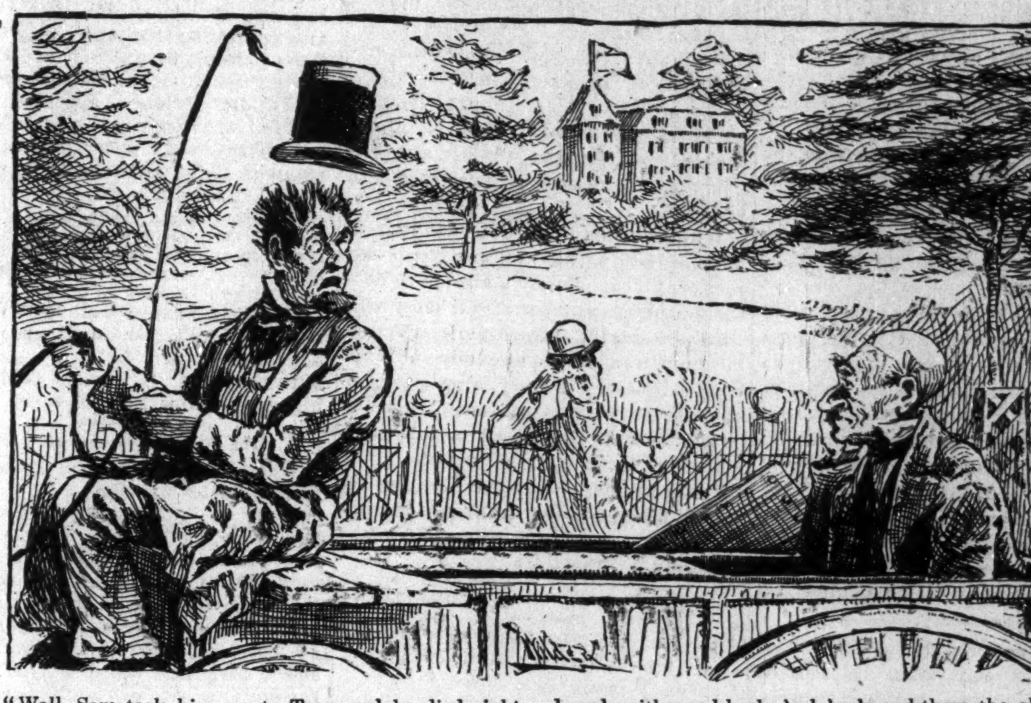
(*EXTRACT.*)

A few days after this, Josiah Allen came in, and sez he, "The everlastin' spring is the one for me, Samantha! I believe it will keep me alive for hundreds and hundreds of years." Sez I, "I don't believe that, Josiah Allen."

"Wall, it is so, whether you believe it or not. Why, I see a feller jest now who sez he don't believe anybody would ever die at all, if they kep' themselves kinder wet through all the time with this water."

"Oh, shaw!" sez I. (I seldom say shaw, but this seemed to me a time for shawin'.)

But Josiah kep' on, for he wus fearfully excited. Sez he, "Why, the fellow said, there wuz a old man who lived right by the side of this spring, and felt the effects of it inside and out all the time, it wuz so healthy there. Why the old man kep' on a livin', and a livin', till he got to be a hundred. And he wuz kinder lazy naturally and he got tired of livin'. He said he wuz tired of gettin' up mornin's and dressin' of him, tired of pullin' on his boots and drawin' on his trowses, and he told his grandson Sam to take him up to Troy and let him die.



"Wall, Sam took him up to Troy, and he died right away, almost. And Sam bein' a good hearted chap, thought it would please the old man to be buried down by the spring, that healthy spot. So he took him back there in a wagon he borrowed. And when he got clost to the spring, Sam heard a sithe, and be looked back, and there the old gentleman wuz a settin' up a leanin' his head on his elbo, and he sez, in a sort of a sad way, not mad, but melancholly, '**You hadn't ort to done it, Sam. You hadn't ort to. I'm in now for another hundred years.**'"

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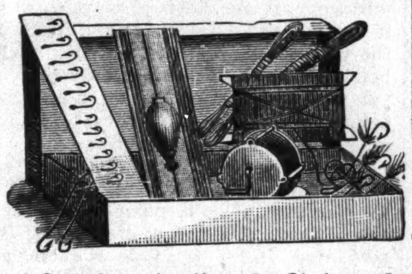

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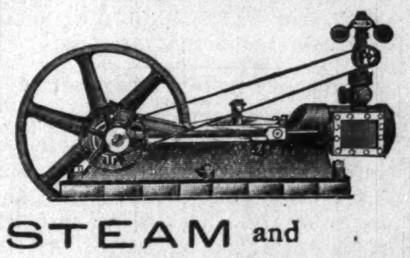

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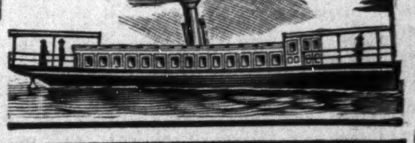

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PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Versus Pulmonary Consumption—By L. A. Scruggs, M.D., Raleigh, N. C.

Those who are familiar with the very large and increasing mortality of the Negro in America from pulmonary consumption, will not demand any apology from me for offering, at this time, this very dry and obstruce, but important subject, for a limited discussion in these columns.

We shall, as far as possible, avoid many of the technicle theories as to the origin and propagation of consumption, (or tuberculosis) and confine ourselves to what we regard as a plain, practical view of the situation.

That pulmonary consumption is highly contagious under certain conditions, and that when once contracted, a cure is exceedingly difficult and doubtful, seems to be fully concurred in by professional experts. Upon this point a very excellent authority says: "Tuberculosis, under certain conditions, is highly contagious, and when once the germ finds lodgement in a suitable soil, the disease is absolutely fatal."

With such a very large death rate from this most dreaded foe (especially among the Negro race of the country) and constantly increasing, despite all the skill, and new, as well as old remedies that are now brought to bear upon it, is certainly a reasonable cause for anxiety upon the part of those who are in position to know the facts, and would seem to be, therefore, in keeping with their duty to call the attention of the public to the matter, and suggest to the people such means of escape and prevention, as may, as far as possible, mitigate the ravages of their greatest and most destructive enemy.

What the true remedy for this disease is, and where and when it is to be found, we know not, but with patient research and experiment, there is great reason to hope for its realization. That many individuals inherit such physical conditions as are favorable to the cultivation and development of consumptive germs, there seems to be but little or no doubt, and that very many others who die from consumption, create within themselves a favorable soil for the cultivation of these poison germs by their habits of working, eating, living, sleeping and clothing, is almost certain.

Since it is a fact that the disease may be modified in its early stages in many of those who inherit it, as well as those who have already contracted it, and also prevented in many who would contract it if they did not live in harmony with certain natural laws, I therefore, beg to suggest as follows:

1st. That the pulpit and press encourage the giving of simple instruction, as far as possible, in physiology and hygiene, to the people in their homes, and impress them with the necesity of obeying the laws of health that they may prevent disease.

2d. That we, as a people, earnestly and persistently insist upon thorough scientific and practical instruction by competent teachers in all the public schools, private schools, academies and colleges to which we send our children.

3d. That we demand a careful and strict observance of the laws of scientific and practical ventilation in our homes, in our school rooms, in our churches and in all public and private places to which we resort.

Who knows and who will doubt upon a moment's reflection, but that often in a public congregation of three or four hundred persons, where the ventilation is so often neglected, that we re-breathe the poison germs, the dried floating particles or the deadly laden gases exhaled from the pus cavity of the diseased and putrifying lungs of one or more of these helpless and doomed victims of this awful malady.

It is to be remembered that congregations consume in a short while, when the time comes, in convening, and therefore, to each one the air in the room may seem pure, but with poor ventilation, the air in the room tends to become more and more impure the longer they remain therein. It is also to be remembered that foul gases of this character are not very easily discovered by many of those who are being poisoned with them, and therefore, it is quite possible, under these circumstances, for some lungs to receive and retain some of these floating germs or particles. If they are retained and the soil is favorable, pulmonary consumption may at once begin.

4th. We should seek to promote and encourage, as far as possible, personal cleanliness and healthy public and domestic sanitary surroundings. There are possibly no gifts to man in this life more important and more abundant than air and water. They cost nothing and at the same time are indispensible, therefore, let them both be freely used in all the departments of the house with much appreciation and hearty thankfulness to God for their bestowal.

5th. We should encourage a regulation of the habits of living, especially among the young, but in fact among all the people. Discourage dissipation and rest breaking of all kinds, and insist upon having seven or eight hours' rest in bed out of every twenty-four hours when possible, and encourage upright womanhood and manhood with a reasonable exercise of mind and body, that health may be regarded.

Now then, if the above suggestions are in keeping with good hygiene, it may safely be assured that under such safe guards a condition of physical endurance and resistence could be established, as would to a great extent, check the rapid progress and weaken the grasp of this, as yet, unconquered foe to the human family.

If better habits of living and reform in dressing will help to mitigate the power of this destructive disease, then why should we not urge the people to reform and save themselves from the horrors of pulmonary consumption? If it is true that whatever reduces the vitality tends to prepare a soil for the cultivation of consumption, (or tuberculosis), then our duty is plain, and the people should be urged to do everything possible to avoid a disease, which, if once implanted in the system, remains unmoved and quite often unbenefited by the best of medical attention. I would, therefore, urge the people to study the statistics and so inform themselves upon the subject as to enable them to reasonably protect health and life.

While consumption does not seem to be especially partial to any particular race, yet it is simply alarming to note the very large number of our most brilliant and useful Afro-American young men and women who annually succumb to this disease. A very large per cent of them show signs of developing consumption while in school or very soon after they enter upon life's duties.

Fully believing, therefore, that we all should become more interested in this matter, I beg to subscribe myself yours sincerely for humanity.

THE SLAVE OF YESTERDAY

The Citizen of To-day, by D. W. Mitchell, Crawfordsville, Ark.

EDITOR FREEMAN:

It has often been remarked and I will repeat that the Negro race has made wonderful progress in the last thirty years, considering first our ignorant condition when we were just out of the chains of slavery, and next, the disadvantage under which that progress was made. Yet, while we as a race, have many weakness we hope we will grow out of them. Prof. J. C. McAdam's piece of poetry in your issue of the 30th ult, is one of intemperance; another is the lack of race pride; still these are a few of the many weaknesses we possess. I am glad to know that there are some exceptions, though all of this I can see the race steadily advancing to a higher place of civilization. Imagine for a moment, a vessel on a rough sea maned by an unexperienced crew without even a friendly compass and few or no light houses along the coast, and you have the true situation of the Negro thirty years ago. Since that time we have been educated to some extent, and have honorably filled many positions of trust in every avenue of life.

As a lawyer, the Negro has proved a success, as a physcian he has stood the test, as a politician he has made a mark, and although he has made some mistakes along this line the same is true to other races. It is strange. what changes thirty years can bring the ignorant slave of yesterday, is an intelligent citizen of to-day. When we see so many newspapers owned and edited by ex-slaves and so much other honorable business conducted by them we can but exclaim what a change! What a grand change! May the good work continue. The colored press has done nobly in defense of its people, therefore, it is almost a crime, if not a crime it is a shame, for any Afro-American citizen that has any knowledge of the letters not to be a subscriber to some of the leading colored journals as The Freeman, the Age, or the Planet. Yours for the progress of the race and support of the press.

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Via the Iron Mountain Route.

To all points in Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas. Excusion dates, November 13th,-27th, and December 11th. Tickets sold on either of these dates will be stamped for return passage on any of the following dates: November 19th, 22, 26, 29, and December 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, and 31st. These will be the last low rate excursions of the season. For information, apply to Coke Alexander, District Passenger Agent, Missouri Pacific Ry.

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MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

On That Day There Was Born a Saviour, Who Is Christ the Lord.

Long, long ago, so far back that it cannot be definitely traced, the latter days of December were set apart for the festivities pertaining to pagan worship. Perhaps its earliest observance began with the celebration of the winter solstice and of festivities held in honor of Saturn and Bacchus. Today Christmas is celebrated throughout the world not for its pagan ancestry, but for its meaning as the Christian festival of the nativity.

The keynote of Christmas joy is "Peace on earth, good will to men." The first Christmas day that ever dawned brought rejoicing in its wake. On that day there was born in Bethlehem, Judæa, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. For those weary with sin, for those oppressed with sorrows, for the troubled in mind, for the weak and helpless he came. But not to these alone. To the joyful and happy ones, to those rich in this world's goods, to the successful and prosperous he came. To the whole world he appeared. None was forgotten by him. And now to the outcast and to the weary one, to the rich man and to the joyful child he says the words, "Learn of me."

If you suffer, Christ pities you.
If you be lonely, he is with you.
If you repent of sin, he will keep you in safety.
If you have great possessions, he says unto you,
"Give to the poor."

On Christmas day at least "let all wrath and clamor and evil speaking be done away" and let every one sing, with the heart, "Glory to God in the highest."—New York Mercury.

Old Time Christmas In Dixie.

When Remus, Saul and Cæsar, with Dinah, Phillis and Chloe, made the circuit of the quarters at Christmastide they were regaled with various succulent viands—chine and sparerib, sausage and crackling, savory souvenirs of the fine art of hog killing, besides coon and corn pone, possum fat and hominy, all consecrated to their comfort and cheer, with lusty drafts of cider. Gingerbread and boiled chestnuts were dispensed to the dusky company, and there were much cracking of walnuts and roasting of apples. Then the cabin floor was cleared for the dance—jig and breakdown, pigeon wing and juba, the latter a characteristic survival of the aboriginal barbarism, delivered with vigorous shouts and cries and shuffling of feet to a rhythmic accompaniment of handclapping and patting of knees, in melodious deference to the jigging of a fiddle by the light of flaming pine knots.

Juba up and juba down,
Juba all around de town.
Sift de meal and gimme de husk,
Rake de cake and gimme de crus',
Fry de pork and gimme de skin,
Ax me when I'm comin ag'in.
Juba! Hi, juba!

Juba in and juba out,
Juba, juba all about.
Dinah, stir de possum fat;
Can't you hear de juba pat?
Juba!

—Century.

What Not to Do on Christmas.

In north Germany you must not spin during the 12 nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work. Speaking of eating, if you want to have money and luck all the year round, you must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's day, nor, if you wish to be lucky, must you rock an empty cradle, or spill salt wantonly, or cross knives, or point at the stars.

If you leave a dirty cloth on the table overnight, you will make the angels weep; if you point upward to the rainbow, you will make the angels' feet bleed, and if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days.—All the Year Round.

The Ideal Christmas.

The ideal Christmas is found not in the land of flowers, but in the snowbound, rugged country of the north. Without, keen, frosty air, long stretches of hills and meadows covered with snow, ponds and lakes incrusted with ice; within, roaring fires of hickory wood, halls ringing with the shouts of children and tables heaped high with the good things of life—these are the conditions which seem essential to the complete enjoyment of the great feast day of the church.—New York Herald.

Puritans Did Not Like Christmas.

During the reformation the Puritans, fancying that all festivities connected with Christmas were only "popish abominations," attempted to abolish altogether the observance of the festival. Happily this anniversary survived all narrow minded persecutions, and rose into purer, permanent life.—New York Journal.

A Useful Christmas Present.

If you want to make a useful Christmas present buy a ton of coal for some poor family.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Give of Your Abundance.

Give, give! Give of your abundance; give a morsel even from your scanty store.—Indianapolis News.

Christmas Charity.

Christmas snows are on the moor,
Sing, sweet Robin!
And the Christmas star burns gold,
Sweet Robin, sing!
Hungry birds are at the door.
Sing, sweet Robin!
All their feathers puffed with cold,
Sweet Robin, sing!

There's a babe sleeps in the stall,
Sing, sweet Robin!
With the grass for blanket warm,
Sweet Robin, sing!
Him the beasts have given their all,
Sing, sweet Robin!
Sheltering him from winter storm,
Sweet Robin, sing!

Ope the door and call them in,
Sing, sweet Robin!
Newborn babe and starving birds,
Sweet Robin, sing!
And all children cold and thin,
Sing, sweet Robin!
To the best our house affords,
Sweet Robin, sing!

—London Sketch.

As a Doctor Does.

The one great fault with all Liver Pills is that they act suddenly and sharply instead of quietly and continuously. They produce a violent relief and then leave you weakened, with an empty stomach and no appetite for food. This is not what a doctor does.

Every physician prescribes a powerful remedy for a disordered liver, but he then orders also a strengthening tonic, which acts as a purifier, restoring the appetite, toning up the system, and making you feel like a new creature.

This is exactly what is done by **Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills** and **Ramon's Tonic Pellets.** Two boxes, two separate medicines, and both at the cost of one. A three weeks' treatment for 25c. Ask your druggist about it.

At all dealers, or mail, for 25c., 5 boxes $1.00.
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Christmas Edition--Part 3.

The Freeman

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER

AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 51.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY. DECEMBER 21, 1895.

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THE DESTINY OF HUMANITY

EDUCATION A PARAMOUNT NECESSITY FOR THE

Futherance of the Negro Race—Human Advancement Engraved and Expressed in this One Grand Word—Read and Ponder.

The destiny of humanity of the Afro-American is hinged on this one word education. All we know of christianity and civilization; all we hope to gain in human advancment is engraved and expressed in this word education. What must demand our rights as intelligent American citizens? It will be the higher standard of education, morrality and religion. Various enterprises has been encouraged and adopted, the purchase of land, the protection of capitalists and homes. But we are still enveloped in darkness, and forever, will be until our people shall learn the true fact which is the training of morals, the increase of wealth, the instruction of the soul, and the developmeut of all the powers of the mind, that reflect light on all nations. To educate is to draw out those faculties which are good, to be good is to know thyself, to know thyself you must educate; we are informed that it is a fact descended from Heaven.

To be a man equal to the man of antiquity or modern, we must be educated in the laws of man, in the laws of nature, in the laws of God; and obey them to escape the wrath of vice, and destruction. There is no surer destroyer of youth, priviliges, powers and delights as ignorance.

Well then, may Pope say through his "moral essay,"

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

Men of the present day are to be rated, not by their great wealth, not by their simple temporary influence, they may for a time exert in the world; but by their unexceptionable principles relative to character, religion and thought. Strike out those principles, and what are they? Brutes without a virtue, savages without a sympathy, comparative inhumans without an education. Take away all the good traits of man, and his manship is gone, left a shadow in his maker's image. It is education that cultivates and strengthens all the good principles; thus education is essential for the growth, enlightments, prosperity and life to the human family.

One writer says: "Education is rightly improving and developing those faculties and earnestly unfolding the native energies of the mind, by giving it the proper food, which God designed it should receive."

We accept this universally as true facts.

It is written that generations should grow weaker and wiser, not that God entended that we should grow weaker spiritual, but the anxiety of the undeveloped and uncultivated mind, craves the forbidden food tasts vice, and convinces, pronounces weakness.

On the other hand, the wise man or educated man craves not, taste not, the forbiden food; but lives conformed to moral laws, with the intelligence that there is a supreme being. He feasts on virtue and is inspired, exulted, characterized and drawn out by the right use of education. For example, I refer you to Danial A Payne.

What is it that greatly distinguishes man from all other animals? It is his mode of living, words and endowment of thought. When he loves these three principles by obliquity and abuse; he will utterly fall in relapse with all other animals. What a droll world of heathenism, tragical troducer and brutelizing would be debarred from education. We must educate, from the fact without a knowledge of the universe and the interpretation of moral laws, which were given by God. Man could never have framed abstract ideas of right and wrong. What fear I then, or rather what know I to fear under ignorance of good or evil, of God or death, of law or penalty?

"Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virture to make wise; what hinder then
To reach and feed at once, both body and mind"
—Milton

The idea of right and wrong or the moral idea arises spontaneously within us by virture of the constitution of the mind with which we are endowed by our Creator. Therefore, man is created under certain fixed relations to his maker, and his mental and moral powers are so connected with his Creator, until the development and strengthening of these powers are absolutely necessary to hold man in the image and realm of his Redeemer. Otherwise men would degenerate in sin and heathenism. The Creator has seemingly given a part of the universe to human beings for culture of sanctity in elevating and enlightments of its use. Thus we all are held responsible for our moral and educational bestowal. What have you done with it, have you carefully nutured and cultivated it to its fullest growth? If so, bright is your path of life, clear are your consciences, acceptable are your souls and great and noble are your minds. God has endowed us with great responsibilities through his relation and love for humanity with great talents, which must be cultivated by our moral duties to education.

CHAS. CARROLL,
Waco, Texas.

REV. T. W. HENDERSON, D. D.
Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind. See article, "The Coming General Conference" part 1, page 5.

Lynching.

There are many great questions facing the Negro in this, the Nineteenth Century, but the gravest of these is the lynching. It is easy to indulge in the illusions of hope and rejoice over what we have accomplished along some lines, but it is painful to contemplate the existing facts of misfortune and disaster. From every view of the barbarac precedent, we are able to take in the situation of the unjust treatment of the Negro in the South. The battle is on between two opposing forces, viz: Humanity and barbarity, and the conflict will not be ended until one or the other shall be adopted in every section of our country. What shall we do? Shall we allow the pages of our history to be dotted with shameful cowardliness or shall we like valient soldiers put on the armor of moral courage and wield the sword or the pen or tongue and win for ourselves and our posterity the peace and justice that every other American is heir to. There are forces and influences dormant which if converted into active force would be a power in working out this deliverance. Though these forces have been sleeping they are not dead. I do not assert that resolutions and agitation are the sole means of securing this justice, but I do assert that these with their attributes will be the power behind the throne. Race modesty, however trivial it may seem, is one of the prime elements to better the condition of the Southern Negro.

When race modesty is manifested with no touch of servility it is productive of intelligence and is as sure to win respect and co-operation as unfounded pretentions are to provoke and receive contempt, because Intelligence is bound too and will recognize intelligence. The work before us is to be accomplished in a great measure by our deportment and acquirements, that will contradict the charges of immorality brought to bear, and put to shame that narrow and malignant feeling. Our policy should be—to be united as a race, and united with the great mass of the American people and resolve to fall or flourish with our common country, neither withhlding our means nor keeping silent our tongues in the defence of justice and right to every American citizen.

A. B. BAIRD,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Local Happenings.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., Special.

Mrs. Frank Rule is visiting her father and mother at Alton, Ill. Mrs. E. Mayer is among friends in Casshoplass, Mich. The young men have organized a band. Miss Mattie Burnett has returned to her home in Kokomo, after a stay of two months. What will Isaiah Bassett do? Mrs. James Smith is not much better. E. W. Elliott and James Smith are sick, Burglars entered John Black's house last week, getting a small sum of money. James Smith will be in Lafayette and Marion a few days looking after the interest of the Chapters and Commandaries. Matchless Chapter will celebrate the birth of Christ the 22nd. Henry Levi is in Warsaw. I. E James is at the Randall barber shop.

Church News—Notes.

Longview, Tex., Special.

Rev. Dr. Jones is in our city again with his panorama, he exhibited at Bethel Baptist church last Tuesday night. Rev. J. R. Lee has returned from Tyler, He will remain here a week and return to work. Rev. O. T. Wormack, Presiding Elder of the C. M. E. church and C. C. Clegett are at home again after visiting the Shreveport Conference. Rev. Hill will preach here this conference year for the A. M. E. church. Rev. A L. Dopson returned to his stand after visiting his family at Ft. Worth, Tex. Mrs. J. M. Robinson has just completed her dwelling and it is a nice one. Billie Hudson is proud of a fine boy and girl. Joshua Lippitt is proud of a fine girl. Read The Freeman it is sure to please you.

FROM THE "QUEEN CITY."

R. C. O. BENJAMIN LECTURES—A WHITE MAN WHO DISGRACES

His Profession, Writes a Letter to the Mayor—A Competent Young Surgeon—Church and Lodge News—Personals.

W. Austin Goodman, a white rebel who disgraces the profession of a lawyer, wrote a letter to the Mayor requesting the removal of special officer John White because his "color" in the street was obnoxious to White ladies. The Mayor and Chief of Poliece are both to be commended for the wise stand taken in this case.

The lecture "Fools and Other People" by Rev. R. C. O Benjamin took like magic, the large and appreciative audience was held spell bound for fully one hour and a half. Dr. Benjamin, is logical, sound and convincing.

I. L. Oates conducts the neatest and most orderly tonsorial parlor and bath rooms to be found in the city, at the cor. of 5th and John streets.

The churches are assuming their usual Christmas foliage.

Allen Temple with Rev. James Gilmore as pastor, Mound street, pastored by Dr. H. D. Prowd; while Rev. R. E. Wilson D. D., expounds the truth from the pulpit of St. Johns A. M. E. Zion. Rev. Horace Talbot in charge at Brown Chapel, Walnut Hills, Rev. R. D. Phillips, tells of the love of Jesus from the pulpit of the First Baptist church, Rev. Father Fessett of Cummingsville, Dr. George Wiatt of Carr street and Rev. Thomas Webb of Calvary Baptist Church; in fact all of the churches are arranging for a commemoration service on Christmas morn.

Dr. Frank W. Johnson, a promising young physician and one of the most competent surgical operators in the city has been honored by the following lodges of United Brothers of Friendship as their medical examiner and the first colored examiner the lodge has ever had in the state: His membership is also with the Smith Rising Star Lodge and the Samuel J. Hunter.

Visitors Entertained.

Shreveport, La., Special.

The C. M. E. conference was a success The Bishop preached at the court house on the 8th to a large audience. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Carter was surprised on the 13th by the Shreveport Club Party. Shreveport Lodge No. 5, K. of P. gave complimentary to Messrs. Terry, Rice, Wooten, and Lacey of the Richard's and Pringles Minstrels who joined the lodge three years ago. The party was served at Dr. D. A. Smith's residence. The oyster supper given by the sisters of St. Paul church was a grand success. John H. Patterson wishes to announce to his many friends that he will give them the latest news every week in The Freeman. He will also thank Miss Norington and Mrs. Burges and Gaskin for having patronizing him at the fair given at Lone Star Hall The fair given at Lone Star Hall from the 9th to the 14th was a good success. Mrs. Eliza Patterson left on the 10th for Los Angles Cal, where she is to be married to Mr. Glass Dure. Best wishes go with her. The A. M. E. annual conference is in session. The details will appear in the next weeks issue.

Accidental Death.

Memphis, Tenn., Special.

T. O. Grigsby, of 29 Gaslee street, has two very sick children. Henry Boyd, who was running the elevator at Gaston's Hotel on the night of Dec. 11th, by some means fell off and broke his neck. Mr. boyd was a member of Avery Chapel. A. Clarston was acquitted recently in the United States court of the charge of passing counterfeit money. Mrs. Laura J. Hill fell down stairs last week and fractured her skull. After several days of agony, she died and was buried the 15th. Mrs. Bettie Davis has the rheumatism.

THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches, and in no case will we undertake to return manuscript unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article. We will not pay for matter unless it is ordered. All matter for publication must reach this office by Monday of each week, to insure insertion in the current issue.

AGENTS.

Agents are wanted in every town and city not now occupied, and liberal inducements will be given to the same. Send for our extraordinary inducements to agents.

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Regular display—10 cents per line per insertion—agate measure, (14 lines to the inch). Discounts: 3 months, 10 per cent; 6 months, 20 per cent; 12 months, 33⅓ per cent. Pure reading matter, 50 cents per line per insertion. Business locals, 15 cents per line per insertion.
On all pure reading matter and business locals, a discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed for each 100 lines up to 1,000 lines. Advertisements should reach us on Saturday or Monday in order to appear the following week. Ommissions to be made up at expiration of contract.
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THE FREEMAN,
GEORGE L. KNOX, - - Publisher,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

SATURDAY, DEC 21. 1895.

A JOURNALISTIC CHAMPION.

To those who have watched the bent or drift of THE FREEMAN in the past year, it is hoped that its mission was ever patent. It has tried to be the consistent champion of the Negro, no matter in what territory he was located. Many other Negro journals have been quite as conspicuous in these issues as THE FREEMAN. Indeed, the "white" press have taken up the cudgel and is wielding it with a noticeable effect. Notable among the "white" papers of the country doing yoeman service in the Negro's cause is the New York Press. Augustus M. Hodges, a man of parts, THE FREEMAN's New York correspondent, was the first man of color to introduce the Press among the colored people of Brooklyn, Bridgeport, Norfolk and to the South in general. The Press is doing a noble part for the Waller family. FREEMAN readers would do well to read the Press as well as its own race papers in 1896. It may be added that the Press is the pioneer penny paper of New York. It has just celebrated its eighth anniversary by publishing an edition of forty-eight pages.

AN OPEN LETTER.

EDITOR FREEMAN:

"I have seen a great change in your paper in the past few months. I now find it free from spleen and self-importance smacking from a great 'I am' I must confess that your treatment of all the issues of the day can not be surpassed. I highly appreciate your efforts to place your paper in the front journalistic ranks. I assure you my aid for the furtherance of your commendable work. A SUBSCRIBER."

The above is a letter sent us by a white gentleman of Indianapolis. The letter simply shows that the work on THE FREEMAN is appreciated beyond lines, demarkation or confines.—[ED. FREEMAN.

CITY CHARITIES.

It has been urged, and with much success, that the colored people form a large proportion of those who draw upon the charity organizations of this city. But when it comes to supporting these institutions, it is another matter altogether. A reformation in this line is needed. The white persons of this city composing these organizations are beginning to point out these defects in the character of the colored people An interview has taken place between some of our more prominent citizens and the charity organization leaders from which beneficial results will doubtless follow. Poverty may be pleaded, but a disposition to do will establish the benevolent tendencies of the race as much as the the offering of a "stalled ox." The accusation against the race is just, but it is not too late to mend.

SCHLATTER is getting in his work in Indian Territory now.

MCKINLEY starts after the presidency as though he ment it sure 'nough.

PRESIDENT FAURE, of France, rumor says, contemplates resigning, owing to scandals.

THE Bluefield Sun is whooping things in West Virginia. Banks, the editor, is a red hot ball.

INDIANA will not be out done at St. Louis. Most elaborate and convenient quarters have been secured.

ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio, who died last week, was one of the last of the notable politicians of former days.

GEO. L. KNOX, of THE FREEMAN, was made treasurer of the Negro Conference held at Detroit, Mich., last week.

STATE Senator Flanigan, of Virginia, has presented a bill to the legislature looking to the correction of the lynching evil.

RUMOR persistently says that Harririson will wed Mrs. Mary Scott Demmick. The Ex-President persistently says nothing.

SAN FRANCISCO made a heroic struggle to secure the coming Republican conventon, but the great distance was against that city

IN event a third term tidal wave should deluge the country to be caught on an anti-lynching plank, would not be fin-de-siecele—Grover Cleveland.

WALLER languishes in durance vile. A Christmas in a bastile has its draw backs. THE FREEMAN, of Indianapolis, U. S. A., has started a subscription to help him bear his ordeal. We solicit your subscription. One cent to $100 will be cheerfully received and faithfully applied.

Some very acceptable Christmas presents: Independence for Cuba; success for Venezuela in her boundary line affairs; freedom from mobocracy; the release of John L. Waller; a purse for Waller; one hundred thousand dollars in gold in the U. S. Treasury; a Republican Executive; equal rights to all men as guaranteed by the constitution.

THE Union Watchman comes to us a new journalistic venture. It is well gotten up, crisp and newsy. It has this to say by way of introductory:

"We take off our hat and make our bow to the public. We come to your house and home and hope to be a welcome visitor. We shall be free to do and say the right and eschew the evil. We shall state our position on all subjects with fairness, but favor none. We ask the patronage of the public and we shall strive to deserve your support."

We hope it prosperity. Jacob Miller is editor and manager.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The stump speeches of Governors Tillman and Evans at the Exposition on Carolina day were exceedingly out of place and wholly uncalled for.—The New South, Beaufort, S. C.

***

If Negro editors would stop attending conventions awhile and would stay at home long enough to edit their papers, their subscribers might occasionally get something to read.—Leavenworth Herald.

***

The South Carolina Constitutional convention adjourned at Columbia Wednesday night, Dec. 4th, sine die by saying, "God be with you till we meet again." What a set of demagogues and hypocrites to sing such praise.—The Tribune.

***

A half dozen Negroes have been killed in and around the city in the past ten days; a dago, a Frenchman and a policeman have lent their hands to the bloody work. What is the remedy that we may be delivered of this dead body?—Wide Awake, Birmingham, Ala.

***

We nominate from the depth of our heart Mrs. Dr. C. S. Smith for the position now filled by her husband as secretary of the S. S. department. Her learning, experience, business tact and application to duty qualifies her for the place as no one else in the connection. Besides, there are no candidates for the place, as for all the other positions, showing that everybody is afraid of it, but we will wager a new hat that she is not afraid —Voice of Missions.

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. CURE All Pain. "One cent a dose."

NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

TOLL, toll, toll!
For the old year
slowly dying;
Grim, gaunt, sere
On the breast of
Time now lying.
Hopes of youth are
fleeting,
Hearts with care
are beating!
Ho, ye warders of
the bells,
Toll, toll, toll!
For earth's enticing
fashion,
Toll for strife's unholy passion,
Toll for friendship
unrequited,
Toll for hope's enchantments blighted,
Toll for love's fond pledges broken,
Toll for want and woe unspoken,
Toll for mourners sadly weeping,
Toll for sin's vast harvest reaping.
Toll, toll, toll!
That while the world shall stand
Sin and woe shall fill the land.
Toll, toll, toll!
Ring, ring, ring!
A welcome to the bright New Year!
Life, hope, joy
On his radiant brow appear.
Hearts with love are thrilling,
Homes with bounty filling.
Ho, ye warders of the bells,
Ring, ring, ring!
For winter's bracing hours,
Ring for birth of spring and flowers,
Ring for summer's fruitful treasure,

Ring for autumn's boundless measure,
Ring for hands of gen'rous giving,
Ring for vows of nobler living,
Ring for truth of tongue or pen,
Ring "Peace on earth, good will toward men"—
Ring, ring, ring!
That this glad year may see
Earth's accomplished jubilee,
Ring, ring, ring!

THE GOOD MONTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

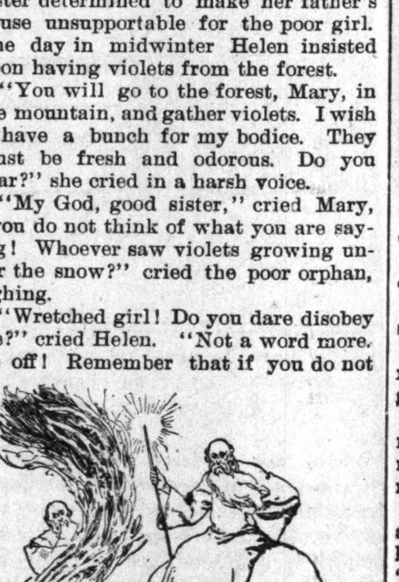
A widow lived with her two daughters, Mary and Helen. The former was her stepdaughter by her late husband, but Helen was a child by a first marriage. Of Helen she was very fond, but poor Mary she did not like at all, and the more that she was much prettier than her sister. As the girl was not vain, she could never understand why her mother flew in a rage every time she looked at her, and why she had to do all the work and drudgery of the household, while her sister Helen dressed herself and went from one amusement and entertainment to the other. To all this unkind treatment from her mother and sister Mary submitted without reproach.

But her angelic resignation did not soften their hearts. Every day they became more harsh and exacting, and as the years went by more unkind to her, for Mary was growing more and more beautiful, while Helen was older and uglier. At last her stepmother thought, "I must chase her out of the house, this pretty orphan, or I will never marry my own daughter, as all the youths will prefer Mary, and my girl will remain an old maid." So both her mother and sister determined to make her father's house unsupportable for the poor girl. One day in midwinter Helen insisted upon having violets from the forest.

"You will go to the forest, Mary, in the mountain, and gather violets. I wish to have a bunch for my bodice. They must be fresh and odorous. Do you hear?" she cried in a harsh voice.

"My God, good sister," cried Mary, "you do not think of what you are saying! Whoever saw violets growing under the snow?" cried the poor orphan, sighing.

"Wretched girl! Do you dare disobey me?" cried Helen. "Not a word more. Be off! Remember that if you do not



"I HAVE COME TO GATHER STRAWBERRIES."

bring me the violets I will kill you." Here her stepmother added a few cruel words, and with a vigorous blow pushed her out of the house and barred the door.

The poor orphan, weeping bitterly, advanced toward the mountain. The snow lay deep, and there was not the slightest trace of human footsteps. Long, long she wandered upon the mountain, trembling with cold and praying to God to let her die.

At last in the distance she saw a brilliant light, and climbing ever onward till she had reached one of the highest peaks she came to a bright open fire, round which were 12 large stones. On these stones were seated 12 men. Four of them were old, with white hair; four less old, and four were young men and very handsome. They were all gazing into the fire.

These men were the 12 months of the year, and great January, who was seated higher than the rest, had a long, white beard and snowy hair. In his hand he held a wand.

Mary at first was paralyzed with fear, but after a few moments of stupor and silence she regained her courage, and approaching them said: "Men of God, allow me to warm myself by your fire. I am trembling with cold."

Old January raised his head and said: "Why are you here, my maiden? What do you seek?"

"I am seeking violets," answered Mary.

"It is not the season of violets," said January. "Do you not see snow lying everywhere?"

"I know it is not, but my stepmother and sister have sent me to the mountain to gather them, and if I cannot find any they will kill me. I entreat you, fathers, tell me where I can find some?"

Slowly old January rose from his seat and approached one of the younger men. Putting his wand in his hand he said, "Brother March, seat yourself in my place."

March went and seated himself on the high stone and waved the wand over the fire. At once the flames rose to the sky, the snow melted, the trees began to bud, while beneath them the grass grew green and the ground was covered with primroses and cowslips. It was spring and the ground was quite blue with violets that grew under the brushwood.

"Haste and pluck them, Mary," cried March. "Quick!"

The beautiful orphan, filled with joy, hastened to pluck the flowers and soon had a large bunch. Thanking the months politely, she ran home, happy and gay.

Great was the astonishment of her stepmother and Helen when they saw the bunch of fresh violets.

They quickly opened the door and soon the house was filled with the perfume of the flowers.

"Well! And where did you find them?" asked Helen.

"Far up on the peak of the mountain," replied her sister.

Helen at once seized the flowers. She inhaled their perfume with rapture and let her mother smell them, but not giving a single violet to Mary or even thanking her for her trouble.

The next day, as Helen stood warming herself by the stove, she had a sudden fancy to eat strawberries and called her sister. "Mary," she said, "hasten

SHE JOYFULLY SHOOK THE TREE.

to the mountain and gather me strawberries. They must be very sweet and ripe."

"My God, whoever heard that strawberries ripened under the snow!" cried the orphan.

"Not a word. If you do not bring me the strawberries soon, we will kill you. Remember, you are warned."

After this threat her stepmother seized her violently and thrust her out in the courtyard, barring the door.

The wretched orphan, her eyes filled with tears, began to climb the mountain. She already knew the way, and without hesitation climbed up the peak, where the 12 months sat round the fire, old January, as before, on the highest seat.

"Men of God," she said, "let me warm myself by your fire! I am trembling with cold."

Old January lifted his head and asked:

"Why have you come here and what do you seek?"

"I have come to gather strawberries," said Mary.

"It is now midwinter and strawberries do not grow under the snow," answered January.

"I know it," said Mary sadly. "But my stepmother and sister have ordered me to bring them ripe strawberries. Tell me where I can gather them."

Old January rose slowly from his seat, approached the month that sat opposite him, and giving him his wand said, "Brother June, seat yourself on the highest stone."

The month of June went and seated himself on the stone that marked the highest place. He waved his wand over the fire and the flames rose to the sky. In a moment the snow was melted, the ground covered with grass, while the birds sang and the earth bloomed with flowers in the forest.

Under the brushwood one saw innumerable little white flowers, thick as though one had sowed them, and as one looked the flowers changed to ripe fruit, and all this in a few moments of time, so that Mary could hardly cross herself before the ground was red with strawberries, like a sea of blood.

"Quick, quick, Mary, pick them!" said the month of June.

Filled with joy, she began to gather them, and soon had a nice amount in her apron, when, thanking the months, she started joyfully homeward.

Helen and her mother were surprised to see her come home with the strawberries.

"But where did you find them?" asked Helen sourly.

PAST AND PRESENT.

"Up on the peak of the mountain. They are not hard to find under the brushwood."

Helen took possession of all the berries. A part she gave to her mother, and devoured the rest.

The third day Helen, satiated with the strawberries, longed for fresh picked red apples.

"Mary," she called, "be quick and nimble. Go to the mountain and seek for red apples."

"My God, sister, you know that during the winter the trees are without leaves or fruit!"

"Ugly lazy bones! Go, climb quickly up the mountain and bring me back apples, or remember we will kill you!"

As usual her stepmother caught her rudely, thrust her out of the house and barred the door behind her.

The poor orphan, weeping bitterly, passed through the forest that led to the mountain. She climbed up to the peak, where the 12 months sat by the flaming fire. They all sat motionless on their stone seats, and old January as usual on the highest.

"Men of God, let me warm myself by your fire! The winter wind freezes me," she said.

Old January lifted his head and began to question her, "Why have you come here and what do you seek?"

"I seek red apples," said Mary.

"It is midwinter now," said old January, "and not the time for red apples."

"I know it," said the poor girl. "But my sister Helen and my mother have ordered me to bring them red apples from the mountain or they will kill me."

Hearing this, old January rose from his seat and went to one of the older men and gave him his wand.

"Brother September, seat yourself in the place of honor."

The month of September seated himself on the highest stone and waved his wand over the fire. The flames sprang toward the sky, taking a red tinge, while the snow melted rapidly. The leaves of the trees fell, one by one, blown here and there by a cold breeze, and the sun shone yellow. The orphan saw but very few flowers, and those only autumn ones. In the dells meadow saffron and high ferns were growing between the autumn brushwood and brambles.

Mary looked in vain for red apples till all at once she noticed a tolerably tall apple tree, and up on the top branches she saw a few red apples.

"Hasten to gather them," cried September.

The young girl joyfully shook the tree, and one apple fell. She shook it again, and a second rolled to her feet.

"You have enough," said the month. "Hurry home again."

The orphan picked up the apples, and thanking the months hurried home.

Helen and her stepmother were astonished to see her return with the apples and ran to open the door.

"Bah! How did you manage to pick them?" asked Helen.

"A few still hung on the apple tree on the top of the mountain," said Mary.

"Why did you not bring more?" cried Helen angrily. "You ate them up on the way, you ugly minx!"

"No, good sister, I did not taste one," said Mary. "The first time I shook the tree one apple fell; the second time another. That is all. I was not permitted to shake the tree a third time, but ordered to go home."

Helen, who loved fine fruit, left off persecuting her sister for the time, and bit into the apple. She found it delicious, the sweetest she had ever eaten, and her mother agreed with her, but both, after having eaten one, were dissatisfied. They wished for more.

"I'll tell you what, mamma," said Helen. "Give me a cloak and I will go to the mountain myself. That horrid girl would finish by devouring all the apples on her way home. I will be sure to find the mountain and the apple tree, and once there the fathers may scold as they like. I will not leave them until I have shaken down all the apples."

Heedless of her mother's disapproval, Helen put on the cloak and a warm hood and started for the mountain. Her mother stood by the door and gazed after her till she was lost to sight.

The ground was covered with snow; not a human footstep was to be seen, but after wandering here, now there, Helen saw the flame of the fire, far above her, and began climbing. After a short time she reached the peak of the mountain and saw the fire, round which the 12 months were sitting. At first she hesitated and was frightened, but soon recovering herself she went boldly to the fire, and stretching out her hands warmed herself without asking permission or even noticing the 12 months.

"What brings you here and what seek you?" asked old January sternly.

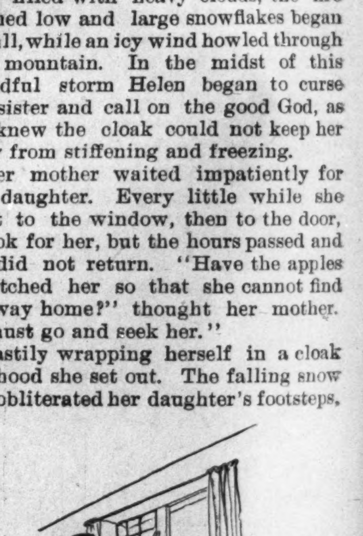
"You have no right to question me, old graybeard! Why do you wish to know what I seek?" answered Helen haughtily, and turning her head and back to the fire she went toward the forest.

Old January frowned and waved his wand over his head.

In the twinkling of an eye the sky was filled with heavy clouds, the fire burned low and large snowflakes began to fall, while an icy wind howled through the mountain. In the midst of this dreadful storm Helen began to curse her sister and call on the good God, as she knew the cloak could not keep her body from stiffening and freezing.

Her mother waited impatiently for her daughter. Every little while she went to the window, then to the door, to look for her, but the hours passed and she did not return. "Have the apples bewitched her so that she cannot find her way home?" thought her mother. "I must go and seek her."

Hastily wrapping herself in a cloak and hood she set out. The falling snow had obliterated her daughter's footsteps,



"OH, MY GOD!" SAID SHE.

and not a human trace was to be seen, while no voice answered to her loud call. Long she wandered at hazard in the snow, while it fell in avalanches and an icy wind blew from the mountain.

Mary in the meanwhile had cooked the dinner and milked the cow, but neither Helen nor her mother was to be found.

Her daily work was now ended, the day had gone and night was coming on. What can have happened?

"Oh, my God!" said the excellent girl, and opened the window to look out.

The storm had ceased, the sky was brilliant with stars, while the snow glimmered like diamonds by their light—not a trace of a human being was to be seen. Mary sadly shut the window. She made the sign of the cross and prayed for her sister and stepmother. In vain she waited for them at breakfast and dinner. They never came.

Both Helen and her mother were frozen in the mountain, and Mary inherited the little cottage, the cow, and a small field. It was not long before she married an honest farmer, and they both lived in peace and happiness ever after.

New Year's was not observed as a Christian festival until the year 487, and there is little mention of it in the records before the eleventh century. It was not included in the liturgy until 1550 A. D.

THE DYING YEAR.

My door stands open wide tonight
In token of a parting guest,
Who twelve months since, with keen delight,
I welcomed to my homely nest.

He stands there now, wan, wasted, old,
His race quite run, his mission o'er,
And when the midnight hour is tolled,
We part, to meet on earth no more.

He came to me in merry guise,
With hopes and promises not few.
Ah, who could look within those eyes
And deem that they were all untrue!

But expectations all have fled,
The promises are broken, too,
The hopes lie withered, crushed and dead—
Not one of all but proved untrue.

And there he stands, decrepit, wan,
Who came to me a merry elf,
A few sands more he will be gone,
And with him gone part of myself.

So come and go the passing years
That bear us to the silent sea,
But bright with smiles or dim with tears,
They come in love, dear Lord, from thee.
—Christian Work.

A NEW YEAR ROMANCE

"You may talk as much as you please," said Muriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But life isn't all for work," pleaded Muriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who make up their minds on the least possible grounds and then pride themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Muriel, in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a deal too much of the beaus anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, screwing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Muriel Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignant retort that rose to her lips. Surely, surely, it was not right that she, a girl of 18, who was earning her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child of 8; that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests, and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, niggardly sort of way, with the very lumps of sugar for her tea meted out to her, one by one, and the pippin apples for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold. Mrs. Vane took her lamp away at 9 o'clock every night. She dictated to poor Muriel as to the very color of her dresses and the number of yards which she might purchase for them; in fact, the girl scarcely dared to think for herself. Could she live thus always? she asked herself. Was it right that she should?

"At all events, mother," said Muriel, speaking in a low, determined tone, "I shall receive my friends on New Year's day! It is my privilege, and I claim it!"

"Humph!" was the contemptuous rejoinder, but there was a world of meaning in it.

So Muriel retrimmed her one black silk dress and bought a new ribbon sash and baked a great, golden New Year's cake filled with plums and studded all through with translucent bars of citron and herself bargained with the grocer for two pounds of real Java coffee with as little adulteration of Rio, Maracaibo and chicory as he could bring himself to concoct.

"I can use the china that my grandmother Vane left me in her will," thought Muriel. "That, at least, is mine, although mother would never allow me to unpack it!"

She was busy decorating the walls of the little parlor with laurel leaves and long, dark green trails of prince's pine on New Year's eve, when her mother came into the room.

"Muriel," said she, "I want to send some dressed chickens and a peck of those golden pippins to your Aunt Dora at the lighthouse. Jenkins' boy is ready with the boat, but he's such a limb that I don't, for the life of me, dare to trust him with the apples and the bag of hickory nuts. I want you to go and ask Aunt Dora for the pattern of the new bedquilt—the 'Philadelphia pavement,' you know."

"Very well, mother," said Muriel in the old submissive way. "But isn't it rather late?"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Vane. "Why, the sun is an hour high yet. You'll be back long before dark if Jenkins' boy is spry with the oars."

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy scion of the family tree—tall, masculine and hard featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs lighthouse, even although the official appointment was conferred upon her husband, and when one day that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same. Muriel was not fond of her Aunt Dora, and her Aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor, chicken hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that even a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unwonted manifestation of sisterly feeling—were worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her wadded cloak and little fur edged hood, and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens, which she herself had knitted during those long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Mr. Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal hands the very next day.

"It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She desires me to marry Squire Sedley, who is bald and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his housekeeper has struck for higher wages and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait."

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse, for the tide was high and landing was comparatively easy, and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat now! I'll be back in one minute."

So the orange glow had turned down into a deep red radiance, and the dusk shadows off the New Year's eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact, Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora, as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was darning stockings by her own especial little lamp, and the teapot already simmered on the hob for her tea. "Anything the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light if it was ever so"—

"No, nothing is the matter," said Muriel. "I have brought you a note from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bedquilt, I believe. And some chickens and apples and a bag of fresh hickory nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note once, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick, black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the cat.

"Humph!" said she. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern!"

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel, and when she came back, the girl started up.

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well you needn't be in such a flurry" said Aunt Dora, with a grim chuckle. "I've sent the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to shore by this time."

Muriel uttered a little shriek.

"And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all," said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her note."

"But I shall not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company tomorrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must is for the king. I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that padlocked tight, with the key snug at the bottom of my pocket!"

And Aunt Dora laughed a hard, dissonant laugh that was like the croak of a raven.

For a moment Muriel gazed wildly around like a newly caged bird, then she burst into tears and sobs.

"It is all a stratagem of mother's!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I might have known it! I might have known it!"

And that night at the White Reefs lighthouse, with the melancholy sea lapping the foot of the tower and the wind whistling around the steady glow of the beacon, was the dreariest that Muriel ever spent in her life.

"You ain't good company tonight," said Aunt Dora, glancing at her niece ever and anon between the stitches of her darning.

"Because you have deceived me!" cried Muriel. "You and mother!"

"Humph!" said Aunt Dora. "It's all for your own good. You'll thank us one of these days. Girls oughtn't to have their own way."

But Muriel only wept on and refused to be comforted.

She went down to the foot of the tower, the next day, and sat there, her cloak wrapped about her shoulders, listlessly gazing out on the sparkling floor of the deep.

"Is that a boat coming?" she asked herself. "With one man in it? Is it coming here, I wonder?"

Nearer and nearer came the boat, rocking lightly on the surface of the waves, and presently Muriel started up, with a cry of joy.

For it was Paul Clifton waving his hand to her, as he came ever nearer and nearer.

"A happy New Year, sweet Muriel!" he called out, as the boat touched the stone steps. "I am the enchanted knight come to rescue you from the prison tower!"

"How did you know I was here?" said Muriel, with sparkling eyes and velvety cheeks dyed with crimson.

"Your mother was entirely noncommittal," said Clifton gayly. "I could learn nothing whatsoever from her except that you were well and were not receiving company. But I was fortunate enough to meet Tommy Jenkins, who, for the consideration of a silver quarter, ignominiously turned state's evidence. And here I am, my sweetheart! Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into the boat. "But where?"

"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton. "It is high time that this system of tyranny was broken up. My little Muriel must be mine and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"

And Muriel answered:

"Yes."

Aunt Dora got to the window just in time to shriek an ineffectual summons to the pair in the fast receding boat.

"It's no use," said Aunt Dora, drawing a long breath. "When a girl is in love, she is neither to hold nor to bind. I've done the best I could. Mehitable can't blame me!"

Two hours later Muriel walked into the old brown roofed house on the shore, leaning on Paul Clifton's arm.

"Mother," said she to the amazed Mrs. Vane, who fully believed that she was "dreeing her weird" in the solitary lighthouse tower, "I am married! And this is my husband. Will you forgive us, please? For I am so very, very happy today that I do not want a living soul to be at variance with me!"

And so Muriel signed her declaration of independence, and became Paul Clifton's wife upon this glorious sunshiny New Year's day. And Mrs. Vane and Aunt Dora were compelled to confess themselves outwitted and to accept their defeat with as good grace as possible.

"Fate is fate," said Aunt Dora grimly.

"And I wash my hands of the whole concern," said Mrs. Vane.

But Paul and Muriel were serenely happy. And what mattered aught else?
—New York Ledger.

Begging Bread and Cheese.

Scotch children of the poorer class in small towns still beg on New Year's eve from door to door at the houses of wealthier families for a dole of oat bread, calling out "Hogamanay" or some of the local rhymes which are given in Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," such as:

Hogamanay,
Trollolay,
Give us of your white bread
And none of your gray!

They also beg for cheese, which they call "nog-money," and Brand's "Popular Antiquities" gives this begging rhyme used by Scotch children:

Get up, gude wife, and binno sweir;
Deal cakes and cheese while ye are here,
For the time will come when ye'll be dead
And neither need your cheese nor bread.

As the children on these forays are swathed in great sheets formed into a deep bag or pouch to carry the oatcake they form quite a mumming and fantastic appearance on the by streets and lanes.—Independent.

New Year's In 1790.

New Year's day, 1790, was one of special interest to those who delight in tracing facts concerning this method of celebration. President Washington, then in the first year of his first term, lived at the Franklin House, in Cherry street, New York.

The city was then a little Dutch town of cobblestones and gardens, containing about 1,400 houses and 20,000 people, most of whom were tradesmen and mechanics of very limited means.

The president had lived among them several months, but most of them had held aloof through the awe inspired by his great character and his high office. But on this New Year's day a great number of them put on their best cocked hats, their Sunday wigs and all their best clothes and called upon the president.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Good and Bad Omens.

To meet a red haired person on first getting up indicates a dull day in business, and if such a one cross your door on New Year's day you will have an unlucky year. While making a trade, if a cross eyed person looks at you, it indicates that the bargain will be unprofitable. To hear a cricket chirp is good luck, and it is always a welcome sound under the hearthstone of the farmer's house.—Exchange.

A New Epoch.

As the sun completes his annual revolution through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection in order to gather wisdom from vanished months and to forecast the signs of the future.—Christian Work.

Japan's Common Birthday.

The first of the year is really a sort of double festival in Japan, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, reckon their age from that date. A child born 24 hours before New Year's day is called 1 year old on that day, so that it is the birthday of all the Japanese people.—New York Advertiser.

Love and Charity.

If you can make love and charity in your heart chord with the last song the choir sings New Year's day, you can make up your mind that you are a pretty good man after all.—Kearney Journal.

A Song of the Season.

I love no rost but a nut browne toste
And a crab layde in the fyre;
A little bread shall do me stead—
Much breade I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurt mee if I wolde.
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of jolly good ale and olde.

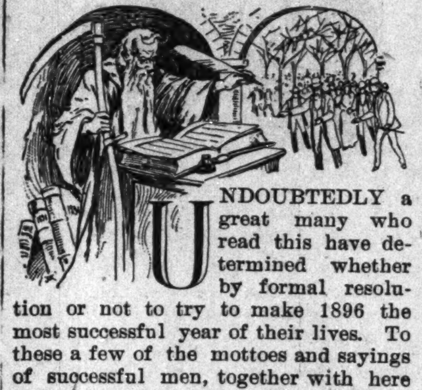
Back and syde go bare, go bare;
Both foote and hand, go colde;
But belly God send thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

With sober cheerfulness the grandam eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace,
And, thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a sacred prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.
—Selected.

NEW YEAR MOTTOES.

POINTS ABOUT SUCCESS FROM THE UTTERANCES OF GREAT MEN.

Here Will Be Found Much That Will Tend to Help Every Aspiring Young Man In Successfully Fighting the Battle of Life.



Undoubtedly a great many who read this have determined whether by formal resolution or not to try to make 1896 the most successful year of their lives. To these a few of the mottoes and sayings of successful men, together with here and there an anecdote, showing how they put their notions into practice, may possibly be helpful. If read aright, much that follows will show that one essential feature of success is hard work. Genius may be necessary for the highest success, but given ordinary intelligence no one need fail who is willing to exert himself continuously. But there must be mental toil as well as physical. The day laborer who is satisfied to exert his muscles only will never rise above day wages. The clerk who is satisfied to do his work perfunctorily without exerting his mental powers in striving to become something better than a clerk will remain in that station. The handicraftsman who does not work with his brain will always be a handicraftsman. But in striving for success it must not be forgotten that there are other and better successes than those of a financial nature. It is better to achieve character than wealth, but character may not be won without intellectual activity any more than money.

Do Not Neglect Your Opportunities.

Quite as important to success in life as continued activity is the seizing of your opportunities when they come to you. Many eminent men have expressed this idea in many ways. Here are a few such expressions which have been gathered by Orison Swett Marden and printed in the first chapter of his book, "Pushing to the Front:"

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—Garfield.

We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of divine Providence in behalf of the human race.—Emerson.

Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement; these are the martial virtues which must command success.—Austin Phelps.

"I will find a way or make one." There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.—W. H. Burleigh.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.

You Must Be Resolute.

"The truest wisdom is a resolute determination," said Napoleon once, and his career was an exemplification of his words.

Mr. Marden gives the following entries on the fly leaf of the Greek lexicon owned by Edward Irving as another exemplification of the same idea:

"Six o'clock a. m.—I, Edward Irving, promise, by the grace of God, to have mastered all the words in alpha and beta before 8 a. m.

"Eight o'clock a. m.—I, Edward Irving, by the grace of God, have done it."

Russell Sage, who has certainly won success of a financial sort, once told the writer that he had saved himself from failure almost solely by the strength of his will. I asked him what he did when he met with an apparently insurmountable obstacle.

"I never met with such a thing," said the financier and railroad man. "Whenever anything has been in my way, I have just removed it. The young man who has will enough can always remove the obstacles that confront him."

"'Tis not what a man does which exalts him," said Browning, "but what he would do."

You Must Be Persistent.

The great violinist, Geradini, being asked how long it took him to learn to play, replied, "Twelve hours a day for 20 years."

This is virtually the keynote to the success of many eminent men in all lines. Edison, the electrical inventor, expressed this idea with regard to himself when he said:

"Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am never easy until it is finished."

Darwin, the great scientist, whose theory of evolution has wrought a greater change in the views of thinking men than any other theory that has been broached in modern times, owed much to persistence. He was almost always ill. "For 40 years," said his son, "he never knew one day of health." Yet during those four decades he used to force himself unremittingly to pursue the work which he had set out to do. Many a man with the strongest constitution would have shrunk from the enormous toil performed by Darwin, but he stuck to it with a patience that was marvelous.

Charles H. Cramp, the shipbuilder, in talking of success and how it could be obtained, declared its greatest secret to be "practice, practice, practice!" "If you want to win," said he recently, "you must never let up. If you do, you will surely fall behind. I have always found on returning to my business after an absence, no matter how brief, that I had something to learn over again, that I had to work harder than ever to catch up."

SIAMESE NEW YEAR.

Evil Spirits Supposed to Infest the Departing Year—A Night of Terror.

The Siamese "Choola Sakarat," or religious New Year, generally falls on the day after the first full moon in the month of March. The Brahmin astrologer, whose sole duty it is to point out the aspect of the sun, moon and stars, heralds the approaching full moon by setting in motion all the multitudinous gongs and temple bells in the city far and near. The people, who are always ready, waiting, for this signal, have generally finished their business for the year. Debts have been paid off, accounts closed, merchandise disposed of and all traffic of buying and selling suspended three days previous to the expected event.

The announcement made by the many tongued instruments is received by the vast population that inhabits the valley watered by the beautiful Menam river with fear and trembling, for they firmly believe that this is the witching hour when the very atmosphere of the world is alive with gods, demons, genii and hobgoblins, and forthwith the anxious, superstitious people hasten to frustrate their evil designs. They bind unspun cotton thread, consecrated by the priest, round their doors and windows, as the sacred thread is supposed to prove an effectual barrier in keeping out the malicious spirits. This done they place by the doors of their houses and huts a platter containing a pig's head and a bottle of arrack, as a conciliatory repast for the wandering ghosts that may desire to regale themselves during the night, after which the whole city, like the snail, draws in its horns and no consideration will tempt a mortal soul to venture out of it until sunrise the next morning.

At sunset every family offers to its own household genii an oblation of candies, perfumed tapers and roasted rice. As for the royal palace, 7,000 balls of unspun cotton, of seven fibers, consecrated by 27 priests, are reeled round and round the walls, and from sunset until dawn a terrific and continuous cannonading is heard from all the forts of the city to rout the evil spirits that infest the departing year.

But once this dreadful night is passed, the terror sticken inhabitants, with a long drawn sigh of relief, prepare to welcome the new year. Dressed in many colored silks, they repair first to the temples to offer praise and thanksgiving for their deliverance and to make handsome gifts to the priests, and not until they have propitiated Buddha and Buddha's earthly representatives do they think of their own merrymaking.—Exchange.

New Year's Wassail Bowl.

No English holiday was of much account that was not observed with flowing bowl. On New Year's eve the wassail bowl was filled with spiced ale and drunk in families, and poorer folk tied a bowl with ribbons and begged for money for ale to fill and refill the bowl, singing:

Wassail, wassail all over the town;
Our toast it is white; our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree;
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.

In some parts of England the old year is "swept out" by men and boys with blackened faces, dressed to represent sweeps; in others it is "burned out" with bonfires. Sometimes it is rung out with muffled bells that are unmuffled and rung clear after 12 o'clock.—Independent.

What Happy New Year Means.

A happy New Year! What does it mean? Are not these words often thrown out as a greeting without thought or depth of meaning? Is it a year in which to ourselves come wealth and health, prosperity and friendship; one spent in the pursuit of fleeting pleasure and filled with self centered interest? No! Rather let the wish be to each and all, as the new year dawns with all its opportunities, that the days of 1896 may be well spent—filled with thought and sympathy for those around; that in self forgetting and kindly deeds the happiness of others may be ever sought, and then most truly will each act rebound again in joy and blessing to the heart from which it springs.—Maud Booth.

New Year Means Progress.

A new year, not simply another year. Many people may be said to live the same old year over and over again. Each succeeding year is the same unit added once more to the sum of life. There is the same task performed in the same spirit with the same motive; the same imperfections of character, the same failures of conduct. The times may change and progress hasten, but if we stand still, we live only the old year once again. A new year never comes to the contented ox; he simply grows old. It is not the lapse of time or the progress of civilization, but our progress, which makes possible to us a new year.—Josiah Strong.

For the Ensuing Year.

May the new year, just opening to us, be signaled in public and in private life by the growth of noble ideas—of ideas that shall make men freer, truer, better; that shall more and more reflect the incomparable teachings of the Holy Child whose nativity we have just celebrated, and whose spirit, imitated and obeyed, can redeem the time and crown mankind with blessedness.—Christian Work.

Birth of the Year.

How like a human birth the waking hour
Of the child year! The weak and querulous gale
Mid tears of rain doth lift a kindred wail.
Blankly the sun's eye stares; the air doth lower
Dense as a listless ear. Beneath a shower
Of snow fresh fallen those branches, white and frail
As newborn limbs, lie prone, with only power
Given to endure what wind soe'er prevail.
The baby lips that pout their hungering
Do not more wistfully the nurse invite
Than every spiral leaf bud yearns for spring.
And as the young blue eyes wax deep and bright
While the soul greatens, so the glowing light
Widens by morn and eve its azure ring.
—Philadelphia Times.

:-: Don't Forget the Palace :-:
—FOR FINE—
Christmas Candies.
A Full Line of all kinds at the very lowest prices. A full line of toys also. Courteous treatment to all.
GIVE US A CALL.
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Restaurant.
Good Enough for Everyone
Cheap Enough for Anyone
--Everything Strictly First Class.--
Our motto: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Come and see us
Oysters and Game in season.
Meals at all hours. Short orders a Specialty 21 meal commutation tickets $3.00, $1.20 lunch tickets $1.00; $2.10 ticket for $1.75.
J. W. Patterson, Proprietor,
16 Indiana Avenue.

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SEDALIA, : : MISSOURI.
AIM:
To make Intelligent, Christian Men and Women.
METHODS:
Common-sense, up-to-date thorough.
COURSES OF STUDY:
Classical, Philosophical Normal, Scientific, Commercial, Musical, Industrial.
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So say we all of us.
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MERCHANT TAILORS.
FORMERELY WITH R. R. MILES.
Are now located at 22 West Circle St.
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MRS. JANE WHITE'S,
FOR FIRST-CLASS
BOARD AND LODGING
21-MEAL TICKET FOR $3.50,
182 Muskingum St., Indianapolis, Ind.

New Meat Stand,
Norwest Corner East Market.
A Full Line of Fresh and Salt Meats.
Pure Kettle Rendered Lard.
Prices as Low as the Lowest
—GIVE US A CALL—
Try Our Goods and you will be sure to Come Again
THOMPSON & SON Props.

CITY HAPPENINGS—PERSONAL.

Mrs. Julia Scott is sick.

Grace Lucas at Bethel D c. 25th.

Mrs. George L. Knox is indisposed.

J. W. Vaughn of Denver, Col., is in the city.

George Roper is in the city from Chicago.

W. S. Rollins will spend the holidays in Chicago.

Rev. W. H. Jackson was called to Evansville.

Wm. Porter has returned from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George Goins has recovered from a recent illness.

Grand Emancipotion concert at Bethel January 1st.

The famous Standard Quartette at Bethel, Dec. 25th.

Ed. Schæffer and Capt. Dancy left for New York Monday.

Mrs. M. L. Terry the latest sensation at Bethel Dec. 25th.

Miss Cora Christy will spend the holidays in Chicago.

Miss Eliza Edwards will visit friends at Edinburg Christmas.

Jesse Alexander of Louisville is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Phil Broadus, Massachusetts avenue is seriously ill.

Mrs. Eliza Johnson-Wells will visit Atlanta during the holidays.

Miss Carrie Miller is on an extended trip in New Mexico and California.

Emancipation Day Jan. 1st will be celebrated at Bethel church at 2 p. m

Miss Ada Moredock and Miss Stevenson will spend Christmas in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nicholson of The Freeman will spend to-morrow in Peru.

J. Milton Benson of the city schools will spend the holidays at the Atlanta Exposition.

Mrs. Stella Fisher and Miss Mary Palmer are in attendance at the Atlanta Exposition.

Prof. A. L. Stewart of the city schools will spend a portion of the holidays in Cincinnati.

Elder Morris of Kalamazoo, Mich., is assisting in a revival at Blackford street church.

Mme. Lillian Thomas-Fox has gone to Atlanta to read a paper at the Woman's Congress.

Some of the best talent will appear at Bethel church Jan. 1st at the Emancipation concert.

Rev. Rouse, D. D., of Evansville, is in the city conducting meeting at the Second Baptist church.

Miss Mae Hicks, of Louisville, will spend the holidays with Miss Ruth Higgs, South State avenue.

A. Myrtle Harris of The Freeman, will spend a few days in Whiteland and Franklin.

Mrs. Hattie Jones and Mrs. Belle Griggsby will spend the holidays in Shelbyville, Ky.

Persons desiring to keep open house New Year's day will please send notices of the same in not later than Tuesday morning.

Miss Ada Moredock will assist in the Christmas exercises Tuesday evening at Simpson Chapel and Thursday evening at Blackford street.

Rev. R. J. Clark of Brazil, passed through the city Thursday enroute to Logansport to attend the funeral of Rev. R. McDaniels.

The ladies of the Excelsior Club will keep open house from 2 to 6 on New Year's day at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDade, 52 Mayhew street.

The Standard Quartette stands ready and well qualified for any and all engagements. Irving Hardy is the manager, 64 East Washington street; J. L. Williams secretary.

The Diamond Quartette that sang with the South Carolina Specialty Co., at Odd Fellow's Hall Tuesday night of last week was well received. They will remain to fill several church dats.

Mrs. Geo. W. Cable accompanied by her little son, Theodore will spend the holidays with her parents in Leavenworth, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson gave a reception in honor of W. F. Ayers of Buffalo, N. Y., last Friday evening. An address was made by W. W. Ware.

Mrs. Woodard Stewart of Noblesville, is visiting in the city during the holiday.

D. Brooks, brother of the Calvin Brooks of the Bates barber shop is seriously ill at his home in Springfield, Illinois.

Public installation of three Masonic Lodges will be held December 28th at their hall corner Washington and Meridian. Supper after the installation.

Rev. Dr. McIntosh will preach at the Ninth Presbyterian church Sunday December 29th at 3 p. m. The public is invited.

S. T. Elsworth, commissioner to the Atlanta Exposition from New Mexico, was a visitor at The Freeman office Wednesday.

Bethel Notes.

There will be preaching at Bethel church Christmas morning at 5 o'clock.

There will be several excellent programmes rendered at Bethel during the holidays.

The funeral of Richard Bartlett, one of the old members, was preached last Sunday afternoon.

Bethel A. M. E. Sunday School will give their annual annual Xmas entertainment Dec. 24th.

Dr. Henderson preached the fourth sermon in the series "Israel in Egypt" to a deeply interested congregation last Sunday night.

Dr. Henderson will spend a few days in the near future at Lexington, Ky., assisting Rev. A. J. Chambers in a series of meetings.

Great preparations are being made for the Emancipation Celebration on the first of January. Hon Geo. L. Knox will speak on the "Colored Man as a Slave."

The Lyceum of Bethel is being largely attended every Thursday night. Questions of much importance to the race are discussed at every meeting. "Is the race doing all it can to suppress lynching in the South," was debated at length and decided in the negative.

Corinthian Notes.

There will be services Christmas day at 11 o'clock a. m.

C. A. Webb and Walter Jamison are the newly appointed trustees.

Miss Ednorah Nahar will be the attraction Monday night, ably assisted by local talent.

Sunday School opens at 9:30 each Sunday morning. A larger attendance of the church members is desired.

Wm. Hightower, an energetic young member met with a painful accident by getting his face and arm scalded.

Santa Claus will arrive in a heavy-laden sleigh Christmas night with toys and bon-bons for the little folks. A cantata, recitations, music, etc., will constitute the program.

There is a growing interest manifested in the services each Sunday at Corinthian. In his sermons, Rev. Harris is both practical and logical. A large congregation was in attendance Sunday.

WHAT THEY WOULD

Like in Their Christmas Stockings—By "The Swamp Angel."

A. Myrtle Harris "free papers."

Miss Lizzie Reed Vandyke points(?)

Mrs. Landonia Williams a principalship(?)

Miss Sadie Lee the "surrender" of McClelland.

Essie Cook a recipe to Fry without Hurt(ing) anyone.

Miss Lizzie Sweeney a copy of Brown(ning.)

Miss Kate Baughman a Jefferson to "sign the papers."

Miss Cora Christy a half interest in Jackson (?) Mich.

Miss Nettie Maud Christy the voice of a Melba or Patti.

Ella Palmer an inalienable right to Dod(ge) behind the throne.

Miss Maggie Ewing a Worth(ington) outfit from the Parisian milliner.

Emma Woods a Newby to keep out the cold, cutting winds of the wintry blasts.

Miss Mamie Brown a magic wand to Ward off oppression in these Harras-(sing) times.

Miss Kate Mann sufficient courage to paddle her canoe that it May(zeek) the harbor in safety.

Mrs. Lillian Thomas the world with a golden enclosure, and a poodle to chase out the Foxes.

"Ben" Thornton, a burglar.

Dr. Furniss, a life-partner (?)

Tom Pratt, time to find himself.

J. B. Owens, choice cut flowers.

W. H Jackson, a wedding ring.

Dr. Robbins, an up-Hill business.

A. E. Manning, a foreign mission.

"Billy" Sweeney, a paper to manage.

Chas. Baughman, a ticket to Liberia (?)

Levi Christy, a manager for his paper.

"The Boys," a deed to the Iron Block.

Chas. Brown, a position in the court house.

Isidora Blair, the book "law at a glance."

Wm T. Floyd a letter from Springfield, O.

The Century Club, no member over sixteen.

Geo. Simmons, return ticket to Martinsville.

Maj. Patterson, more waiters at the "Florentine."

Chas. Langston, a ticket to Fitzsimmons and Maher fight.

Chas. Lanier, a barber that won't work at the Bates' House.

Joe Broyles, a ticket to the Republican National Convention.

E. S. Schæffer and Capt. Dancy of New York, a blacksmith shop.

W. S. Rollins, Calvin Brooks and W. H. Johnson, another degree in Masonry.

Anti-Lynching League Meeting.

The Anti-Lynching League met at Vermont street church, Dr. S A. Furniss, the president in the chair. Considerable interest in the work was shown by those present. After transacting some incidental business, William Lewis made a short address on some recent measures affecting the Negro. This evoked some discussion from G. L Knox, Wm. T. Floyd, I. D. Blair and others. Mr. Knox made a statement proffering the columns of The Freeman for publishing the records of the League which was accepted. The next meeting will be after the holidays, at the call of the president.

Go and See

"The Lion's Bride" at Mt. Zion Baptist church Monday night, Dec. 30th, Antioch Baptist church, Christmas night, Dce. 25th, South Calvary Baptist church, Thursday night, Dec. 26th. Refreshments by the ladies. Admission 10 cents.

Holiday Excursions!

Christmas, 1895, New Year 1896—Big Four Route, one and one-third fare round trip. Tickets will be sold between all points on the Big Four Route, good going December 24, 25, and 31, 1895, and January 1, 1896, good returning until January 2, 1896, inclusive. E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager; D. B. Martin, Gen. Passenger and ticket agent.

Officers Elected.

The following officers were elected for '96 Monday night of last week in Central Lodge No. 1, F and A. M.:

George L. Knox, W. M.; Jacob Porter, S. W.; James R. Nunn, J. W.; Don Wells, secretary; Vaulce Saunders, treasurer; Thomas Smith, Wm. Floyd, Wilber Elliott, Trustees; C. F. Brooks, S. D; James Galbraith, J. D.; James Edwards, S. S; Edgar Beard, J. S.; Charlie Williams, Chaplain; Andrew Locklear, Tyler.

A Grand Banquet.

Commandary M 2nd Regiment, I. N. G., Capt. Buckner commanding gave their first annual concert and ball at Odd Fellows' Hall Wednesday evening Dec. 11th. The affair was a very commendable one, and too much praise can not be bestowed upon the committee of arrangements for the excellence of the entertainment. After the rendition of the program dancing was indulged in The committee, William Bess, Leslie Phillips, Robert Dawson, Claude Pullum and William Albritton are all young men and deserve much credit.

Holiday Festivities

At Jones' Tabernacle A. M. E. Zion church Dec. 24th to 27th inclusive: Christmas Line and Literary exercises Tuesday night; concert Wednesday and Thursday nights, in which some of the best talent of the city will appear. Such sweet singers as Mrs. M L. Perry, Miss Mamie Smith, Mrs. Anna Johnston, Mrs. Finley and others will participate; Friday night, prize night. Refreshments of the season will be served by the trustee assistants and stewardesses. David Bell, chairman trustee board; Thomas Poole, chairman steward board; A Wakefield, pastor.

The Colored Benevolent Society.

Steps were taken yesterday towards the organization of a colored benovelent society, in connection with the charity organization society. Little, if any interest has been manifested hitherto inthe work of the organized charities, by the colored people and as they have been the recipients of their charity to a large degree, the need of their co-operation in the work has been felt. The society organized yesterday is the first of its kind to be organized in the country. Considerable interest has been manifested by the colored people, and the society will start under very favorable auspices. At the meeting held at Plymouth church yesterday afternoon, the following officers were elected: J. B. Morgan, president; Jacob Porter, G. L. Knox and Dr. J. H. Ballard, vice-presidents; Dr. Sumner A. Furniss, secretary. The society will be in incorporated shortly. A public meeting will be held soon to awaken interest in the movement.

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A Full Line of all Kinds at the very Lowest Prices. A Full Line of Toys also. Courteous treatment to all.

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150 W. North Street, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

OFFICE HOURS:
8 to 10 a. m.
2 to 4 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

Order Your Xmas Suit Now.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR,

Is Making Suits to Order for

$14.00.

Pants Made to Order

$4.00.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

NICOLL, The Tailor,

33-35 S. Illinois Street.

Grand Christmas Sale

Buy Useful, Sensible Presents.

Elegant Flannelette Wrappers, extra large sleeves, well made and perfect shape and fit. 98c, worth $1.50; and a large line of cheaper and better goods.

Thousands of Christmas Handkerchiefs 1c, 2½c, 3⅓c and 5c and upward; each one a bargain.

Pocket Books from 5c, 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c and up. Will be just the thing.

Jewelery, Pins, Rings, Pendants, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Lockets, Fob Chains, Studs, Scarf Pins, Combs, Hair Ornaments, all costing from 25, 50, 75 to $3.50 will be sold for 10, 25, and 50 cts.

Ladies' Jackets, cost $9 50, for $1.75. Jackets cost $12.50, for $2.98; Jackets, cost $15.00, for $3.75.

Children's Cloaks, cost $7.50 to $12.50, go for $3.75. Fur Capes, cost $9 50 for $4.98 and the $15.00 Fur Capes for $7.50, and the $35.00 Capes for $19.00.

Boy's Overcoats, cost $2.50, for $1.25; Overcoats cost $4.50, for $2,25, and $9.00 Overcoats $4.98.

Fur Boas, 25, 49, 79 cts. Muffs one half of cost,

Ladies' tricot Shirt Waists, latest style, $1.98, worth $3.75. Ladies' Dress Skirts, $1.25 and up

Men's White and Fancy Colored Shirts make a sensible Christmas present; all the latest styles, 49, 75, $1.00. $1.25; cheapest and best in the market.

Men's Ties, Bows, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Collars, and Cuffs, Underwear and Suspenders are acceptable to all.

Baby Cloaks are all marked down, some 98c, cost $2.25; some $1 98, cost $3.75, Umbrellas 59c, worth 88c, and Men's 69c, worth 98c, and finer ones for $1.25 to $3.75. Thousands of articles to select from Store open every evening.

Pap's Stores Largest and Brightest Stores,

226 to 230 West Washington street.

HOLIDAY HINTS

FOR HOLIDAY BUYERS.

Ladies' Gloria Silk Umbrellas 98c, $1.25 and $1.50.
Gents' Gloria Silk Umbrellas $1.25, $1.50 and $2.25.
Gents' Silk Suspenders, 95c.
Gents' Fancy Bosom Laundered Shirts, 50c.
Gents' Full Dress Shirts, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Gents' Fleece Lined Gloves, $1.00.
Gents' all Silk H. S. Initial Handkerchiefs, 35c.
Gents' Colored Silk Handkerchiefs, 49c.
Gents' Large Silk Mufflers, 49c.
500 styles in Ladies Colored Border, Lace Edge and Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 5c.
300 styles to select from at 10c.
Beautiful line of Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 12½c, 15c, 19c.
Ladies' Silk Embroidered Hankerchiefs, 8c, 10c, 15c, 19c.

Sale of Fascinators and

Ice Wool Squares.

Fine Yarn Fascinators 25c.
All 50c Yarn Fascinators 35c,
All 69c Yarn Fascinators 50c.
All $1 Yarn Fascinators 75c.
All $1.25 and $1.35 Yarn Fascinators $1.
35c imported Ice Wool Squares 25c
50c imported Ice Wool Squares 39c
69c imported Ice Wool Squares 50c
75c real Ice Wool Squares 50c.
$1.25 real Ice Wool Squares 89c.
$1.50 real Ice Wool Squares $1.00.

Xmas Sale of Dress Goods.

500 styles, Henrietta Cloth Patterns, $1.50 a suit.
All Wool Dress Cloth, all colors, $1.45 a suit.
Extra heavy, all Wool Henrietta Cloth $2.25 a suit.
Imported Silk and Wool Novelty Suits $3.45.

Xmas Sale of Linen Table Sets

$3.50 Linen Sets, Xmas sale price, $1.48.
$4.50 Linen Sets, Xmas sale price, $3.25.
$5.00 Linen Sets, Xmas sale price, $3.75.
$6.50 Linen Sets, Xmas sale price, $4.75.

—SPECIAL—

Values in Flannel Skirts.

Skirts, worth 75c, going for 50c.
Skirts, worth 98c, going for 75c.
Skirts, worth $1.25, going for $1.

Great Sale of Dolls.

Kid Body Dolls, bisque head, long flowing hair, 12½c.
25c Rubber Dolls 10c.
21-inch Dolls 25c.
24-inch Dolls 35c.
26-inch Dolls 50c.
50c Dressed Dolls 39c.
69c Dressed Dolls 50c.
$1 Dressed Dolls 75c,
$1.25 Dressed Dolls $1.
Children's Story Books 5c, 10c, 25c.
Great line of Purses and Pocket Books 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cts.

Jackets and Capes.

One lot of Cheviot Double Capes, handsomely trimmed with five rows of Braid and Seal Edged, 36-inches long and extra full sweep, the regular selling price has been $12.50, we have just about 25 left which will be closed out at $5.00 each.
All $15 00 Capes reduced to $9.
All $18 and $20 Capes reduced to $12 50.
Big lot of Jackets in black and 25-inche long, made Mandolin sleeves full back and box fronts, worth $5.00, to be closed out at $2.98.
$7.50 Beaver, Cheviots and Kersey Jackets, $5.
One lot of 30-inch Jackets, worth $18, $20, and $25, your choice at $6.95.
All $12.50, 24-inch Jackets, now $8.50.
All $15 Jackets now $10.
Special values in Children's Gretchens and Jackets.

Xmas Shoe Sale.

Gents fine Dress Slippers 45c.
Gents fine Dress Slippers 65c.
Gents fine Dress Slippers 85c.
Gents fine Dress Slippers $1.15.
Gents fine Dress Slippers $1 50.
Gents fine Dress Shoes 95c, worth $1.25.
Gents fine Dress Shoes $1.25, worth $2.00
Gents genuine Kangaroo Shoes, Congress or Lace, $2.49.
Ladies Twentieth Century Shoes, the $5 kind $4
Ladies genuine French Kid Shoes, razor toe, $3, regular $4 shoes
Ladies genuine French Kid Shoes, razor toe, $2.25, regular $3.25 shoes.
Ladies genuine Dongola, tip, button, all sizes, $1.73, worth $2 50.
Ladies fine Dress Shoes $1.17.
300 pairs Ladies Shoes, to close at 79c a pair.

Maguire's Granger Store,

174 WEST WASHINGTON ST. 176 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

Original Danbury 23.

W. E. Kleinsmith.

All the New Up-to-Date Styles in

Hats and Caps,
Gloves of All Kinds,
Holiday Umbrellas, engraved free.

The Largest Assortment.

IN THE CITY.

Fine Line of Nobby Canes at $1.50.

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